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'MANN' AND MANNERS.

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AT THE

COURT OF FLORENCE,

1740—1786.

FOUNDED ON THE LETTERS OF HORACE MANN TO HORACE WALPOLE.

BY

DR. DORAN, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF

'LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER,' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF

LIFE IN ITALY DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ARE DEDICATED TO

WILLIAM P. FRITH, Esq., R.A.,

WITH VERY PLEASANT MEMORIES

AND THE

MOST FRIENDLY WISHES.

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'MANN' AND MANNERS

AT THE

COURT OF FLORENCE.

In the year 1737 there was an Assembly in the London mansion of one of the minor Queens of Fashion,—Mrs. Strode. To a young fellow there, who bore about him a sober look of satisfaction, one of the light and lively Princesses of that Queen's Court—dashing Mrs. Morehead—swept up, and congratulated him on his good luck. The gentleman was Mr. Horace Mann. He acknowledged his good luck. Yes; Sir Robert Walpole had appointed him to the English Legation at Florence, to assist and soon succeed the present envoy from England, Mr. Fane.

'And so,' said the lively lady, 'you are going abroad, where you will become an ambassador, or some great man. Well, Sir, if I should make you a visit, what employment will you give me?' The by no means too modest young diplomatist gave her, at once, a reply. It was one of those saucy answers which fine gentlemen delivered unblushingly, and

which fine ladies, laughing gaily behind their fans, took much more as a compliment than an offence. It took very much the form in prose of what Chesterfield said in his rhymes on dear Molly Lepel; and Mrs. Morehead was as little stirred, angrily, by Horace Mann's audacious gallantry as Mary Lepel was by Chesterfield's impudent audacity.

Horace Mann was the second son of a country 'squire, Robert Mann, who was settled at Linton, in Kent; and who kept this son on a very scanty allowance, which the sire stopt as soon as he heard of the appointment conferred on his son by Sir Robert Walpole. The father had never moved a finger to obtain for his son that, or any other employment. It was a spontaneous act on the part of the great English statesman. There was no sympathy between Robert Mann and Robert Walpole, but there was much friendship and a distant cousinship between their two sons, the two Horaces—Walpole and Mann. The Christian names, Robert, Horace, Edward, and Galfridus, were common to both families, and Horace Walpole seems to have had as sincere an affection for 'Gal,' as he had a warm friendship for Horace.

The latter says in a letter from Florence, dated March 31, 1752: 'My father had always the unaccountable vanity of appropriating to himself great merit even in what he called providing for me, though I owe it totally to your Father, without the knowledge, much less the assistance, of mine; so that really he has never done any more for me than to support me scantily for a few years, till I was fixed here, for, from that moment, he stopped the poor allowance

he made me, and even bragged of having done greatly for me.'

The Florentines were, with their old pride of blood, anxious to know whether Mann were cavalier or noble, gentleman or aristocrat. Mann's mother was a Guise. 'I never,' he writes, 'had any doubt of my mother's side.' He knew less of his father's descent. He wished something could be made out of it, and yet affected to think that it did not matter whether his father's ancestors, if he had any, were hanged or not. Mann indeed knew that his father's father had possessed and 'spent' a small estate, which had been long in the family; and that his own father had once a mind and opportunity to buy it back, but, as Mann supposed, preferred, under some impulse of vanity, to be the first of his folk who settled in another place. Mr. Chute pretended to have traced Mann's descent as far back as his great-great-grandmother, and he said, according to Walpole's *persiflage*, 'by her character she would be extremely shocked at your *wet-brown-paperness*, and that she was particularly famous for breaking her own pads.' It was not till the Florentines saw Mann's pedigree suspended in the hall of his house at Florence, that they were fully satisfied of his gentility. As he left London in 1738, to repair to his post, he little thought that he was destined to occupy it for nearly half a century, and that he would never again see his native land.

In the month of March, 1739, among the passengers who landed at Calais, from the sailing packet, were Horace Walpole and his friend Gray. They, at

once, found themselves in a new world. They were bound for Italy, taking Paris by the way, for their pleasure, and intending to stay awhile at Rheims, for the purpose of perfecting themselves in French,—a curious preliminary for a sojourn in Italy.

April and May were spent by the travellers in the French capital. Horace Walpole made, of course, acute observations on what came within range of his experience. French music set his fine teeth on edge. 'It resembles,' he said, 'gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony.' French splendour mixed with squalor shocked him. His sympathy for the dead Duke, whose funeral he saw from the window of a nobleman's house, was disturbed by the thought, that though the palatial rooms were hung with rich damask and gold, the broken window panes were mended with paper. French religious feeling made him smile, when he heard a Benedictine call miracles by the name of 'fables,' and saw a priestly showman laugh at the relics which he exhibited. Walpole looked at the façade of the palace of Versailles, and called it a 'lumber of littleness.' He sauntered through the trim gardens and among the 'cascadelines,' and pronounced the whole a pretty toy enough for such a great child as Louis XIV. Having delivered himself of so much wisdom, he took Gray with him to Rheims.

June, July, and August in the city where the Kings of France and Navarre used to be solemnly crowned, did not afford Walpole much matter for comment. Royalty, royal troops, and royal comedians were expected, and 'Our women,' he remarks, 'grow more gay, more lively, from day to day, in expecting them.'

With a view to the officers, one lady was 'brewing a wash of a finer dye, and brushing up her eyes for their arrival.' Another was reckoning upon 'fifteen of them;' and a Madame Lelu, 'finding her linen robe conceal too many beauties, had bespoke one of gauze.'

In September the wayfarers were among the mountains of Savoy, 'the lonely lords of glorious desolate prospects.' The majesty of Nature had the unreserved allegiance of the most artificial of gentlemen. In October they were at Geneva, then back to Lyons, and in November they crossed the Alps, 'carried in low arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins.' On the way, a young wolf came down and carried off Walpole's pet dog, Tory. Turin, safely reached, was declared to be one of the prettiest cities ever seen. Next came Genoa and Bologna, with the remark, 'we don't go a staring after crooked towers and conundrum staircases.' In January, 1740, the friends were over the Apennines and safe in Florence. After Walpole had been weeks in that city, he wrote to West: 'To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since.' He adds, 'The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is that there are no people so obviously mad as the English.' Later, he became 'fond of Florence to a degree; 'tis infinitely the most agreeable of all the places I have seen since London.' The Florentines liked the English very well, and Walpole had a gay time of it. During the Carnival, he says, 'I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed; and out of bed into my domino.' In March,

a P.S. in a letter to West, says: 'Direct to me (for to be sure you will not be so outrageous as to leave me quite off), recommandé à Mons. Mann, Ministre de sa Majesté Britannique à Florence.'

After brief sojourn with the Minister, Walpole set out on that tour in Italy which he has described in letters from Siena, Rome, and Naples. In July he was again in Florence. 'I am lodged,' he says, 'with Mr. Mann, the best of creatures. I have a terrace all to myself, with an open gallery on the Arno. Over against me is the famous gallery; and on either hand two fair bridges. The air is so serene and so secure, that one sleeps with all the windows and doors thrown open to the river, and only covered with a slight gauze, to keep away the gnats.'

One of the periods he most enjoyed and best remembered was the month he spent at the Fair of Reggio, where the strangest figures were the Duke and Duchess of Modena, whose granddaughter, the Archduchess, he received, forty-five years later, at Strawberry. At the fair, in 1745, the above Duke was to be seen, 'with a mound of vermillion on the left side of his forehead, to symmetrize with a wen on the right.' His sister, the Princess Benedict, 'was painted and peeled like an old summer-house, with bristles on her chin sprouting through a coat of plaister.' Soon after, Walpole bade farewell to Italy; and having agreed that the two Horaces should begin and maintain a correspondence, by letters, Walpole left Mann to his other duties at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. One word as to this personage and Horace Mann's position at his Court.

Horace Mann entered on his duties at the beginning of a new era. The House of Medici had furnished Grand Dukes to Tuscany since 1569; for the previous three hundred years the family had been among the most honoured of the Florentine Republic. There came a time when the head of the House preferred being the last Magnate in the Empire to the first Man in the Republic. The title of Grand Duke, with an Imperial body of troops to add to the dignity, had a higher sound than that of Leader or Adviser of the Commonwealth. The flatterers of the Grand Ducal family told them they were descended from Charlemagne. When Mary Stuart was provoked to anger by Queen Catherine de' Medici, she told her royal mother-in-law, that she was only one of a race of tradespeople.

Roscoe speaks of the whole Grand Ducal line with withering contempt, not quite justifiable in its universal application. But no measure of contempt could reach the demerits of the last of the race, Giovanni Gaston, who succeeded to the title in 1723. At this Duke John's crapulous court, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fane was the English Minister—and the predecessor of Mann, who seems to have been for a time Secretary of Legation and Mr. Fane's substitute when that gentleman was indisposed.

John Gaston was not a fool by nature, but an imbecile by abuse of it. Born in 1671, he succeeded the travelled Cosmo in 1723. In 1697 he married a widow, Anna Marie of Saxe Lauenburgh, a lady of enormous weight, immense self-will, and no personal attractions. In order to forget her, her first husband

took to hard drinking, which succeeded in killing him; and her second, John Gaston, ran away from her at the end of a year. His mother, Mary of Orleans, gave him a hearty welcome in Paris, but in Paris as well as afterwards in Florence, John Gaston was more of a rioter in taverns than a sojourner in palaces, among decently-conducted princes.

Matters went worse with John and with his country after his accession. He had not strength to rule himself, and he left the government of the duchy to his valet, Giulio Dami. There was no heir, apparent or presumptive. The Grand Duke was chief buffoon in the company of buffoons by whom he was surrounded. Half his time was passed in bed, to recover from the effects of the half ill spent out of it; and business became such a terror to this pitiful descendant of the great citizen, Lorenzo, that to ask him to sign a paper was like asking him to sign his own death-warrant.

The Great States of Europe took the case of Giovanni Gaston into serious consideration, which concluded by their proposal to confer his Grand Duchy, after his death, on Don Carlos, son of the King of Spain, and Elizabeth Farnese of Parma. John protested loudly against the arrangement, which, indeed, came to nothing. There was a disjointed condition of things just then in Europe; and it was sought to partly repair it by inducing Francis, Duke of Lorraine, to give up his duchy and hereditary estates in France, in exchange for the Duchy of Tuscany, when it should be vacant, and the hand of the Archduchess of Austria, *the* Maria Theresa.

Duke Francis strove hard to keep Lorraine and get Tuscany and Maria Theresa too. But he was told somewhat peremptorily, 'No, no! Without surrender of Lorraine, no Tuscany, no wedding with the Archduchess.' Francis acquiesced in an arrangement which ultimately made of him an Emperor of Germany. Meanwhile, as John Gaston conveniently and characteristically died, in 1737, Duke Francis succeeded to the Tuscan Duchy, and Mr. Fane represented England at his court.

Francis was not a resident Grand Duke; he lived at Vienna, and left the Prince de Craon at Florence to administer the affairs of the dukedom. The court swarmed with Lorrainers. All the good posts were given to gentlemen from Lorraine, and the Prince de Craon held the best of all. He was a Beauvau, descended of the old Angevin house so called, which had furnished many a brave soldier, wise statesman, and gifted scholar to France. His father had been the trusty servant of Duke Leopold. Duke Leopold had an 'illegitimate mistress,' and a legitimate son, Francis. The younger M. de Beauvau took the son for his pupil and the mistress for his wife. When Francis became Grand Duke, he remembered this double service to his father and himself, and he obtained the elevation of M. de Beauvau to the dignity of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. The Prince and his Princess are prominent figures in the earlier records in the following pages.

The Princess de Craon was not much of a Princess. Duke Leopold of Lorraine was a gallant and handsome man. There was one lady at his court who

cared nothing for his gallantry or good looks. She wrote as much to her husband, absent in Tuscany; but the gallantry was so insinuating and the good looks so irresistible, that the lady at last wrote to her husband, that if he did not immediately take her away from Lorraine, she would not answer for the consequences. She was 'erept' from the gay court; and the balked Duke thereof, walking abroad in the meadows to digest his melancholy, saw a buxom girl in a field driving turkeys. His melancholy was cured. In a week the thoroughly washed and newly decked rustic beauty was lolling and laughing from one of the windows in the ducal palace at Nancy. This was the lady who was afterwards married by M. de Beauvau. For their respective services they became Prince and Princess de Craon, and they were vice-gerents in Florence for Francis, the husband of Maria Theresa.

At that Court of Florence, Mr. Mann did Mr. Fane's work for nearly two years, before he (Mann) was the regularly appointed minister, and he frequently complains that though he did the work, Mr. Fane (remaining nominally Minister, and really not in the Duchy at all) received the whole of the pay! Mr. Fane was a very particular person, and was very easily put out. Walpole speaks of him as having 'once kept his bed six weeks, because the Duke of Newcastle, in one of his letters, forgot to sign himself, your *very* humble servant, as usual, and only put, your humble servant.'

Walpole's letters to Mann were periodically returned to the writer, at his own request, as they were written, as most of his letters were, for posterity. Mann, in return, literally wrote reams of paper. They con-

tain a great deal of what Gratiano furnished by word of mouth, 'an infinite deal of nothing'; and one might say of the writer in every page, as Sir John says to the Prince, 'thou hast damnable iteration.' Moreover, very much, in some thousands of letters, is a mere repetition of Walpole's home news, or dull comment thereupon. No small space, too, is occupied by reports from foreign Gazettes, followed by corrections of the reports, by the Gazettes themselves. But the letters, slip-shod in style and loose in their spelling as they are, are rich in illustrations of Life in Italy during nearly half of the last century. To these illustrations the following pages are confined,—and they are now submitted to that pleasant old friend, —The Courteous and Gentle Reader.

CHAPTER I.

1741.

'I AM just come from the Princess's,' writes Mann, in May, 1741, 'where was much company in the great apartments. It was not an invitation, but a hint given to the ladies that their going would please. The Prince took an opportunity to make me understand 'twas no invitation, by saying he could not tell by what accident all that company was met; but supposed, to see Count Kaunitz, the handsome German. I found each dame protesting to her Cicisbeo, that she could not see anything, extraordinary; that he was proud, affected, tho' very well made; but he sat three hours at his toilette every morning, and that the Inglesino (Hervey) was much handsomer, to which most of the men agreed. Mme. Bolognetti was there, by way of returning the visit the Princess made her yesterday. The three first days, she had "colique," "accablements," et "vomissment," but being given to understand all would not do, she at last went.

'There has been a strange demélé between Mesdames Griffoni and Vitelli. It happened on the road from Leghorn. The former desired leave to pass her

chaise, which was not granted. However, it passed; then, the second chaise (with some of Madame Griffoni's attendants, young Panciattici and another) fell down. Madame Vitelli ordered her postillion to pass over it. This could not be done, and the stop gave room for harsh discourse. Vitelli told the men they were *B—f—ti!* They replied *Bu—g—ne*, etc. In short, they all came to Florence in high wrath, and now each lady asks satisfaction; and the whole affair is put into the hands of two wise gentlemen to make an 'agiustamento,' but they don't know how to dispose of the above titles. Though everybody condemns Vitelli and subscribes to *her* title. Carducci is in the thickest of it all; as he, on this occasion, abandoned her for the Griffoni, who had four chaises of attendants; the other only one.

'The Princess went last week to the Opera; made it wait till an hour and ½; was received at the door by a crowd of Cavaliers; behaved stiff, and went away before the second dance. All this moves conversation here.'

May 23*rd*, 1741.—'I cannot help telling you what a Rook Prince Kaunitz has been, and with what art he has got several pretty things whilst he was at Florence. He first attacked the Bishop of A——, praised a stone snuff-box of his excessively; which for a long while had no effect, but at last told him that it was finer than that the Electress had given *him;* which the Bishop could not withstand, and according to the Italian fashion, told him, it was *al suo commando.* The word was no sooner out of his mouth, but the Baron put it into his pocket.

He then went to Stosch's, and after having seen many things, told him, he believed he was related to him. Stosch was agreeably surprized to find so great a cousin, and asked him, how? The other replied that his name was likewise Stosch. This wanted also explanation, which was cleared up by telling him that his name was Stosch-Kaunitz. There being then no doubt that they were nearly related, Stosch embraced him, and rewarded him for his humility, or rather to act nobly according to his great birth and of Casa Kaunitz, by presenting to him a gold hilt for a Hanger, and two very good Intaglios. Buondelmonte gave him the "Museum Florentinum;" Ginori, the "Vocabulario della Crusca," and he asked General Braitwitz for two Neapolitan horses, on a promise to send him two of his own Stud from Vienna, which Braitwitz's friends bid him never expect; and now each of these generous people laugh at the other, for being so easily caught. Stosch thinks he is the only gainer, as he has acquired great nobility!'

Stosch was a noble, like Kaunitz, and was a diplomatist also, after a certain fashion. He was a Prussian virtuoso; but he was employed by England, as a spy on the 'Pretender.' General Braitwitz was the commander of Maria Theresa, the Queen of Hungary's troops in Tuscany. He was an amazingly ignorant person. He spoke of the Queen and the King of Sardinia as 'Ces deux *Potences*,' meaning 'Potentats.'

Among the English sojourning at Florence, at this time, was the eccentric Lady Walpole. Her maiden name was Margaret Rolle. She was a great Devonshire heiress, and she was married to Sir Robert

Walpole's eldest son, who was raised to the peerage in his father's lifetime. She soon separated from her husband. At Florence, Count de Richecourt was her recognized lover. The Count (a Lorrainer) was the creature of the favourite minister of the Grand Duke. He treated the De Craons with an aggravating amount of lofty scorn; and he did not care to be otherwise than capricious and aggravating with my lady.

'I must tell you,' writes Mann, 'that you are infinitely mistaken in thinking that my lady took the reception ill from her Count. There are pieces of sincerity and freedom that spoil nothing. I hear that he has ordered a very fine chariot, which is to cost 600 crowns, and to be presented to her. I believe in my conscience, an affair is struck up with the Senator Rucellai, who is eternally there!'

Among the able medical men of Florence, no one was more able or distinguished than Dr. Cocchi, Mann's favourite physician. ''Tis terrible,' the minister writes in May, 'a man of his worth, and who might be so useful to society, should be so neglected. They have made him, in company with two old women (Franchi and another), Inspector and Regulator of the Sick in the Hospital, which honour, as 'tis termed in the letter, from the Secretary's office, of notification, he seems determined to refuse. What do you think his gain would be for an immense deal of trouble? Why, some long wax candles; perhaps eight or ten pounds of wax, a year; and this honour and profit the Court, who on all occasions, professes infinite esteem of his merit, has procured him. As therefore he is neither sensible of the one nor of the other, I can't blame him to refuse them.'

June the 13th, Mann writes of the Duke of Modena's plump and handsome sister: 'The Princess of Modena is here. There is a violent demêlé, and *our* Princess has not been, or will go, to see her. Some time ago, she employed the Bishop of Assamea (?) and de Sade to write to Modena to settle the interview:—to be met at such a distance; not to wait a moment; an equal chaise; and the right hand. The negotiators told Madame de Craon all was settled and agreed to. The night of the other's arrival, she sent Marquis Forzoni to compliment her and to know the hour precisely she might come. The answer was whenever she pleased, and how impatient she was to see her. Forzoni had private instructions to touch on the affair of the right hand, which, by the answer he received, shows it was far from being agreed to. Count Somebody, who acts as her Great Master, told him the pretention was extraordinary and could not be allowed. He went, however, to his Princess, who returned the same answer, adding, that however great her desire was to see Madame de Craon, yet she did not dare give up what her house had always insisted upon, for fear of offending her mother. At Forzoni's return all was in a flame. "Comment! Elle ne me donnera pas la main? Madame de Modène fera ceque lui plaira; mais je n'irai point; je ne mettrai pied dans sa maison; je me dispenserai bien de la voir!" etc., etc., etc. Since which Mme. de Craon goes much about *en attelage*, with an Ecuyer on horseback, and braves it out. The Regency sent the Prince of Modena a nasty present of eatables, very ordinary servants of the Court, and very scrub coaches, which *she* makes use of

with a guard at her door. She would not use the Duke of Tuscany's box, though it is lighted and adorned every night. They have taken the box over against mine, joined with that of the singers,—hung with damask and well illuminated. She is courteous to a degree, and is adored by all the ladies, whom she entertains by turns at dinner, and who pay her great court. When she does not go to the Opera, she stays at home and receives the whole town.'

Mann subsequently passes to a story which, as he says, for the variety of incident merits a place in a romance.

'Count Lorenzi (a Florentine, but Minister from France) received last post a letter from Cardinal Tencin, to desire he would apply to the government to have a French Abbé, who was some days before arrived here, secured in the fortress. This was immediately done. The Abbé's story, as Prince Craon told it me yesterday, is as follows:—He is born of noble parents, in some part of France. His mother was taken in labour when abroad, and put to bed in a little hut. The child and she were carried home in a chaise some time after. The former had fits and showed little signs of life; was therefore baptized in a great hurry, and by mistake they made use of rose-water instead of pure. The circumstance appears trifling, but will appear of consequence in the sequel. From his infancy, to the age of 17 or 18, nothing extraordinary happened. He followed his studies with a view of attaching himself to the Church. He then travelled about France, where he fell in love with and married a woman of fashion, unknown to his father, to

whom he returned, and was pressed to take his degrees, which he began by the tonsure, thinking *that* of no consequence. Soon after, he received advice of his wife's death, at the same time that she did of his. He then went on and became a Priest. She did not give credit so easily to his death, but wrote to the Curé of the parish where he lived, and was confirmed by him that such a one of that name was dead and buried. The mistake was occasioned by the death of his brother. She soon after married a second husband, who died soon. Some years after, the Abbé returned to the place where his wife lived, and made an acquaintance who told him there was a lady at a small distance in the country who had a great curiosity to see him, having been intimately acquainted with a person of his name. They went. At his first entrance, the lady fainted away. He had forgot her. As soon as she was recovered, she desired a tête à tête, and soon convinced him that she had been his lawful wife. He, preferring his first engagement to all others, which he had taken in consequence of her supposed death, continued with her, and had three children, and called upon his brother for the restitution of what he had renounced when he became a Priest. They refused it on his being no Christian, and quoted the rose-water! On this a law suit was commenced, but as the case was so extraordinary and so intricate, nobody but the Pope could determine it. The Priest therefore went to Rome, and has been in the house and under the protection of Abbé Franchini. What success he had there is not yet known. He left Rome, came here, and was taken up, and is now in the Fortezza di basso.'

In a P.S. Mann notices the arrival of certain 'bears' and their 'leaders' in these words:—'Four English are arrived here to-day. Mr. Clepham, who was with Lord Mansel, leads the other three. Their names I don't know.' In a subsequent undated letter, he refers to these gentlemen, who were on the 'grand tour,' thus —'The four English, the most silent creatures I ever saw, are gone to Pisa, but will return to my little house near the Arno.' The departure of the Princess of Modena, after scattering diamonds, snuff-boxes, and gold-headed canes in profusion, among those who had paid most court to her, is duly announced, at great length. Florence was not much the duller for her going. On the 24th June, Mann writes:—'Here are a vast many strangers, both men and women, for our St. John. Their names I don't know. The English, Mr. Bouverie (a relation of Sir Jacob) and Mr. Fuller, I know nothing of, nor of Mr. Trap, except that he is a son of the famous Doctor Trap; Miss and Mr. Clepham. They all travel at Mr. Bouverie's expense. They all dined with me and Sir Erasmus (Phillips), but such a silent meeting I have seldom seen: I could not get them to open their mouths; in short, I was vastly fatigued. They go nowhere, on account of their having no language.' Another Englishman is noticed, a Mr. Sturgiss, who was a friend of Lord Walpole's, and the lover of Lord Walpole's wife; indeed, he came abroad with her; but they soon parted, yet he remained a friend to whom my lady showed ample hospitality. 'Sturgiss has come back, but there is so little room for him in my Lady's little house, that she lends him the use of

one room to sleep in. Every morning his bed is removed, and my lady receives company there.'

In a letter of July 1, referring to St. John's day, Mann says:—'On St. John's day I was at the Prince's lodge to see the races. The Great Duke won the Paglio. When it was carried to Prince Craon's house, attended by crowds, there were three solemn *Fischiati*. In the afternoon of the same day there was a country fellow to see the show; 7 or 8 Gens d'armes, out of a joke, beat time with their canes on his back. The fellow's entreaties to them to give over were in vain. At last he turned about to the people, saying: "Popolo, ajutatemi; questi mi ammazoranno certo." No sooner were the words out of his mouth but the people assaulted the Gens d'armes with stones, with such vigour and so well aimed, that some were wounded, and had it not been for a neighbouring church, into which they fled, 'tis thought they would have been murdered. The Priests were forced to shut the doors, which was hardly sufficient to prevent the people entering, whose rage was so great that in all probability they would have finished their work even at the altar. Some such insolence as this will one time or other occasion a general *solleva-tion*. Woe be to them when it happens.'

Passing from the 'people' on the race-course to the 'Quality' at the Opera, Mann says:—'The Princess, after having led' (the Duke of) 'St. Aignan and poor Count Lorenzi in triumph through the Corso, in her phaeton, went in the same state to the Opera, in the Great Theater, and supped in the Great Duke's box. The Prince, the day before, came behind

me, and with his hands on my shoulders, prevented my turning so as to see who it was. "Devinez," says he, "qui je suis, vous me connaitrez par le chaleur de mes embrassements." All I could answer on the sudden was, "Ha, ha! mon Prince; oui, je vous connois." What else can one say to such things?'

. . . 'I can't omit telling you that Count R.' (Richecourt, Lady Walpole's lover) 'is, I am assured, sent for to Vienna. There is the greatest confusion at a certain house' (Lady W.'s), 'but I believe she will not follow. Whether the little bottle' (laudanum) 'is to be used on this occasion, we shall soon see, but I fancy the drops of a larger bottle will render the former useless, seeming to be convinced they are a better specific. . . . Count Richecourt is gone with all the mystery imaginable; where, nobody knows; nor why. He asked peoples' orders *pour les eaux*. My Lady, I suspect much, is moving, though the Count said he should return in 3 months; to others, 6. Sturgiss' (the other lover) 'was sent to Leghorn. Nicolini, the Abbé, her creditor, was sent for, and told by her that, for the debt, she designed to put some pearls into his hands. He says he will take them; and I told him he was in the right. Sturgiss asked much t'other day about Geneva; and then of Aix in Provence. This, you will say, is all very dark, but still I think may mean something. . . . Poor Prince Craon is at the Petraja, and has again got the itch! August 6.—Prince Craon, poor man, staid at the Petraja to scratch himself.'

On the 12th August, Mann sent Walpole news of a 'scare' at Leghorn. 'The whole town of Leghorn

has been alarmed on account of a sickness that has been discovered on board a French vessel from Algiers, which is judged to be certainly the plague. Six people are dead already. At last, the Government took the resolution to send the ship out into the road, and after burning for 6 hours to sink her; which has been executed. *The remainder of the crew were obliged to swim to the Marzocco* (a little fort), where everything was prepared for them, and where they must live some months. A second alarm has been occasioned there by the dangerous illness of General Wachtendonck, who has been given over by his physicians and turned over to the priests. He was not dead at the departure of the last letter, but there were few hopes. They had exposed the Sacrament in several Churches, and were making processions for his recovery. Though the subject is melancholy, I own I could not help laughing at Mrs. Goldworthy's account, — whose words are, "There is no hopes of his doing well. God send he may, as he has but few equals. I am afraid he is too good to be amongst us!" What words could Madame make use of stronger? She must have told him he has no equals.'

The moribund warrior was General of the Grand Duke's troops at Leghorn. Mrs. Goldworthy's husband was English Consul in that town, where he intrigued, unsuccessfully, to supplant Mann at Florence. Madame was a niece of Sir Charles Wager, and an ill-educated woman. Wachtendonck was her Cicisbeo, and something more. He spent a good deal of money on her; and, being a methodical man, he put down every Zecchino in his account book, and

the reason for which it was expended. Mann was delighted at the condition in the domestic affairs of his enemy, the Consul. Meanwhile, there were gay doings at Florence.

'There's a very great Cocchiata' (a serenade in coaches) 'to night on the Terrass of the Corsini house, *Lung' Arno.* Chains are put up at the ends of the street, to prevent Coaches approaching, so that the whole town will be there, or thereabouts, a-foot; 'tis a charming situation, you know, for such a thing; and the night is most favourable, after some of the hottest days, they say, of this or any other summer. Oh, if you were here, I am sure you would be pleased and would be among'st 'em in your long night-gown, till break of day. 'Tis made by 12 Cavalieri, set on foot and managed by Abbate Capponi. It begins at 5 hours.'

On the 21st August, Mann expresses a hope that some at least of the letters addressed to Walpole would reach him. There was faint reliance on the perfect trustworthiness of the Post in those days. To a reference, made by Walpole, to Spence, who was travelling with him, Mann replies: 'Spence, I take it, will always be a Fellow of a College; that is, with all their classical learning, extreme tiresome. It is a character, extreme difficult, I have observed, to lay aside; but how few people there are we can bear to be locked up with!' The Prince de Craon was one of these. 'The Prince and Princess are still at the Petraja; and the Prince extreme bad with the Itch.' Mann adds: 'Wachtendonck is dead. He died last Tuesday of a malignant fever which has

been common here among the poor people, attributed to the effects of the inundation. At the beginning of his illness, he sent to desire Mr. and Mrs. Goldworthy not to come to him. *He*, however, went and was totally neglected. This did not proceed from pique, but from a desire, as he expressed it, to "fare il gran passo come si doveva." The Priests soon got about him, and banished the two pictures, Mrs. Goldworthy's and the Princess Triulzi's, from his bed-side, to make room for those of Saints of both sexes. Altars were erected, and whole loads of relicks brought him, to which the pious General applied with great fervour. I was told that he was in great danger, but was still kept alive *a forza delle gran preghiere*, and that Mrs. Gold—— had caused many masses to be said for his recovery; so that he made his exit quite to the satisfaction of the Capuchins, and edification of his Godly beholders. His Farewell was performed with great pomp, after he had lain in state in his Hall, in the midst of altars erected for the occasion. He left Mrs. Goldworthy his body coach and a pair of horses, but they say the order cannot be complied with, as it was verbal; besides, being a Chevalier de Malta, he could not bequeath unless he had a permission for a fifth part; which if asked is never denied.

'Last night (at the Opera), Bali Rinaldi took something ill of Cavaliere Pitti, who had never any design to offend him, and less inclination to fight, which the other observing, was less tractable. But, as it was near my box, I was desired to intercede. On my first appearance, before I knew a word of the story, Albergotti, who was mediating, said: "Via, Signor

Bali. Ecco un Ministro chi è capace di fare la pace tra l' Inghilterra e la Spagna; che non sia mai detto ch' abbia mancato in questo." On which the Bali was more compliant, and condescended to promise not to kill Pitti. It has been since said that I made the Agiustamento.'

27th August.—' Mr. Chute is a good deal with me. The silent company dined here the day before yesterday, and as most of them are downright Johns, Mr. Chute was convinced they despised him much. They disliked his fan extremely. They wanted to drink after dinner; but you know I never allow that, so called for coffee, and asked them if they would not walk in the garden. I saw they were out of humour, and was convinced all the time one is entertaining and thinking to be civil, that they despise one vastly. Indeed, there are so few worth obliging that to attempt it is time and money thrown away. Last night we had the most terrible storm of rain and hail, with thunder and lightning, I ever heard. My servants were all frightened out of their wits. They all stuck close together, nor would separate to go to bed, till 'twas over. I was pleased to see that Giuseppe ran home to his wife, the moment he had put me to bed. It has cooled the air so much that I fear I shall be drove out of the Terreno soon. I shall be sorry to quit it, for 'tis the prettiest appartment I ever saw.'

September 2nd.—' I was at Mons. Suares' villa, to see his "Demetrio," which I was forced to praise vastly. The whole town was in raptures about it, though it was bad enough. Mr. Chute and I sat together and had the private satisfaction of abusing

them all the while, but then we had the mortification after it was over to be obliged to commend everything, and own that the sentiments were great, and that Metastasio was *unico.* Mr. Chute thanks you for liking the Maison Quarrée, and promises in return to like anything you please to direct. He is extremely entertaining, but he found out that the herd of English do not take to him ever since he came *in* his fan. . . . Poor Prince Craon is bad with his itch; on which account he is returned from the Petraja. The Princess came sore against her will, *et dans la prevention de tomber malade à son entrée dans Florence,* with which she is now confined to her bed. The Prince asked me if I would go into her room, which I accepted, but Forzoni had received instructions to the contrary, so all was over. Conte del Benniro is dead at last! The little Countess has put her husband under the Papilli. Some blame her much. I had not seen her for some time before yesterday, and that was at a distance, in the deepest mourning-coach I ever saw. I did not know her at first, but was soon convinced it could be nobody else by her extreme liveliness through such dismal trappings. I thought she would have jumped out of them, so great was her pleasure to be met. The Sposo and Sposa Rossi, from high words have come to blows. He bore the first tolerably well, but when Madame pushed things further, he turned again, pulled off her cap and tumbled her hair so, that she was unfit to appear at the Conversation, to which she was that instant going. Her own relations are against her, and she has been told that if she goes on with her fisty-

cuffs, she runs great risk of dying in a convent, or at best, a villa.'

Sept. 10.—'I was last night, for the first time, at the Burletta, at the little theater; the worst entertainment I really ever saw. The first woman is called La Cecca, from being protected by Cecco. She is a third sister of the Giudita. He, Cecco, introduced her to his mother, who really looked upon her with pleasure, made everybody observe everything that was tolerable about her, and from that time took her under her own protection.'

Mann, in a letter dated September 17th, gives further illustrations of Florentine life, in a description of a flutter among the Cicisbeos, at a great Festino at Riccasoli's:—

'There were 280 ladies, and men out of all proportion. It proved a fatal night to the Cicisbeos. In the first place, the great black-headed Frescobaldi fairly dismissed her Bernardino, who "per verita ed in legge d' onore," was greatly disconcerted. I expect, however, to hear she has taken him on again, as the fat Antinori can never be sufficient alone. The Gaburra dismissed poor André Siristori, who, in appearance, is disconsolate. I saw him the next night at the opera. She was in my box, and he in all those opposite to it. Some suspect that her relations have made her uneasy, and that this separation is a concerted matter. Madame Gondi has turned off the poor pale-faced Abbé; to be sure, for the same reasons that Miss Edwards did Lord Anne——. She has not, I hear, yet fixed upon another. The Vitelli pines after what the Parigi robs her of, and daily sees

Giovanino's infidelities. He thinks Conducci supplies his place. . . . The greatest heroine of all is the Pepi. Pecori left her for a few days, for the Parigi. I did not know till lately, she was so exasperated, that she had resolved his death; for which purpose she dressed herself like an Abbé, with a couple of pistols in her pockets, and marched out to waylay him; but, most unluckily, met with the Guard of Sbirri, who, after a certain hour, stops odd figures, to search for prohibited arms. They found the pistols upon her, and hurried her to the Bargello's prison, where she was forced to discover herself to be an injured Lady, and that Love was the cause of her transports. Money, I suppose, helped it up, and she was dismissed to go home to sleep by her husband.'

'Cecco's mother has not appeared at any of these places; she says, on account of some waters she is drinking, which require her to stay at home in the evenings, to avoid the night air. But Cecco was more honest. On my asking him, *bonnement*, why his mother did not appear, he whispered me that she had no jewels, that they were all in pawn, nor could be redeemed! I have known her pay a monstrous price for the use of her own jewels, for one night; and then return them the next morning to the jew. I really pity her, but more on another account. She tells me that if it were possible to add a little more to the *Dote* they design to give the Teresina, she should have hopes of marrying her to Roberto Pandolfini, who has explained himself so far as to discover he likes her person; but, as his mother had 12,000 crowns, *he* must have it too. However, Madame thinks 9 or 10

would do, and is actually employing a tried and common friend to persuade him to take 6, which is all they have to give. That oaf, the Bishop, might give her something, but he has declared his conscience wont let him take from God, to give his niece.'

Among the Mann letters, there is occasionally one from Chute, 'To the Hon. Horatio Walpole, Esq., These,' is the superscription over some chronicling of small beer, with this notice of princely malady and manners: 'The poor Prince's Distemper being of a nature to be carried always at his Fingers' ends, and so not admitting of enquiries much, I, who you know am half blind, must be ill qualify'd to give an account of his Progress; but I think he does not ferret so much as he did. His Princess, I believe, enjoys perfect Health; a Circumstance always supposed conducing to which, she took care to mark strongly the other night to her whole assembly, by addressing herself to us all, as she sail'd in all her floating majesty from the further end of the Gallery to the Door of one of her more private Apartments, in these Terms: "Je ne demande Permission à Personne:" you know how to accent it, and explain advantageously, as I did, to the state of her Constitution.'

At this time Walpole had returned to England. The first letter addressed by him to the British Minister at Florence, was begun at Calais in September, 1741, and finished at Sittingbourne (Kent) on the 13th of the month. 'The country town,' writes the wanderer, at home, 'delights me; the populousness, the ease, the gaiety, and well-dressed every-body amaze me. Canterbury, which on my setting-out I

thought deplorable, is a Paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, etc. I had before discovered that there was nowhere but in England, "middling people." I perceive now that there is peculiar to us, "middling houses." How snug they are!'

To this outburst, Mann replies:—'I am glad of all that's in your letter; that you are safe arrived; that your company diverted you; and that, at landing, they respected the person of your trunks; and am extremely glad to find that you was struck, as I really was, at my return to England, after having been abroad, where there is such a ragged appearance, except in the very great towns, to what we see in the middling towns at home. If we could alter some things (many things), and totally change the climate, it would be preferable to all other places.'

From this faint praise of home, Mann gets back to the noblest house in Florence, and to the Prince Craon, who, having recovered from his itch, celebrated the event by a grand dinner:—'Twas a dinner at which the Princess did not appear, but at the window of the gallery which looks, you know, into the room where we dined. We were 25 at table. The Prince and I sat at the two ends of the table; but not to be less loving than if we had been near, we sent messages to each other continually. Among others, one was to drink your health, to me; which I returned by the same Page, by drinking his child's health, to him; —Prince Beauvau's. The only difficulty I was put to on this occasion, where healths must not be drunk in water, was about wine, as I have totally left it off, since the beginning of my illness, but a thimble-full

does to colour the water, and one glass does for the whole table. At night, there was no invitation of ladies, but it was given out that "*tutte sarebbero gradite.*" . . . Madame Griffoni is vastly well and continues handsome. Her sister grows monstrously fat, else would be handsome too. The good little Albizi has been ill of a fever, but is much better. She is deprived for a time of her little hero, who is become a Colonel of one of the two regiments to be raised out of the Militia, which he is about to form. Capponi, you know, has the other. They are always called *Signori Colonelli.*'

'We had a strange uproar last Wednesday, at the Burletta; an affair of party. I never saw anything like it before, but have heard of it happening in England. Albergotti was the hero; he had made his addresses to the Romana, but being ill received, he would not permit the applause the Pit gave her; superior greatly to that which was given to the Cecca, whom really every body did applaud till it was known Albergotti was offended with the notice that was taken of the Romana. Piques of this kind went on for many nights, but were always kept within the bounds of gentle hissing (which may be taken, as 'tis often meant in Italy, for a call of silence, or of attention) and violent clapping; but on the fatal Wednesday night, just when the Romana was at the height of her favourite song, which could hardly be heard for the clapping, she was silenced by a most dreadful concert of cat-calls, performed by the Lorraine officers, and their servants. You cannot conceive the damp that was struck all over the theater.

The ladies were all offended, and afraid to go home, it having been discovered that the Cat-callers were all armed. Albergotti was not one of them, though publickly known to be the promoter of it. One of the officers called to him from the Pit, and said, "Marquis, c'est pour vous venger!" In that the Impresario was affronted, so was his theater. The affair was carried the next morning before the Council, as what might have "des suites fâcheuses;" to prevent which it was thought proper to order Albergotti to repair to Arezzo, his native country, there to receive the orders that were to be sent to the Governor. He departed yesterday. The town in the mean time was deprived of an opera on the next opera-night!'

November 26th.—'You know Vanneschi, Lord Middlesex's favourite poet. He wrote an opera, formerly, in which there was an air that began: "Leon che scherza e ride." I don't remember the rest. Condeli was struck with the idea, and made the following imi ation off-hand, soon after there had been an earthquake in Florence:—

"Il vezzoso Terremoto
Ingollava la Citta,
Ed il Fulminar giulivo
Non lasciare un uomo vivo
Scherzaggiando in qua e in la":—

I am sure you like it, for its oddness.

December 17th.—'Nothing is spoke of but Gavi (a fraudulent banker) and his accomplices. He is in a church, and what is more strange, the Priests think him too great a villain to harbour him, so that he is

drove from one convent to another. The secret is, that as soon as they can fix him, they mean to take him by force. I pity his poor wife. She is with child, and constantly attended night and day by the Sbirri in her room. She sent a complaint the other day, that the Sbirri "non la lasciavano vestire con pace, e che consumavano tutte le *Bracie;* che per l'amor di Dio dessero a dire che non tocasseno le *Bracie.*" The great concern for her small coal made them suspect a rat. Upon examination, they found 6000 crowns under them. In different holes and corners, they found 18,000 crowns, but all in silver; from which 'tis thought he found means to carry off his gold.'

December 19th.—'I had like to have forgot to tell you, that about 3 weeks ago, 6 medals were sent from England to Rome, vastly satirical. Sir Robert Walpole, with a cord round his neck, led by the Devil. On the other side, Sir Robert leads the King by the nose. The person writes me word he has seen them, and has promised, if possible, to get me one. There are mottoes, but he did not say what.'

As Mr. Mann was stationed at Florence partly to watch over, partly to receive reports of the sayings and doings of the Pretender and his family in Italy, the Minister's letters occasionally contain references to this subject. On the 22nd August, 1741, we have the first notice of the movements of the Stuart Princes. 'I have been writing,' says Mann to Walpole, 'since 8 hours of the morning, and now it is 5 hours at night. I was alarmed in the middle of the night, by an express from Rome, to acquaint me, the Eldest boy was going off at night, in company with Murray and one servant,

(Walpole has here written, over the word 'Murray'—'Lord Dunbar,' who did not go with him at all.) 'It was in so private a manner that nobody knew it. My Abbé got notice of it two days after. I am horribly uneasy lest I should be deceived; and how is it possible to know the truth? The circumstances are very particular. They went in a borrowed chaise, 3 posts from Rome; then they took post by Fuligno, Fossombrone, so to Brescia, by the Grisons, into France. Cardinal Tencin presented to the Boy, on the 14th, in the name of his Master, a set of Plate da Campagna. They say it was fine wrought and gilt. He gave him at the same time a letter, by which the French King declares him (but I cannot believe it, though the whole town is full of it) Commander in Chief of all his troops by sea and land. The expressions are so odd, the command so great, and the thing so extraordinary, that I can't tell what to make of it. In some of the letters about the town there is added to the above, "In case of a war with England."'

On the 27th August, 1741, Mann writes, 'It is a very hard matter to say what is, what is not; especially when folks make it their business to puzzle on this fact. I have represented the thing to them at 55 (Hanover). I am almost wild, there is such a strange noise about my ears, I can hardly write. One tells me one thing; another tells me the contrary. Some affirm, with all the particulars, 2's' (Prince Charles Edward's) 'journey into France, just indeed as I had heard it a week ago. If I was present at the Petraja I could judge better of it; but as I cannot go there, I must say what Viviani and others tell me.'

Mann's despatches were sent, not direct to England, but round by Hanover, where he expected George II. might then be. In a letter of September 24th, he names one 'Jackson of Leghorn, who by being concerned in commerce, has been and is very attentive to what is going forward.' Subsequently he adds: 'It is certain they flatter themselves that the Marriage' (Union of England and Scotland) 'may be broke off; 202's' (Mann's) 'friend at 77' (Rome) 'says that two of Miss North and Grey's tenants' (Scotsmen) 'have been there to confer with 11' (the old Chevalier) 'about the Settlements, and that their setting out was what deceived him.' 'In France,' Mann writes, October 8th, 'the King of England is spoken of with very little attention, and is constantly called Monsieur Hanover. 202' (Mann) 'does not believe this and infinite other impertinencies, which are unreal, but I saw him in a great passion on hearing a letter read from France, which contained them!'

And so ends the chronicle of the first year.

CHAPTER II.

1742.

At this period England was 'meddling and muddling' in Continental politics. The interests of Great Britain were being made subservient to those of the Electorate of Hanover. We were supporting the cause of Maria Theresa, the Queen of Hungary, against France, Spain, and Bavaria. Fleets, armies, and subsidies were lavished for a foolish object, and for ungrateful personages. Tuscany was threatened with a Spanish invasion.

January 17th.—'The Great Duke has not sufficient force to make any resistance in case of need. H. M. sends a fleet perhaps, but on a supposition, no doubt, that Leghorn could make some defence itself, which at present is not the case. Five thousand good troops would not be enough; but these are as bad as can be, and the greatest part Tuscans, poor country fellows indeed; but you know the whole country is inclined to the Spaniards. An opinion has prevailed since my going to Leghorn, that England had purchased that town of the Great Duke, for money! It is not the first time it has been talked of, and by all

thinking people greatly wished to be true. Sure, the advantages of having it must be great. Now if ever is the time to bring it about. We might part with something we have in the Mediterranean, at least Port Mahon, not of half so much use as this would be. Leghorn would be what we must always have—a port in these seas, and would be at the same time a considerable trading town. Will you mention this by way of discourse; the time more than ever makes it proper.'

'. . . Mr. Haddock is at Port Mahon. On his passage thither he saw the Spanish squadron, and was preparing to engage it, but soon discovered the Toulon squadron, when the Spaniards bore down towards the French. Mr. Haddock called a Council, in which it was not judged proper to attack them, as they were joined with the French. This is the account of the Captain of The Garland, man-of-war, who lately arrived at Genoa. At this rate, if their united fleets are to convey the second embarkation, Mr. Haddock, without a reinforcement, is not strong enough to prevent its taking place.'

January 12th.—'The poor Prince de Craon is extremely disgusted; no visits have passed, and I believe both he and she are determined to retire, if things don't mend. De Sade came into my box, the other night, "Helas!" said he, "le pauvre Prince de Craon est au désespoir." "He would not appear at Council!" says I. "Non!" dit il, "il a raison. 'Tenez,' je lui ai dit, 'mon Prince! si vous êtes delicat, il faut vous retirer. Si vous ne l'êtes pas, tirez votre pension sans rien faire.'" Is not this quite like De Sade?

'Lady Walpole is returned. She drove directly to the old palace, the habitation of the Count. She wants satisfaction for the affronts she received. . . . Poor Mr. St. John, the madman in religion, though in nothing else so, wanted to make me a present of some pier glasses, for saving his fine and numerous library, which I refused. He still pressed it, but I was obstinate. "Lord!" says I to Mr. Chute, "what can I say more to the man?" "Why, very true," says he, "he cannot even pretend that his present will not cast a reflection upon you." I have no heart to speak to you about our operas, they are so very bad. One goes there notwithstanding. The Bagnolese *caricata* to a degree. She really squeezes out her words so, that it puts one in mind of something else. Tedeschino is very middling, a humble imitator of Salembeni. The Tenore is very good, but an extreme mean figure. The rest are not worth naming. Poor Giuseppe Ridolfi will pay dear for the honour of being Impresario. For, to make it worse, they have contrived in this, as in other trifles, to disoblige the whole town by refusing a permission for masks, so that the theater is always empty. That of the Via del Cocomero is most frequented. "Dido" was the first opera, and pleased. Fini composed the second; the vilest musick that ever was heard. The audience at the end cried out, "Eh bene! eh bene! ma *Didone! Didone!*" which they say it is to be, much to the mortification of Signor Fini, who swears there is not even an "ombra di sapere o di gusta," left in Florence.'

'On Tuesday last, at the time everybody was at the opera, there was a severe shock of an Earthquake

at Leghorn, which frightened them all out of their wits. There were afterwards severe repetitions. Braitwitz slept in his carriage, in the *place*. The public diversions were suspended as inconsistent with prayer, to which everybody was ordered to betake themselves.'

January 28th.—'I told you of Mr. St. John and his Glasses. Many letters passed, and all I could say was not sufficient to convince him, I would not *have them;* by this at last he understood I wanted something else in lieu of them; and what do you think he did? Why he sent me 100 Zecchini, as the full value of them, which he said I ought not to refuse accepting, for if that was wrong the offering it was so too, and that he was incapable of committing an error; that in Equity and Justice a valuable consideration was due to me for the services I had done him; that no man, of whatever rank, need have felt the least shame of either proposing or accepting it; that it need not be made a necessary clause in every deed of conveyance, or lease, and concludes his letter with (what, tho' I was devilishly angry, made me laugh extremely) "a small sample of his poetry,"—he calls it:—

> "Let him who would be happy, strive
> To be the simplest man alive,
> And he may be the simplest man but *one;*
> And that man I am, Oliver St. John."

Did you ever hear anything like this poor simple man? . . . I wrote him a most thundering answer when I returned his hundred Zecchini, to which he

wrote a reply, two days after, by telling me that he had deposited the same sum in his Advocate's hands, which I would please to demand when my scruples were not insuperable; that he meant me no affront, but a genteel present, but that if I persisted in thinking it so, "I might take my REMEDY!"

'This poor man has got a scheme in his crazy head to convert all the Jews in Leghorn, for which purpose he struck up a correspondence with Mr. Porter, the parson there, a poor creature. St. John wrote him the strangest long letter about it, and made him the greatest offers of houses, money, settlements for life, etc., and at last sent him a Poem of 80 Stanzas, of 6 lines each, the title of which was, "Great News to the Listening Jews,"—to the tune and metre of "Old Sir Simon the King;" and yet, except on this religious key, the poor man is vastly sensible, and was always known to have a great deal of learning.'

'The Earthquake at Leghorn has been very severe. They had in all sixteen shocks. We felt nothing of them here.'

'Jesus! I little expected to be obliged to take up this letter again to add so horrid a postscript. A few hours ago, an Estafette arrived from Leghorn with a very short and confused account of a vile shock of an Earthquake that happened yesterday, at about 19 hours. All the houses, they say, have suffered extremely, particularly the Jews' quarter. Part of a church fell in, and some people have been killed. All the inhabitants fled out of the town, and everything was in horrid confusion. Braitwitz has asked for

tents, etc., to lodge his troops; as their Quarters are so much damaged it makes it unsafe to live in them. Abbé Tornaquenei, to whom I have just sent to ask some account of this accident, knows no more than what I have mentioned, but has promised me a particular account as soon as he receives it. They have despatched a Courier, an hour ago, to Leghorn. I am going to write a letter to Mrs. Goldworthy, to invite her to Florence. Common humanity engages me to press her to come from that horrid place, and to forget everything they have said and done against me. I suppose my letter will find them on board some ship in the Mole, as nobody lives in their houses.'

On the 3rd February, Mann continues the theme of the Earthquake. 'The damage that has been done must be very considerable, though it is yet not distinctly known, as people are too much terrified to examine narrowly into the buildings, most of which are for the present totally abandoned, from the dread of another shock which, if equal to the former, would, it is believed, lay the whole town in ruins. The inhabitants, from upwards of 40 (thousand) are reduced to 4 or 5 (thousand). Many whole families fled to Pisa, Lucca, etc., in the dresses they escaped with out of their houses, not daring to return for money or common necessaries. All the English in general took refuge on board the ships in the Mole, where they still remain, and have conveyed thither their books and cash. Those that were obliged, either by their employments or for want of means to escape, remained in the town, spent both days and nights in the Square,— some in coaches, others in chairs, till tents

could be pitched, in which Braitwitz and all his officers etc., now live.'

'The Madonna di Monte Nero, who is to Leghorn what the Lady of the (*illegible*) is to Florence, was, by Braitwitz's order, brought into the town and placed in the Square, about which are erected many Altars for the publick devotion, as nobody will run the risk of being crushed in the churches, as one or two poor people were by the fall of the roof of that mentioned in the enclosed paper. Those who fled from there knew nothing of what they left behind them, and those that are there are still too much frightened to give any rational account by letter. Besides the hurt done to all the houses, it is greatly to be feared that the publick and private cisterns were spoilt, by which alone, except one little spouting fountain, the whole town is supplied with water. If so, the expense of repairing them will be immense; and, at this juncture, if the Spaniards should besiege the town, for want of water only, it would be obliged to surrender. Leghorn has received a blow, of which it will not recover for a very considerable time.

'A Council of Regency was assembled on Wednesday night, to consider of the proper order and steps that were to be taken for the relief of it. You will hardly believe that it was by mere accident this was thought of at all. Well, but better late than never! Orders were sent by an Estafette last Thursday to oblige the Bakers to bake, which they had omitted, as the Butchers had to kill meat. In short, nobody thought of any other means to secure life but by running from the Earthquake; so that as none of the

people about carried provisions into the town as usual, the inhabitants suffered extremely. Six hundred loafs of bread are ordered daily to be distributed to the needy. Patrols are in the streets night and day, to prevent the houses that are abandoned being plundered. The Great Duke's iron works to furnish iron to all that want it, upon credit. The Monte di Pieta to furnish money to those who have none, for the immediate repair of their houses. But lo! the great iron works have no iron, nor the Pieta any money.'

'We have had three days of devotion for the sake of the Livornesi, though surely never was there so little inclination to pray. 'Twas quite ridiculous, the last night of the Opera, to see the contrast between the pleasure of masking and the devotion they were entering upon. They did not dare publickly to say anything against it, for fear it should be a sin, but many of the ladies wished it had been deferred till Lent.

'Col. Capponi has been at Leghorn during the sixteen shocks, and came frightened out of his senses. . . . His old unckle at Leghorn would never stir out of his house, though he was quite alone in it, and would by this means, have encouraged the people, had not Braitwitz's example on the contrary been more prevalent. The terror people were seized with has occasioned the utmost desolation. Ferdinand the Second went with his whole court to Leghorn, on a like occasion, to encourage, by his presence, the inhabitants to stay in the town, by which he prevented the ill consequences of their panick fear.'

February 24th.—'I am to have Mrs. Goldworthy, with her children and maids, etc., the day after to-morrow. Poor creatures! I really pity them. They come directly from on board to Florence, as his house, like all those that were corner houses, has suffered most and been rendered uninhabitable. I foresee it must be vastly troublesome, but in certain cases one cannot avoid these things. I shall retire into the two rooms t'other side of the hall, and leave the rest of the house to them.'

Walpole addressed a letter to Mann, dated 9th February, 1742, in which he gave an account of the intrigues of the Prince of Wales, 'who it must seem proposes to be King;' of the plot to impeach Sir Robert; of the triumph of the latter when George the Second raised him to the peerage as Earl of Orford, and conferred on his natural daughter, Mary Skerret, the rank she would have enjoyed had she been legitimate; and of the general confusion that existed at a time when men ought to be most united. To this letter Mann replied on March 18th, the day after he had received Horace Walpole's letter, which was written nearly six weeks earlier:—

'The first part of your letter of the 9th February terrifies me a great deal . . . I try to flatter myself that all will still go well. It is infinitely kind of you to write me the true state of things. Such malignant whispers are set about by some others here that I should be distracted, if I did not know by your letters, how far to credit them . . . The Pretender's party is in high spirits about all this, and flatter themselves that it will turn out well for them. Surely 304' (the

Prince of Wales) 'does not think seriously of what he is doing. He may be the first to repent when it will be too late to quench the flame he is blowing up. . . . The King is greatly to be pitied. I own to you I feel for him now what I never did before . . . Lady Walpole has told Mrs. Goldworthy that she knows for certain, Mr. Haddock (the Admiral) is recalled. This part of the world is in great expectation of great deeds, on which account it is reported that 17,000 Spaniards are to march from Barcelona, instead of coming up by sea. . . . Don Phillip departed the 22nd February and is to be at Aix the 5th of next month; thence to Antibes, and so to be escorted by the French, Spanish, and Neapolitan Gallies, but where he is to land is not known here.'

In this month Masquerades and Earthquakes are still the theme; 'Here am I, at four hours in the night, the last of Carnival, ever since fifteen in the morning, writing. All the world has been in mask the whole day, and will be again, after cramming as much *gras* as will make them sick with their *ceneri* for three days. You know how this is. There is a ball after midnight; we were there together last year, would it were the same this? . . . I did not expect Mrs. Goldworthy till to-morrow; but behold she came in at 23, with three children, two maids, and a man. I was forced to leave her with Mr. Chute and Whithed. Poor creature! she has been frightened terribly, and gives a most lamentable account of the situation of Leghorn; and yet she will be devilishly troublesome. The Princess said: "Comment vous aurez donc des enfants sans en être le père!" Antinori puts these gross ideas into her head.'

For some time Mann was the victim of a serious and painful complaint, requiring a serious and painful operation. His letters are full of details of the most unreserved nature, as if he were proud of his afflictions, and as if his friends must, with sympathy for the sufferer, be gratified by being taken into the utmost confidence with regard to the progress and cure of the malady. He wrote in bed, in all sorts of positions, the reasons for which are liberally supplied. 'On the 9th day of my laying in,' as he calls it, he wakes up to render an account of the new scenes which had opened in Florence—through the shifts and changes of the war. One of the strangest incidents of that contest between the Queen of Hungary and her adversaries was that her husband, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, gave leave to a Spanish army, hostile to Maria Theresa, to have passage through his Duchy. Accordingly, on March 11, 1742, Mann called for his writing materials, and as he lay in bed, now on one side, now on another, sometimes on his back, at others on his face, he sent the following account to his 'dear child.'

'The Spaniards are marching under the walls of Florence, this morning! The fourth column went by. In all they have been more than 10,000 men—but great numbers desert. The General (M. Castelar) demanded some whom he supposed had been debauched by the Great Duke's officers; and bid the Spanish agent acquaint the Regency that if they were not given up, he would leave a sufficient body of troops at all the avenues of Florence, to prevent the like inconveniences. An officer was sent to him to treat the matter, but I hear nothing has been concluded. Caste-

lar was asked by an Orso' (one of the faction that supported Don Philip) 'why they did not stay; that they had deceived their well-wishers, etc. He replied that they were to go into Lombardy now, but that Tuscany would afterwards be an affair of three days. I believe some of the Regency are firmly persuaded it will be so. At a time that it was only known at Vienna that the Spaniards were to pass within two miles of the town, as was first stipulated, an order came to plant the cannon of the fortresses against the town, and charged; and in case of an insurrection, to fire. They were accordingly prepared in the sight of the whole people, who were astonished to see such preparations against them. You have heard, to be sure, of the alliance between the Queen of Hungary and King of Sardinia, for the mutual defence of each other's states. The King of Sardinia reserves to himself a power to make good his pretensions to this part of the Queen's dominions in Italy! He is to furnish her with a considerable body of troops that had already begun their march in order to unite themselves with those under the command of Prince de Traun, who it is thought would march into the Pope's States, towards Bologna, to attack M. de Montemar. A little time then must decide our fate. . . .'

'. . . Adieu, my dearest child, I am tired of the awkward posture in which I write in bed; on which account you must excuse many blots and errors. The Countess Galli is the only woman I have admitted yet; and she has a right to come when she pleases; as at my request, she serves Mrs. Goldworthy, and is often in the house. I hear nothing of the poor simple

things going away. She is such a fool! and chatters and talks so much, and so literally translates all her little conceits and ideas into horrid French or Italian! Mr. Chute says she talks from hand to mouth. T'other day she told a company of ladies that *il suo Marito era gravido* to do I don't know what. They stared, but did not understand how he was to be eased. Then she's a notable, and teaches her poor children all kinds of things wrong.—'Indeed, you shan't have any pudding, Charles, unless you spell it! How do you spell *pudding?* P-u-d pud, d-i-n-g, *pudding;* and so the poor child repeats it after her. She tires them to death with religion and the prayers of the day, and in order to bring things down to their capacities, she told them why, for example, if Jesus Christ was here and would touch your sister she would be well, and cut her teeth; so the poor brats walk about the house all day long wishing for Jesus Christ to be in the room.

'I send the new Emperor's letter' (Charles VII. Elector of Bavaria. His election was supported by the French, and it caused a general war) 'to the Pope. It is looked upon as—low. Do but consider the affectation of attributing his election, in a great measure to the Pope! There are a thousand Pasquinades at Rome; but bad. The best of them I think is that on the stile of the forum (*sic*) the Emperor is cited to fix his habitation. There was a man dressed in a most ragged cloak, with these words on his back,—*A tutti v'è rimedio, fuorite al Bavaro!*'—an Italian pun, you know *Bavaro* signifies the great cape of a cloak; or, I believe, at Rome, a cloak itself; which

makes it better. Tencin raves and storms at all these liberties. The Pretender has shown great rejoicings at this Election.

'We are now entered into the Quaresima (Lent) and are to have the Concert as last year, though not in Palazzo Strozzi; 'twill be the only diversion for Mrs. Goldworthy, with whom I shall be most extremely embarrassed. She is such a horrid fool, such a little unconnected thing, and so fiddle-faddle! oh, it has been a terrible earthquake for me! The Ladies begin to visit her. I was in her apartment with the Countess del Benniro and the little Albizzi, but was forced to fly on hearing the name of the Princess (who is now with her) and many more. Her's was a return of a visit, as you may imagine. There's the Griffoni too, but I can't go in as I am undressed. Lady Walpole was here this morning, for the first time she ever set her foot in this house. She talks of nothing but Venice, and goes about dressed à la Veniziana. I am no favourite still. She was angry, I believe, that I sent the morning after her return from Padoue, instead of going to see how she did. Her answer was, that she thought I had been unwell. I could not go till the third day, because of one of my head-aches, with which, however, I am not so much troubled since my illness, and which I attribute in a great measure to my having left off snuff . . .

'I dare not venture to send any of your things home; 'tis more dangerous than ever. The Spaniards keep a watch out of the Gulph of Spezia and may take every ship that passes. The merchants are horribly uneasy. I can venture, therefore, to send nothing home

but a great jar of *Cedrati in guazzo,* which is the only way of preserving them for so long a voyage. The whim of sending you them came through my hearing a dissertation upon Cedrati at Signor Ferroni's, where my brother of France said he had that day (as he did every Christmas) sent six Cedrati to Cardinal Fleuri, who was extremely pleased with them. Well, says I, if I knew how to get any to England, I would really send Mr. Walpole some. "In guazzo!" they all cried, "there is no other way;" and some days after Madame Ferroni sent me some from Bella Vista. I got more, and set folks about them to put them "in guazzo." The earthquake has so deranged everybody and everything at Leghorn, that there they are still. . . On fryday last they say there was two small shocks not felt by everybody.

'The Princess sends me word from t'other appartment, qu'elle croyoit de trouver Monsieur Mann, et qu'elle me grondera un peu quand elle me voit. I deny positively that I am at home.—Adieu, my dearest Child, I am for ever yours.'

The above letter is addressed 'To the Honble. Horace Walpole, Esq., Jun., at the Right Honble. Sir Robert Walpole, London.

Out of the general confusion the Jacobites hoped to reap substantial advantages. In a letter of the 25th March, Mann informs Walpole that he has received repeated accounts from Rome, that 'all the notices and insinuations of what is doing in England, in the House of Lords and in the Commons, and of the disconsolate condition in which the King is described, are regularly sent thither, to a person I have

named to the Duke of Newcastle, by divers people, particularly Sir Francis Dashwood (whom, however, I have not named), which notices are immediately carried to 11' (the old Chevalier). To Walpole's announcement that Lord Limerick's motion in the Commons against Sir Robert Walpole ('for a committee to examine into the conduct of the last twenty years') had been lost by 244 to 242, and that the Duke of Argyle had resigned, Mann replied in a letter of April 17, 1742: 'We are told, and 'tis wrote from Rome, that things are greatly exasperated since that motion was thrown out; and since the Duke of Argyle resigned, from whom great matters are now expected. I rather believe the Lords hoped much greater had he stayed in. You guessed very right; the Pretender and all that set are in high spirits, and flatter themselves more than ever. I don't know but they have reason. I confess to you, I should be very sorry to see the Duke of Argyle with an army; then might the Pretender, in my opinion, triumph.'

April 8th.—'There has been a Medal struck, with the Great Duke Francis's head on one side, with the motto "Aut Cæsar aut Nihil"; on the other, the Emperor Charles, with "Et Cæsar et Nihil." Accompanied with this idea of peace universal, there is a stronger persuasion than ever that Don Phillip is at last to be our Great Duke. I don't wonder at the common people who wish it believing it, as they see he advances on his journey towards Italy; but I find among the Lorrains such an opinion likewise prevails, and they say they are to go to Milan. A great number of cases are continually sending off to Leg-

horn, in order to go to Trieste; but nothing out of the Palazzo Pitti or Gallery is visibly touched. Don Phillip, according to the disposition of the route, and notice by a courier that passed to Naples, was to arrive at Antibes as the day before yesterday, the 6th. They suppose he is to embark immediately. I can't tell how that will be, but I have received a letter this morning from Mr. Haddock, by a ship he has despatched to Leghorn, in answer to that I wrote him lately, to acquaint me that he was ready to put to sea, and would to the utmost of his power endeavour to execute the King's orders, either by preventing the further embarkation of troops from Spain for Italy, or by giving all aid and protection to the countries of his Majesty's allies. This I have acquainted Prince Craon with, by a letter this morning, and have received for answer that he will communicate the contents of it to the Regency, and then tell me their answer. The Captain who brought this letter says that all the dispositions were made in the fleet, in the best order. The Frigates were out and stationed at Barcelona, so as to watch the motions of the Spaniards, one of which had taken the Tender belonging to Admiral Perez, with 60 men and an officer on board her. Admiral Haddock had been extreme ill, but was something better.'

'I do not recover strength so fast as I would wish. . . . The weather is so extravagantly bad that if I was well I could not venture out. I receive a great deal of company. All the ladies in town come by turns to me. Mrs Goldworthy being still here, without the least necessity, as her home is prepared at Leghorn, makes

it very inconvenient, as she makes use of all the house except the two small rooms on the right hand of the Hall. She talks now of going away, but I see she will draw it on as long as she can; nor I believe would she have thought of it had she not been frightened by some great cracks which, on examination, prove to be of consequence, and must be mended. On which account, as soon as I am able, and she is gone, I must retire again to my old apartments near the Gallery, as all the other rooms will be rendered uninhabitable, and the front towards the garden almost pulled down?'

Mann makes frequent allusion to the great Italian beauty of that day, Madame Griffoni (*née* Elizabetta Capponi), to whom Horace Walpole had made love, after his fashion, and whom he spoke of as 'his illustrious mistress.' Presents, messages, and compliments passed between them through the agency of Mann; but Walpole makes singular comment on his friend's intimation that he had gone to an entertainment at the illustrious beauty's house. 'How exceedingly obliging to go to Madame Griffoni's festino; but, believe me, I shall be angry if, for my sake, you do things that are out of your character, don't you know that I am infinitely fonder of that than of her.' The fine gentleman's affected passion soon died out: 'Lord!' he writes to Mann, 'I am heartily tired of that romantic love and correspondence.' Walpole's jokes upon her and her more or less illustrious Cicisbeos were not marked by much refinement. He became weary of writing to her, his 'Serene Princess!'—'Alas! I owe her two letters, and where to find a

beau sentiment, I cannot tell. I believe I may have some by me in an old chest of drawers, with some exploded red-heel shoes and full-bottom wigs; but they would come out so yellow and moth-eaten. . . . Do vow to her that my eyes have been so bad that, as I wrote you word over and over, I have not been able to write a line.' Madame Griffoni wrote to Walpole from Florence, and he noticed her by saying to Mann, 'Where to find a penful of Italian in the world, I know not!' The married lady sent to her Cicisbeo for an hour, a tender gift of hams and wine. 'My dear child,' he wrote to Mann, 'be my friend, and preserve me from heroic presents! I cannot possibly at this distance, begin a new courtship of regali; for I suppose all these hams were to be converted into watches and toys.' He is aware that a Florentine Ariadne is not likely to be altogether abandoned, and after awhile he asks, 'Who consoles my illustrious mistress?' As years passed by, and after a whole generation had gone to 'the senseless damp of graves,' he had curiosity enough to enquire 'if Madame Griffoni, though thirteen years older, preserves any remains of beauty, like the Duchess of Queensberry.' When the Miss Berrys were in Florence, in 1790, Walpole recalled to memory his old Florentine time and its manners; and he wrote to Agnes, 'I suppose none of my Florentine acquaintances are still upon earth? The handsomest woman there of my days was a Madame Griffoni, my fair Geraldine. She would now be a Methuselaness, and much more like a frightful picture I have of her by a one-eyed German painter. I lived then with Sir Horace Mann, in Casa Mannetti, in Via de'

Santi Apostoli, by the Ponte di Trinità.' From that *Casa*, Mann wrote as follows to Walpole, in April, 1742:—

'Madame Griffoni sends you a thousand compliments. Antinori, who was by, desires hers too. She has of late taken to the eldest Seristori, or he to her, which she does not seem to disapprove of, to the great disturbance of Marquis Albizzi, who has challenged him for it; but by the interposition of friends nothing came of it.'

Antinori was the sister of Griffoni—of whose husband, by the way, no notice is taken by any one. It is otherwise of her Cicisbei. There was quite a sensation in Florence, when Montemar, the General commanding the Spanish troops in Italy against the Imperialists, was reported to have left the Galla for Griffoni, and then to have offered the homage of his services to Antinori,—for whom Mann himself came to entertain a strange and deep affection.

April 17th.—'A poem lately came to my sight, printed in 1741, it is said to be Pope's, and entitled "Are these things so?" It has been brought to light and translated by word of mouth to all that would or would not hear it; and has been given to be translated into Italian verse, in order (if the person will do it) to be, I imagine, printed and made as publick as possible. 202' (Mann himself) 'has done all he can to prevent its appearance in that language, having some influence over the person chosen out to do it, and the only one indeed here that is capable of such a performance. Can you imagine anything more inveterate? There can be no motive in this but malice, as in my opinion

there is nothing but downright scandal and insolence in that poem, without the least invention or aught that could indicate it to be of Pope, but it's supreme scandal and villainy. Surely those that can write or can like such performances must be extremely unhappy from the Gaul (*sic*) of bitterness in their own hearts.'

Turning from poetry to politics, Mann says:—'The country is in great attention to see how Don Phillip is to be disposed of. His proceedings on his journey, in order, as it is confidently said, to embark at Antibes, makes people conclude he will embark, which they think he would not do if there were not great security for his passage. Various are the conjectures where he is to land; some think in the Genoese state, and that a house has been prepared on another pretence, by Marquis Mari. Dispositions have been made at Orbitello sufficient to make some suspect he is to land there; and, by the letters of this morning from Rome, it is wrote that Acquaviva has most magnificently furnished his palace at Capracola and that it is publickly said Don Phillip is to reside there till his fate be decided; which people interpret, till he is to take possession of Tuscany, which the Queen of Spain is working to bring about.'

With Mann's letter went one from Mr. Chute, written on the same day, April 17. It is, as Mr. Chute remarks, 'four sides to very little purpose.' One line refers to the climate of Florence, at such an advanced Spring-time. 'The season is still sick of a lingering Winter. In another letter's time it will be Spring!' Chute adds: 'We can give no guess at the D. of O's

reasons, if he has any. He puts me in mind of an Epitaph that was made on a covetous Archbishop:

"Here lies his Grace in cold clay clad
Who died for want of what he had."'

Spring did not come so early as Chute foretold. Mann writes on the 22nd April, 'The Post is not yet come in from France, on account of the extreme bad weather. For some days past, particularly high winds have retarded the passage from Genoa to Lirici.' Meanwhile, when Europe was in arms and Death was sagacious of his quarry from afar, Florence was stirred by the following incident:—

"I have most innocently been drawn into a contest about my box in the Great Theater. Three months after I had made use of it, when I expected nothing less, Ridolfi, who was the Impresario, came to me before the Carnival, and offered me a better box than my old one, assuring me that Count Richecourt had given orders to his Secretary to give up his. On those assurances I took it; but found about ten days ago that the Count has been highly offended ever since, saying that I had shown by this, the highest mark of disattention in not having wrote to him at Padoue to know if Rodolfi had really the authority he pretended. Was ever anything so wrong judged? What had I to do with anybody but the Impresario? and what reason had I to disbelieve his assertions? But 'twill be difficult to please at present. I sent Dr. Cocchi to Count Richecourt, as I don't go out, to represent the thing in its true light, but was enraged to find that neither that justification, or that still further conde-

scension of resigning the box to him (assuring him that I by no means pretended that the possession I had had of it, for one Carnival, by a *mistake*, authorized me to deprive him of it any longer), met with the reception I had reason to expect.'

'I told you Mrs. Goldworthy left me last Monday. I have received a letter of thanks which begins so:—"as Words is what I have not Retorick to find out to thank you,"—and so on, three long sides of nonsense. You asked if the maids might not be useful to make English things for me during my illness. Their time I am told was employed in making, and I suppose unmaking, boys and girls. Never was such a —— house! Such ointments, gallipots, and nastiness have been found in all the corners; foh! That part of the house is airing and will be sweet I hope in about 10 days, against I inhabit it, while this part is mending.

'A stop has been put to Gavi's process, and he set at large; I mean, he has the whole Fortezzo di Basso for his prison, with a permission to receive all the world. All his original papers, on which his process was formed, have been restored him; so there's an end of this.

'I long to see old Sarah's Memoirs, as well as the Duchess of Queensberry's answer who we hear has wrote against her; these two game hens must be very entertaining to the town.

'I thank you for the trouble you have taken to transcribe so great a part of Pope's new Dunciad. I think it is vastly obscure in many places, but in general, pretty. Whilst satire is general one can bear it; but I so detest that abject creature that I

am even prejudiced against all he can write, so far am I from approving all that comes from his pen, as it is so much the fashion to do.

'. . . My Lady (Lady Walpole), Sturgiss, Richecourt, and all that party use most provoking language about Sir Robert. She has taken great pains to say to everybody that I am so prejudiced a creature of his, that all that I can say is to be doubted; that either I don't know, or won't own the truth of half what she asserts and which is alone to be depended upon; that she has the best and greatest correspondents now in England, where letters are no longer intercepted—and, after all this, you can't conceive what idle stuff is vended about by her emissary Sturgiss, who has a crowd of hearers at the Swiss Coffee House near the Duomo. I say nothing to all this. One week generally destroys the notices of the past, 'twould be endless and of no kind of use to enter into disputes. W——s are always impudent. . . . She threatens to go to England to see for her estate and the title which lays dormant in her, which she will have, to leave the name she has so long detested. It is so much the fashion, my dear child, to abuse Sir R., that nobody can be thought a well-wisher to the Queen of Hungary, who does otherwise. Everything that was done for her when he was Minister is forgot.'

May 15th.—'I have a thousand of your things here, bronzes, pictures, little vases, etc., and I can venture to send nothing away but the cats.' (These were Maltese cats,—chronicled in the Walpole letters.) 'Did you ever receive the *cedrati?* I have in the last week, at Mr. Trevor's request, sent him a jar of *cedrati*, in the same manner.

'I cannot comprehend how I could defer one moment telling you that the cargo of fine things came safe to my hands three days ago. I cannot express to you the pleasure the discovery of such new beauty gave me on opening them. The box which I most particularly thank you for, is really one of the most delicate pieces of work I ever saw. So says the whole town, for it is handed about as a great curiosity. . . . Each person was quite pleased with their presents. The very morning after I got them, Prince Craon came with Guadegni, and Buondelmonte, and he stayed to drink chocolate. I told him I had a letter, which with his tabletts and Buckles I presented to him; the red one first which he admired, then came that most magnificent one, at the beauty of which he seemed amazed. He cried: "Qu'est ce que c'est, Monsieur? C'en est trop;" then run into the next room to show them to everybody. I cannot repeat to you what each one said, but it was applause in different shapes, and the many obliging things they all said of you made me open my treasure of steel ware for each to furnish himself as he liked best. What could I not have parted with on such an occasion? The Prince read his letter aloud; this raised their curiosity to see the things for the Princess, but I thought it a better compliment to Him as well as to her to refuse showing them till he had seen them. This she afterwards interpreted as a particular *finezza.*

'Rendez vous was given me the same day at 21 hours to see all the Jewels of Francescho which are on sail (*sic*) at the Princess's, I did not like the occasion, but could not defer it, though I assure you I lost

nothing by displaying your presents after she had seen the Jewels. I gave her your letter and the little case, and desired she would give leave for a little bundle my servant had without, to be put into her room, this was refused and immediately called for, and all the things opened. Such joy! such Exclamations. There was Antinori, Guadegni, de Sade, Buondelmonte, Madame Seresini and Pugi and St. Jean and Forzoni and the Pages and the whole tribe that used to attend at Pharaoh and Lansequenet, and all were applied to for their approbation, and each strove to make his court by the strength of his expressions. Mme. Seresini stuck to the Indian Ink. "Eh, Madame, je vous prie, n'en disposez pas trop volontiers, car vous trouverez bien des occasions pour en faire honneur. Je connois le prix de ça!" I was glad of this as I really did not myself, nor did the Princess seem to think of it so highly, but her whole attention was taken up with the Morocco patch box, which was the first she had ever seen,—and the Turkey handkerchiefs, particularly that with the small sprigs, about which her expressions were quite extravagant.—"Je me leverois volontiers à minuit pour le voir. Oh la grande beauté!" "Ah qu'il est obligeant, et qu'il connoit mon gout!" "Il faut qu'il ait etudié pour me faire plaisir! Mais c'est trop magnifique; s'il etoit possible, je le gronderais!" Here Prince Craon could keep his resolution no longer to conceal from her his Sardony and pocket-book till July, as a present on her fête, as he till then designed: "Ah, si vous sçaviez tout, Madame, qu'est ce que vous diriez?"—"Comment tout, Monsieur? Ne me rendez donc pas confuse."—

"Eh bien! je ne vous le montrerai pas; j'ai fini ma mie; je n'en dirai plus rien; même, j'ai promis de garder le secret. Ces messieurs en sont temoins."—"Mais qu'est ce donc? Ces messieurs sont tous dans un complôt contre moi! Permettez que je vous dise, Messieurs, que c'est un peu impertinent."—Every one excused himself on the promise given to the Prince. Here's a secret, you'll say, en bon train. In short the Prince to save his word, said: "Eh bien, Messieurs, soyez temoins que ce n'est pas moi. Si Madame de Craon veut fouiller ma poche gauche, qu'est ce que je puis faire?" At this she darted her hand into his pocket, with eagerness, and pulled out the étui. The little resistance it made to be opened, for she could not find the clasps, seemed to augment the pleasure when the book presented itself: "Ah, ça! c'est veritablement, trop! Est ce que vous permettez ça? Mais c'est exceder! et je veux être fièrement en colere! Comment! des tablettes de cette magnificence avec des presents si considerables que voila!" — "Ah, Princesse," says I, "ne le prenez pas sur ce ton, je vous supplie. Monsieur Walpole n'a pas pretendu vous faire des presents de prix. Ce sont des bagatelles qu'il espere seulement être de votre gout."—"Qu'appelez vous des bagatelles, Monsieur, qu'est ce que vous qualifiez de ce nom là?"—"Mais, Princesse, regardez ces souliers de femme, ces eventails, ces mouchoirs."—'Oh pour ccque vous venez de nommer, je lui sçais bon gré"—"Allons, Madame; accommodons tout ça."—"Je mettrai ces boittes sur ma toilette; ne laissez pas même un morceau de ce papier Indien, car je ne veux rien perdre de tout ça."

'I made my escape as soon as I could, not to miss the Griffoni, but I got to her door just as her coach was moving from it. She took it for a visit in return to those she had made me during my illness. My coach coming up with hers, I told her I had a letter to deliver her, which she desired I would give to the servant, to save me the trouble of returning. I told her my directions were to give it into her own hands, she must excuse me if I deferred till I found her at home, and that I would attempt it the next morning. In the mean time, the presents to her cousin had been shown that evening to every body, so that she had heard of them, and on my giving her the letter, I said I was directed to present her a trifle in your name. She began to say you have favoured her too generously before, etc. I stopped her by showing her the Queen of Scots's picture, and then the fans; and then said there was still a trifle to show her the work of England; on which I helped her to open the case. I saw she was surprized and would have said as many pretty things as the Princess had done, but I stopped her by telling her that I was only the porter of these things, and that I should give you sufficient pleasure by telling you only that she la aveva gradita. "Oh, questo glielo diro di me," etc. She staid at home that evening. The watch was shewn to the few ladies, and they sent many more the next morning to see it. Insomuch that nothing else was talked of at the Theater the next evening. The Riccardi told her mother who had not seen it, that she would not pretend to give a description of it, as it was impossible, but advised her to see it, or send to ask for my box which might give her some idea.'

'Last night there was a Ball at Madame Craon's, being the Queen's Day. Madame Griffoni was there in your watch, and the whole town examined it, and was delighted with the workmanship. Madame Griffoni was the only one uneasy for fear of its being let fall. I had before given the fans to the little Albizzi, who sends you many thanks, and that 'Monsieur Walpole non doveva far queste ceremonie ni darci questo incommodo.' Madame Galli I have not seen, though I have been twice to give her the pins and fans. She has a child sick, and receives nobody. The Suareses are not come back, tho' expected soon. I keep the charming box, the handsome cone, etc., till they are here. They say Ferdinando is a Sposo to a rich Friulian lady. I have wrote to the Pucci how I am to send her silks and Giovinando's salts. I thank you for the books, the prints, the pamphlets, and the views of Houghton. Stosch told me six months ago you ought to have sent him the letter to put into his great collection, by which you would have paid him for the carriage of medals from Rome, and Postadge, etc. I asked him seriously what you owed him, and would have paid it, but he said he joked.'

'There was a great Festin di Giuoco t'other day, at the Sposo Panciattici's,—the wedding feast put off by his having the small-pox; and his Brothers, meazles. 'Twas extremely fine. *She* could not dance last night at Prince Craon's. Poor Mr. Chute was obliged to play at ombre with the Prince and that horrid Guadagni who scowled most indecently, tore the cards and begged God would give her patience! and all this fluster for a fish or two that she lost, while Mr.

Chute was losing twenty at a pistole a peice. The Prince was peevish because the violins made a noise and such a carillon that he could not mind his cards.'

'I cannot observe any sign of your letters being opened; but this last is of a week's later date than all others by the same post; this is of more inconvenience with regard to my peace than you are aware of, for as this place and its inhabitants, and the inhabitants of neighbouring Leghorn, the Mantoua Gazzett, etc., are fertile in inventing lyes, till I know they are so, I cannot help being uneasy. Who is that Mr. Paxton, and what is his history? He is called here a Secretary of Sir R., and told us a dreadfull circumstance in this last week. *He'* (Sir R.) 'was said to be out of England and coming to Italy. The lye of the coffin and 55,000 pounds has been made much of here, and one would think that the Bern, Mantoua, and Bologna Gazzettes were furnished by those who supply Pannoni. The letters are just come in from 77' (Rome) 'wherein the peevish Knight,' (Sir Francis Dashwood) 'is much mentioned. Call him in our list, 12. Nothing of him worth particularising. He discovers his inveteracy to 34' (George II.) 'and affirms that everything possible will be done to curtail his power, and that the inveteracy to prosecute the affair in hand is excessive.

May 20th.—'It is a great mortification to me to know that my letters to you are opened, yours to me are not, though your new seal this time has given me some suspicion. I send it you back to see, as I am not convinced it is yours. You will think it odd

when I tell you that the only danger I think of my letters being seen is before they leave Florence, which is the reason I have so often asked you for the particular dates of those you receive, as I make memorandums of them here.

'Lady Walpole has of late had the assurance to say that she has letters of Mr. Mann to show, as proofs of his writing ill of her; this I don't believe.—This, I send to Count Lorenzi's to be delivered to the Courier with his, so that they don't go into any other hands . . . Lady Walpole is actually providing travelling cloaths, and, in order to undertake this journey, makes provisions only from day to day. It is said that the motion depends upon advices from England, and that after they come no moment will be lost to fly thither. Compagni and Libri, the bankers, were I know applied to to furnish £1000 on bills to be given on England; but on their taking a day to consider, and on their privately asking 202's (Mr. Mann's) advice, they have refused to comply with the request, though some time ago their correspondent at Venice furnished by their order £500 . . . What do you think could be the motive of wanting so vast a supply? Do you think the draft could be designed to be upon the usual people?'

'. . . What can your Opera directors mean by changing the Visconti for the Famagalli? You remember sure how vastly squeezing she was in the Via di Cucomero, and was hardly heard. She really would never have been thought of for the first woman in the Pergola,—and yet is to be the first in the Haymarket; and indeed as a Director or Connoisseur you ought to have protested. . . .'

'. . . Prince Craon has been here this morning to drink Chocolate, and tells me that the Princess carried the patch box and tablettes t'other day to show the Electress, who liked them vastly.' (Anna Maria de' Medici.) This lady was the daughter of Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke; and widow of John William, Elector Palatine—since whose death she had resided in Florence,—where she admired Walpole's presents 'vastly.' She was an artist,—something more than an amateur,—and added a picture by herself to the masterpieces in the famous Gallery. Although she lived retired, it was in a retirement of the utmost splendour. All that art and ingenuity could supply, and money purchase, the aged daughter of Cosmo gathered around her—jewels, precious metals, costly attire—the mass of these was immense. The glitter dazzled the eyes of beholders, but could hardly confer dignity on this really last of the Medici.

The military events of the time brought in new words to the language. On 27th May, Mann writes:—'We have no news stirring yet, but we are in expectation of a great deal. Montemar with the Spaniards and Neapolitans are advanced within a few miles of the *Austrosards* from whom there is a continual *Andiviene* of couriers, and even the Orsi' (the Italian faction favouring the claims of Don Phillip in Italy) 'seem to apprehend the overthrow of the *Napolispani* (these were all new words since you was in Italy, but greatly now in use), and then what will become of us? for they have to retreat, and when beaten may beat us. All that is certainly known here is, that on the 19th Montemar began to decamp from the environs of

Bologna . . . and what is as ridiculous as true is that some days before the Spaniards left, they were desirous of procuring for themselves the Kingdom of Heaven as well as one in Lombardy for Don Phillip, for they all, I mean the officers, were remarkably devout, took the Sacrament, deposited their little effects in the Banks and Convents in case of a return and, in case not, made their wills. There is a pannick fear it seems throughout the army which is most strangely reduced by desertion. I don't remember whether I told you that the number, according to the account that Braitwitz has given me, amounts to 8312, to the 18th of May, and that from that day to the 25th, 1028 more, and others continually arrive. The Conqueror of the Two Sicilies,—you remember his speech to the late Great Duke, on his return from Bitonto and the answer *da capo! da capo!*—this conqueror Montemar is thought to be in a woefull plight. If he fight, it is reckoned he will be beat; if he does not, he will have no army to fight with; for if they run away from themselves, what will they do when they see their enemy? All this may turn out well for the Queen's affairs in Lombardy, but may bring confusion here, against which they are privately taking some precautions, immediately after the arrival of an estafette from Milan, that is from their army. Count Richecourt, I am afraid, sent to collect all the money from all the different *cases*, which amounted they say to 600,000 crowns, and caused it on fryday night to be sent to Leghorn to be deposited in the castle there. Whether it is out of fear of Spanish plunderers or *others*, I can't pretend to

say. The Electress has omitted going to the Quieta this year; her courtiers say she is afraid of her jewels in her absence; to be sure her presence will always command respect; there must be some very strong reason for her, who is very regular, not to do what she has always reckoned as needfull and salutary, both for her Soul and Body.'

June 2.—'We are, as I told you in my last, in daily expectation of qualche fatto d' armi between our neighbouring armies; there have been some skirmishes between the Hussars and Michelets, who pass and repass the river. The alarm was so great on Tuesday morning in the Spanish Camp, that an order was given to send their baggage to Bologna, and for the whole army to be, as Palombo says, in *battle-ray*; in which manner, as two Irish deserters, (who are in the act of eating below more victuals than they have seen for a week,) affirm, they remained all Tuesday, that night, and till Wednesday evening in expectation of a battle, at which time these poor devils left them, and are extreme glad they are alive. The Duke of Modena has either declared his resolution to observe a neutrality, or he declared for the Queen; the latter is asserted by three people, but I don't give you that as good authority, finding that they are strangely ignorant of what they ought to know; even 58 (Richecourt) is in the dark. I believe it is certain that on Marquis d' Ormée's visit, and pressing him to declare, and the immediate march of the whole Sardinian and Austrian army towards the Parano, so as to be between that river and Modena, which made the junction of the Spanish and Modenese troops imprac-

ticable—the Duke, seeing no remedy, wrote to Montemar, to tell him that as he had not kept his word in being before Modena with his army, on the Corpus Domini, he looked upon himself as no longer engaged, not thinking that they could expect him to cause his whole country to be ruined for them—so declared as I said above.

'Here is a vile report about the town, of the King of Prussia having defeated Prince Charles's army at Czaslaw, near Prague, which has raised the spirits of the Orsi—horrid creatures, whose hatred to their master makes them wish that everything may go wrong—nay, ruin and destruction to everybody that belongs to him. This report of the defeat has raised their spirits that have been drooping ever since the fleet has been so ranged as to prevent more Spaniards coming. Their barks continually fall into Mr. Lestock's hands, and they see 'tis impossible to pass. We are awaiting with fear and trembling, for the arrival of the post from Vienna this evening, with aching hearts, though gay outsides.

'We have two days' Gala for the Queen's delivery. A propos! I thought of it yesterday, and have made a coat to your delightful wastecoat and faceing which, on account of mourning, I have never been able to wear yet; after to-morrow, I must lay it by again, as the mourning will last the whole summer. I shall see the Princess to-night, who was to have had a gown like it, if she could have worn coloured cloaths. There is nothing at their house this evening but common staying at home; but, as there is no public diversion, perhaps there may be some ladies. I just

saw the Griffoni this morning coming out of the Anunziata.

June 17.—'The King of Sardinia, they say, has begun to act. His troops are entered Modena, and 'tis affirmed he is actually besieging the Cittadel. The Duke, his Dutchess, and your two friends his maiden sisters were, by the last letters, got no farther than St. Crispino, but were to proceed to Venice. People attached to the Queen affirm that the Duke of Modena is understood with (*sic*) the King of Sardinia, and that the Cittadel was to surrender as soon as the batteries were fixed, and some coups tirés. The Orsi say not, and that it will hold out as long as it can, and prevent the Queen's and the King's troops from undertaking anything against Montemar who, on his side, will certainly march to relieve Modena. We shall have something by the letters of this evening.

'We were at the Pretaja yesterday in the afternoon. The Princess has been there a week. Madame Sarasin swears she has heard the firing cannon from Modena. The Prince likewise. He can distinguish them too. He has pressed us so extremely to pass some days there, that I don't know how it will be possible to avoid it. "Faites moi cette amitié," said the Princess, and on my making bows and saying nothings for answers, she said I appeared to have as much dégout for the country as you had; I must not absolutely refuse. What shall I do? The Prince is to carry us to Castello and Toppaja and all the places thereabouts. The Princess has desired I will carry the plan of your house the first time I go there. The Prince (who I could see did not like it, because there

was not window enough) has spoke to her about it. She said you had found means de l'interesser en tout ceque vous regarde, not since your fine presents I assure you, "car je l'aimois tout autant auparavant." If any considerable part of the fleet should come to Leghorn, I am to carry her to see it.

'I have had a stranger, Acciajoli, here this morning to visit me; a thing come from the islands of Madera (*sic*) to marry his cousin the rich heiress to Casa Acciajoli. He speaks nothing but Madera; not a word of Italian. They are to be married at Loreto next month. She says she doesn't mind the heats and won't put it off till September, or till she can understand him. I cannot help adding a circumstance (now that I am speaking of female eagerness) which I have lately been assured is true with regard to the exploits of the Pepi. Her Night-errantry which I formerly mentioned, was more extraordinary than I thought. Her Pistols were not charged against Pecori for infidelity, but against the Parigi for seducing him. She was literally taken up and conducted to the Bargellos to whom she gave 10 Ruspi' (new coined pistoles) 'to be set free.'

June 20th.—Everybody is out of town and will be so till San Giovanni when we are to hear a famous Opera. Egizziello is our Soprano; the rest I don't know.

'For this last week I have had complaints made to me which were brought by an Express, of an Englishman, one Wright's, design to storm the Town and Republick of Lucca; which horrid design was manifested by his obstinate refusal to deliver a couple

of Pistols to the Guards at the Gate; and his presenting one of them cocked at the Corporal and twenty soldiers that demanded them of him; threatening to kill them if they persisted. Much mischief might have ensued had not a Colonel with thirty more soldiers, taken this valiant Squire Prisoner. He was conducted with the above attendants to his Inn, where he found another Guard, and two were placed in his bedchamber, till one of the Lucchese noblemen, to whom our countryman had recommendations, found means to persuade the Republick that no mischief should ensue. He was kept three days, prisoner, when at 4 o'clock in the morning, just as his servant was setting out post to tell me, he received a message from the Gonfaloniere, by an officer who speaks English —"that since he had been so daring as to endeavour to enter the Town by force of Arms, it was therefore ordered that he should forthwith leave the State, never presume to enter it again without leave from the Republick; and that there were post horses at the door of his house, as well as a Guard of Soldiers to see him out of the Territories of the Republick!" He answered a great deal, not much to the purpose. However, his compliance with the orders put an end to what had made a great noise, and for three days had put their Excellencies in an uproar.'

June 24th.—'I have received by this Post the Letter of the 20th May, which I should have had by the last, as that of the 26th came with it, which convinces me that there is some little irregularity in the people that have charge of them; though I am confident that they are not opened. You continue

to tell me mine to you are. It appears strange that they should, for what can any one find to gratify their curiosity? I have strong suspicions that it is done here, and cannot come to the certainty of it.

'. . . It is as difficult here to know the truth of the affairs in Germany, as with you. Each side prints accounts of their own victory. We had really liked to have had a Te Deum for the almost defeat of Prince Charles, though things were not quite as bad as they were first represented; yet such another victory would ruin the Queen's affairs.'

Walpole, writing from Downing Street, to Mann, on the 26th of May, says:— 'To day calls itself the 26th of May, as you perceive by the date; but I am writing to you by the fire-side instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, "we bless our stars and think it luxury." And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago, Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea.'

Some degrees nearer the Equator made little difference in the temperature this year. 'In your letter of the 26th,' writes Mann, from Florence, on the 24th of June, 'you complain of cold; had I wrote to you three days ago Ishould have done the same, which is something more extraordinary in this climate; but for the week past so much rain and hail has fallen, that it appeared quite winter, and I unluckily some days before, tempted by the fine weather, was got down to the Terrass. Its tollerably well to day, and I write with the window open, whilst all the world is at the Corso and horse race. 'Tis St. John's Day,

but I have not stirred out, though I intend to go to the new Opera, to see Egiziello, whose fame is great; but I know I shall not like him better than Salimbeni.'

The joyous fervency with which John the Baptist was honoured by horse-races, male Soprani, and dancing women, was considerably damped by news which had reached Florence of the death of the Primate of Lorraine. This exemplary ecclesiastic, a son of the Prince de Craon, was famous for his great wit and his greater vices. 'I have not seen the Princess this week,' writes Mann; 'but I expect to find everything dismal, for though she never loved the Primate, she must behave as though she was sorry for his death. The news came of it yesterday.' This calamity did not prevent the Prince de Craon from starting the horses at the Races, at which the Great Duke's horse won the Paglio.'

'The last news we had from the armies is that Montemar decamped suddenly a few days ago, with a design 'twas thought, to get to a place called Firale, and so have crossed the Parano to succour Modena, which is actually bombarding, but he could not do it so slyly, for the King of Sardinia was too vigilant and got the start of him, so that it is now supposed he will retire into the Ferronese, where his sick were to have been sent, but most of them died on their passage, by rains, etc. What alarmed us most was that his great Baggage was removed at the same time from Bologna to Faenza, which might denote his retirement into Tuscany. The last we heard of him was that he was at Cento. In this decampment he

has lost near 2000 men, part by the Hussars who attacked them in the Coda, and part by desertion. We have now three ships of war at Leghorn, taking in provisions, and seeking Pilots to go into the Adriatick, so that if Montemar gets into the Ferronese, he may find it difficult to be supplied with provisions, when these ships secure the entrance of the Po. Disgusts have happened at Leghorn, and things are carried strangely high by our folks. Captain Lee sent Richecourt word as to the letter he wrote about it to show the impossibility of giving him the Pilots out of the Gallies, as it would be a manifest breach of the neutrality, which the Great Duke was not in a condition to break. Lee bid these Gentlemen who showed him Richecourt's letter to tell him, it appeared more like one dictated by a Spanish agent than by the Minister of an Ally whose interest was the chief motive of sending these ships into the Adriatick. It is strange things cannot be managed with a little more decency; but my friend Goldworthy, I hear, foments matters greatly. Then, it is quite impossible to beat into their heads the notion of a neutrality. They answer, as the sailors did at Lisbon, with Sir John Norris, when they had any quarrel with the people of the country: "God d—n them ungrateful villains! are not we here to defend them from Popery and Slavery?"'

St. John's day was a theme which Mr. Chute took up even more warmly and more in detail than Mr. Mann. In a letter to Walpole, dated 24th June, from 'Charming Terrazzino, Casa Ambrosio, Florence,' Mr. Chute says: 'Lord! how I wish you were at Florence

to-day? 'tis San Giovanni; the whole town is a "Stefanier" (a low word for gluttonising), I have just been one of two thousand gapers to watch St. John's wabbling Benediction from the top of his wabbling Tower. If he had danced this dance before King Herod, I can't but think it would have hit his taste as well as the Damsel's, for which he swore off his head. We are to have races this afternoon, and to crown all, our Grand Opera, Via della Pergola, begins at night. I'll say how I like it when I've seen it. I have heard it partly at the Prova, but non saprei, we have got Egizziello, and that must content us; for I doubt we have nobody else. Our first woman, Sani, is three parts as ugly as yours. I wish she sang half as well. Your Petraja friends, in the midst of all our Mirth, are obliged to be sorry; the poor Primate is carried off by the Small Pox, the very smallest. He died at Paris. This will very likely spoil our Partie di Campagna.

'In these perillous times,' adds Mr. Chute in his letter of the 24th June, 'we have very few English at Florence. We have only two, who, having very queer names, and no less queer dispositions, have determined us to call them Balaam and his Ass. Did you never hear a story of Swift and a stammering 'Squire who carried a Bully about with him to speak for him. This proxy speaker, thinking to be witty on the Dean, said to him, one day at a full table:—"What do you Gentlemen make of that odd story of Balaam and his ass? I suppose you do not take it in a litteral sense."—"Excuse me, Sir," says Swift, devilishly nettled to have Scripture ridiculed by any

but himself;—"the thing is quite litteral, I assure you; and the plainest case in the world. Balaam, Sir, had an impediment in his speech, and his Ass spoke for him!" This is just the case of our two Countrymen,—a Prophet and an Ass! However, they have got somebody to speak for them both for Mini (Mann) and we are vastly civil to them; and Mini carrys them out in his Coach . . . And now my dear Good Sir, if I don't run away from you I shall lose the race; and you'll be no great gainer if I stay; so let me assure you I am whatever you please I should be. The Whitheds kiss the Walpoles with all their hearts.'

CHAPTER III.

1742.

THE Pretender has a passing but significant notice in July. Walpole addressed a letter to Mann on June 10th, which he headed, as follows:—'June 10. The Pretender's birth-day, which, by the way, I believe he did not expect to keep at Rome, this year!' The letter contains nothing of importance, and Mann, on the 15th July, after complaining that Cardinal Tencin had detained the Courier several days at Genoa, refers to the above heading, and replies: 'I believe that you are in the right and that the Hero of that day did not expect to be musing in a villa at Rome; however, whether it be in forty two or forty three, the difference is not great. The Cardinal has promised it shall not be put off longer. He is gone full of projects and has left him full of hopes. No persuasions could detain him, though his surgeons thought a journey might be dangerous, for he has a *Piega aperta*' (an open wound). 'His motif must be strong to risk travelling in such a condition. Every one here believes he has hopes of succeeding, if not supplanting, Cardinal Fleury.'

July 1st.—'Richecourt's character was so publickly infamous, that nothing but the considering him in the

light of Lady Walpole's favourite could have supported him so long. Sturgiss holds forth at a blind coffee house (for he is too much despised to venture to show himself at Pannoni's), and vends the poor lies that he and his Queen received from some of the Merchants at Leghorn; but believe me they make a most abject figure. Very few now frequent them; no ladies at all; nor she them. . . . Sturgiss was so idle as to promise a young fellow of the Academy to get him a pair of colours, in England.'

July 1st.—'I was at the Petraja when the first post after it was known' (the death of the Primate of Lorraine) 'came in from Paris. The Prince came to the Princess with his own letters and said, he had received many on the occasion, and some for you, ma mie. "Hélas! sans doute, il y aura cinquante pour moy!"—"Non, ma mie; il n'y a que deux; car, ils me prient de vous faire leurs compliments; ils ne vous ecrivent pas pour ne pas renouveller votre douleur."—"Helas! voilà qui est bien, ils pensent sagement." With all this she is dressed out as gay as ever and receives company. Madame Sarasin slips out first to tell folks not to mention a word of the Primate! 'tis such affectation! At the same time she plays at cards, makes love with M. Antinori and everything as before. I carried the plan of Houghton. "Helas! Monsieur, vous avez infiniment des bontés pour moi, en tâchant de me dissiper dans la conjoncture presente, j'en ai, je vous assure bien besoin!" They can get nobody to stay there continually, but Sarasin and Santo Maria.'

'All the celebrations of St John have passed without anything material happening. The Opera was

performed this night only, though even then Egizielo was extreme ill and sang half songs; the poor creature is now so bad with a fever *con Petecchie'* (spots indicating malignant fever) 'that his life is despaired of. He has been blooded four times, and last night had the Communion, etc., so that it is much more likely that he should sing with the angels than with the vile herd, the Seni, Ageta, Eloi, etc. The musick was abominably bad. They are seeking out for somebody to supply his place and have thoughts of getting Caresterio, but I should prefer another scheme of taking a less performer and putting in dances. This is talked of, and Saufterre proposed it with a fine company that has performed at Bologna.'

Since England had taken part in the war, the Spanish cruisers had captured no less than 450 British merchant vessels within the Channel and soundings of the British coast. Our fleet in the Mediterranean, after being commanded by Haddock and Lestock, was placed under the orders of Admiral Matthews, who was further dignified by being appointed Minister-plenipotentiary to the King of Sardinia and the States of Italy. One of the Admiral's first orders was given to Captain Norris to destroy five Spanish Galleys in the Bay of St. Tropez. The result caused a joyous sensation among the English and the friends of England, in Florence. On July 6th, Mann writes:—'All that is known of this action here is contained in a letter from some seamen at Villa Franca, but as I don't understand their language, I have desired an exact translation of it in English. The letter says that Captain Norris (in company with the Spence sloop, and the Duke, fire-

ship) having notice that the Gallies were got as far as St. Tropez, followed them, but had possitive orders not to attack them in any of the Ports of France; but Captain Norris, going too near the Shoer, was furnished with a sufficient authority for what he did, by the Spaniards firing upon him, whereupon, says the letter, "he immediately brought to and, clapping a spring on his cable, gave them four broadsides, the Spence sloop doing the same, which put them in great disorder, so that the Duke fireship was immediately sent in and burnt the whole five with no other loss than two men having their heads shot off. The bravery of Captain Smith was very remarkable, for after having clapt the Gallies on board and given fire in his boat to the train, it did not take effect, whereupon he jumpt into the ship and set fire to the whole body of combustibles, whereby he had a very narrow escape, for the force of the flames beat him into his boat, senseless and much burnt. What the enemy lost is not known, (here you are to understand, men,) our ships taking no further notice after they saw them entirely consumed." So far goes the letter which you see still leaves room for a much clearer explanation, as how the Spaniards could contrive to place all their five Gallies so near each other as to be burnt by one fireship. The fact is indisputable, though 'tis said to be impossible.'

July 8th.—'We are deprived of all publick amusements by the illness of Egizielo, who, however, is recovering apace, and will, they say, be able to sing the 10th next month. He is so gratefull to some Saint that has cured him, that he has wrote to Naples

for a famous Mass, etc., which he will have performed in a Church here, the latter end of this month with great pomp, the whole expense of which he is to be at, and will perform himself. We have nothing but the bridge, which is vastly frequented, and it is extreme pleasant. Do you remember that you used to prole about there after supper. I wish you could do so now!

'The fat Flora, Sposa Rinuncini, has at last given an heir to that family, a son who is likely to live, which has given great joy. He was made a Christian last thursday, with all the Pomp imaginable, though no *Dame* but Relations were invited; yet there were fourscore in great Gala; men in attendance, but none but those invited. The Electress was Godmother, (alone) represented by Mme. Siristori in the high Court fashion. You would have laughed to have seen her figure; but the choice of her was a compliment to Casa Rinuncini, as the wife of the first *Carica* of her Court: I was invited in form and went in my greatest Gala, your charming wastecoat and sleeves, which is admired beyond expression. The next day I put on my dolefulls again to go to the little Countess del Berino's, who is in great grief for the loss of her father, Auditor Vieri, who died some days ago, very oddly. He was asleep after dinner, about 19 hours, a picture fell down, in the next room to him, or a glass which was thrown down and broke. The noise awoke him and frightened him so much that it caused an immediate stagnation of his blood, and he died in his full senses in the evening. All the account he could give of it was, he was persuaded it was an earthquake, and that the house was in the act of being swallowed

up. The poor Countess has reason to be afflicted. Her Father almost supported her, and was the only one that could keep the strangest of Bears, her husband, in any awe. Delmonte is the only comfort she has left.

'*A propos.* He is a Colonel of a regiment of Horse composed out of the Militia which he has newly raised; in order to make it compleat, he was forced to harangue to poor country fellows, and thought the best argument was to assure them they should never be put to the hardship of fighting or going into any Garrison. He said the Great Duke had promised it him. 'E Cospetto! se mi manca di Parola! Cazzo! so farmi rendere raggioni anco di lui! Cazzo!' He is kind to the Countess, and that's enough.

'The Sposa Acciajoli sets out to-morrow with all the family and many Cavalieri, for Loreto, where all the relations from Rome are to meet, to be present at the wedding, which is to be performed under the immediate Eye of the Virgin. The Madera Sposo literally can't speak ten words of Italian, in as many months as he has been here. Her fortune, I am assured, is upwards of two hundred thousand crowns; I am afraid to put it in figures, lest you should think an 0 had slid in supernumary!'

The story of the Acciajoli lovers was repaid by a still better story from England. 'You have no notion,' Walpole wrote to Mann, on June 30th, from Downing Street,—that official residence which his father had not yet quitted, and which, declining to receive it as a gift from George the Second, he induced the King to attach to the office of First Lord of the Treasury,—'you have no notion how I laughed at the man that

talks nothing but Madeira. I told it to my Lady Pomfret, concluding it would divert her too, and forgetting that she replies when she should laugh, and reasons when she should be diverted, she asked gravely what language that was. "That Madeira being subject to a European Prince, to be sure they talk some European dialect." The grave personage! It was of a piece with her saying that "Swift would have written better, if he had never written ludicrously."'

In July, 1742, a son of Prince de Craon was with the French army, which had taken refuge under the cannon of Prague—'they are all to be cut to pieces,' writes Mann, 'by the Great Duke who is gone there for that purpose. I hope he will spare your friend, M. de Beauvau, out of respect to the memory of his father. The Princess had almost got over the loss of the Primate, when this evil panick took her, which with the bad water at Petraja, has thrown her into most violent coliques and such epuisements that she cannot keep off her cradle. I was there yesterday and helped to place her pillows right, in order to receive a Sienna Lady, for the first time, with all the state of convalescence. There was a new set of pillows, from the bigness of a snuff box, to the common size.'

July. . .—'We staid at home t'other night and had by way of a tryal, a little company and a little musick in the Garden; a table of Quadrille, and another of Micchiate, and some Wanderers, and I believe we shall have some more of these nights, and I may venture on better company; instead of the Vitelli, I may

venture to ask the Griffoni . . . The Duke of Newcastle has most graciously condescended to recommend to me a Mr. Sacht-hill and Cholwich' (*sic*, probably Walpole understood who were meant). 'You may imagine I do what I can to show respect to such recommendation, but one of the men is vastly odd, indeed almost a driveler. I drive them to-morrow to Pratolero. I had almost forgot to tell you that at the end of my conversation that night, when only the Suarases were left, I distributed all my necklaces that were left, among them. The mother seized the Emerald ear-rings and hid them immediately. I'll swear she designs to pass them for her true ones which are in pawn.'

July 22nd.—'The weather is charming here, the nights particularly, but an ugly accident has almost spoilt fun on the bridge; people are afraid of coachmen in long whips; two or three very noisy ones being there some nights ago, cracking their whips to the annoyance of the ladies and every body there, were reprimanded by Cavaliere Azzi, an extreme good-natured fat man whom you have seen frequently play with P. Craon. They gave him in return some very ill language, and provoked him to run after them with his sword drawn. When he had got to the end of the Via Maggio, they all pelted him with stones, and knocked him down, and then came up to him and beat him most horridly with their whips and stamped upon him and then made off, leaving the poor man half dead and most dangerously wounded in his head, with bruises all over him. Some fellows that were suspected are got into churches, and others out of the town.'

In what Mann calls Walpole's Midsummer Letter, the writer told the Minister at Florence a bit of Florentine scandal, to the following effect:—'The Italian, (Ceretani) who I told you was here, has let me into a piece of secret history which you never mentioned; perhaps it is not true; but he says, the mighty mystery of the Count's (Richecourt's) elopement from Florence, was occasioned by a letter from Wachtendonck,' (the Queen of Hungary's General at Leghorn,) 'which was so impertinent as to talk of satisfaction for some affront. The great Count, very wisely, never answered it,—his life to be sure is of too great importance to be trusted at the end of a rash German's sword. However, the General wrote again, and hinted at coming himself for an answer. So it happened that when he arrived, the Count, had gone to the Baths at Lucca; those waters were reckoned better for his health than steel in the abstract. How oddly it happened! He just returned to Florence as the General was dead! Now was not this heroic lover worth coming after? I wonder, as the Count must have known my lady's' (Lady Walpole's) 'courage and genius for adventures, that he never thought of putting her into man's clothes, and sending her to answer the challenge. How pretty it would have been to have fought for one's lover! And how great the obligation when he durst not fight for himself!'

'What a strange story has your Italian told you,' writes Mann, in reply, July 22nd. 'There is the least truth in it imaginable. What he jumbles together is this. When the present Nuncio Archiuto came here, he was entertained by the Earl' (Count Riche-

court) 'who, to amuse him told him a long story of Wachtendonck, as how some time before, he had, under pretence of visiting the Passes in the mountains, to prevent an enemy passing, disguised himself in a black wig and corked eye-brows, when lo! it was to meet an antient love, by name the Princess Trielzi, with whom he spent two days in a little house on the mountains; and who should that lady be but the very sister to the Monsignore he was entertaining. The Primate was at the dinner, and endeavoured by treading on the Earl's toes and many other ways, to prevent his going on, but to no purpose! The thing had never any suite, and the Heroes in question had seen each other, both here and at Leghorn, fifty times before the Earl left Florence, the true cause of which was his being some time in disgrace with his Highness, brought about by many, chiefly by a Maid of Honour to the Queen, cousin to Wachtendonck; but as soon as his Highness went to the army, he made up matters again.'

As a sample of the religion and philosophy and refinement of a fine young English gentleman, lotos-eating at Florence, at this time, a letter from Mr Chute (who with his brother resided near Mann) will afford an extract or two.

Florence, July 29th.—'By a Circumstance of good Fortune, which I no more comprehend than I deserve it, I am in possession of two charming letters of yours, as yet unanswered. I say, good Fortune, because my conscience assures me I don't owe them to what I most naturally might, the neglect of acknowledging any one of your Favours:—that's a silly word and smells

of Goose and Sausages! . . . Sometimes I think or rather fancy that you have mistaken one of our Dear Mini's (Mann's) for one of mine, and that accounts for your loving me so much better than I deserve. I love the thought. Why may it not be so? We are three Persons in one mind, and what more natural than a little confusion about our Operations! Forgive me this once for independently figuring into the place of the *Dearly Beloved.* I am fully sensible I am nothing but PROCEEDING, and as fully contented with my station; in my opinion, you have more merit than if you had begotten me.

'Now which of your charming Letters shall I speak to First. Jesus! if all terms are too common to express your Friendship, what can be particular enough for my Gratitude? If I might but once express it, I would be content to be the oldest fellow breathing ever after. . . . Dear Sir, you can't think how it pleases me that I made you laugh so; that is, that I made you happy; for every man's happy while he laughs; 'tis the Philosopher's Stone, the universal Medium, the Summum Bonum while it lasts, and I should scarcely give the preference to a Turkish Paradise, if I had my choice to laugh to all Eternity; nay, 'tis a Christian one, for what's the reverse of weeping and wailing and nashing? (*sic*). Why, undoubtly, laughing and giggling and cracking the sides! Lord, I didn't think I was good for so much, and the poor Primate ought (if possible) to be in Heaven, for leaving us the occasion. In the mind I am in, if you were a King, guess what Post I would choose under you! Not your Prime Minister; for I want

capacity, love ease and hate the Inquisition; nor your General, for I should never see the Danger till I had lost my Breeches' (allusion to the capture of Marechal de Broglie's baggage, at Prague); 'not for Archbishop, for I can't swear and stare for what I don't believe a word of;—besides an Archbishop is a sort of a Prime Minister, too. No, I would be nothing of all their fine things, but you should revive an ancient laudable usage in my Favour, and make me your good Majestie's Fool. Lord! 'twould be vastly pretty, and Dear Mini should be your Plenipo, and have a peace to make with Prussia. We would hang him round with Blue and Green and red Ribbons, and I'd make you laugh at those who doubted if he deserved them. Now, Dear Sir, let me hear from you often; you would make me happy even though you were to copy Tom Thumb. I won't print you in the Jest Book, but I believe I shall bind you and letter you with Gold. Mr. Walpole's Tom Thumb; Mr. Walpole's Jack the Giant Killer, Pilgrim's Progress, etc., and you shall stand in my Library in the Post of Honour.'

July 29th.—'The Countess del Bellino came here this morning to say how sorry she was she could not come here to-morrow night. I am to have all the town in my garden, and all the musick I can get to entertain them, and *Copiosi rinfreschi* to feed them. I can't tell you their names, and the number, yet, for it is no invitation. The first I spoke to about it was told that other ladies having promised to take the air in my garden, instead of on the Ponte, she was desired to come too, and so on. Twelve or fourteen have been sent to by Madam Suares who directs, with the same

message, and to desire they will bring their friends. I, in discourses, have spoke to others; so that I reckon the number will be large. I will tell you how it is to be.

'A great large table is to be placed in the middle of the garden, with many lights, for about 20 Suonatori of diverse sorts. All the alleys will be lined with Chairs and Benches, but no lights in any other parts of the garden, which I am told will please, *per il commodo delle Cicisbeatore.* The Hall is to be well lighted and the whole row of rooms, the windows of which are made into doors so that the walk under the orange trees will receive light from them. This is allowed to be better than sticking a light in every orange tree, or a torch at the end of the walks which, if the wind did not, I should expect would be blown out by those who prefer moonlight to artificial (*sic*). There's nothing that pleases so much in this country as a Cocchiata' (originally a serenade listened to from carriages) 'in a garden. Everybody is in expectation of it, and I don't doubt but I shall be commended. If the *Crimine di Purgatorio* had not disappointed old Riccardi, when he spent much in Masses to engage them to send him a fine night on the like occasion, I might have been tempted to have laid out some Pauls to have been sure of a fine evening. If the wind blows, it will drive us all in doors, and then we must ride on each other's backs, for there won't be room for half the company.

'I forgot to tell you that some of the ladies have asked leave to come in *constuccios'* (?) 'so that that was added to the message of invitation. Mme. Griffoni

has lent me all her (*illegible*), and will leave her sister Antinori to come, though she was brought to bed of a son two days ago.

'. . . I would not for the world avoid telling you that the letters bring notice this instant from Bologna that—— Lord! I forgot to tell you that the Mirandola surrendered the 22nd, on the only conditions that were granted them,—Prisoners of War,—and this was necessary to introduce what the Bologna letters say,—that the King of Sardinia and M. de Traun were at a little place called Ponte di Nero, a very small distance from Bologna, with 30,000 men, that eight great Bolognese were sent to compliment his Majesty, and four to M. Traun, attended by presents and refreshments of all sorts. The Austro-Sards were marching forced marches to intercept the Neapoli-Spani, and prevent perhaps their retiring into the Kingdom of Naples. They will oblige them perhaps to retire and so strengthen them prodigiously. Did I ever tell you that Montemar gave 7 zecchini to every deserter from the King of Sardinia's army? And many they have been. Is it not unaccountable how they go on making such expenses?'

'All the letters mention how extremely surprised the Court of Spain was to hear of Modena's being taken, as a Courier arrived at Madrid a little before to say that such a day Montemar was to march to succour it. The burning of the Galleys has alarmed them as much, for according to their accounts, those Galleys were to have brought up the great artillery with which the Spanish Admiral promised to force his passage.'

'The Court of Naples is frightened out of its little, very little, senses; and is as much afraid of the Neapolitans and some Ghost of Massaniello as of the English fleet or the Austro-Sards. It is affirmed that most of their precious matters have been sent away to Rome. The little Queen swears she won't stay at Naples.'

August 5th.—'I would have given anything that you had been here last Monday, at the Cocchiata. Mr. Chute and I said so twenty times. Madame Griffoni said she was sure you would have been vastly pleased. "Yes, Madame," said I, "I am so well convinced of it that I am persuaded he would have had it repeated once a week during the fine weather. The evening was charming, very dark, without the least wind. The lights up and down the garden had the prettiest effect immaginable. Those in the middle, for the Musick, were quite hid by the crowds that pressed about the table. This I would have remedied, but 'twas impossible, for though there were benches, chairs, and stools for 300, there were not near enough. I can neither tell you the number nor the names of the *Dame.* I gave strickt orders to the Porter, to write them down. He soon found he could not write fast enough, so would have contented himself with counting them only; but this too he was forced to give up, for when he came to 75, such shoals came in together that he lost his number. Mme. Suares says that there were close to 160 *Dame,* which I don't believe; Cavalieri innumerable, which I do believe, by the number of *rinfreschi,* 1240 jars! Everybody was extremely well pleased, and it still serves for

conversation; but, would you believe it? because it was on a monday night, our former day, many took it into their head that it was to be continued.

'The Opera is begun again. Egiziello is quite recovered, and sung most charmingly; though, not to fatigue himself, he sang only half airs. To night perhaps he may add their second parts.

'We have got off the party the Prince proposed, by going there last Friday, early. He carried us to Castello and some little places about. We got away at 24 hours. The Princess was quite abominable with her lassitudes and épuisements, and will not be in a good humour till Prague is taken and her Son safe.

'We are told not to expect the taking of Prague till this day sennight, unless something extraordinary should happen. They talk of great dissensions since 91' (the Grand Duke of Tuscany) 'arrived there. His brother' (Prince Charles of Lorraine) 'did so well and is so extremely beloved that most people are persuaded matters cannot be mended by the former's arrival. I wish with all my heart there was any way to come to the knowledge of what may be designed with regard to 42' (Tuscany). 'You cannot conceive what a pleasure they would have if 91 was to resign to his brother (whom call 15) and nobody would blame them. Surely it would be the interest of 130' (England) 'and others to have 42' (Tuscany) 'separate and not dependent either on 86' (Germany) 'or 168' (Spain) 'or any other. Even the Orsi' (the Spanish faction in Tuscany) 'would rejoice, but they cannot bear 91, or his ways, nor can flatter themselves (for interest sake, only) that he will or can reside among

them. This makes them foresee much misery if 130, who in all probability has the power, was to put 15 on the first foot here (and somewhere he must be placed). It would be esteemed next to giving 42 its full liberty, nay I believe preferred to it, for they would not know how to settle that matter now. It would be a pity that this should be totally neglected, both for the sake of making Tuscany happy, and the real interest of England. If you can hear anything about it, pray inform me.

'By the last accounts from the armies, M. de Montemar was running away as fast as possible, and the King of Sardinia running after him, though not so fast as these people could run. The former was near Rimini, where some suppose he will fortify himself, whilst others believe he will retire into the Kingdom of Naples. The King of Sardinia and M. de Traun were near Faenze, and may before this have been up with them if they are stopt at Rimini. All agree that Castropignero' (?) 'is undoubtedly to go immediately with his Neapolitans to Naples, and that for several days together he received couriers with repeated orders. There is infinite confusion there, and their Majesties are not a little alarmed. Their ministers pretend to know for certain that an 100 chaises are in constant readiness to transport the Court to Rome, and that the Queen has declared that she will not go to Spain. This month, in all probability, will decide matters wonderfully, especially if what they say be true, that the Great Duke of Tuscany will, after he has put an end to the present affair in hand, set out for Florence, in order to go to Naples. Directions

came last week to compleat with all haste and privacy many things necessary to put this scheme in execution, though Richecourt won't own a word of it to me. . .

'They talk of a number of men actually in March for Trieste. The names of the regiments have been told me, amounting between horse and foot to about 11,000 men. These may from thence go to Naples with the English Fleet. They say 'tis settled so. The King of Sardinia to be sure will come in for his share.

'A most woeful accident has befallen poor Mr. Whithed, whose valet de chambre, Ferrari, has robbed him of some money and pawned all his winter Cloaths, —some too have been sold, and what afflicts us all still worse is that things have been carried so far that it will now be difficult to pardon him or save him from the Gallies. He was put into the common jail last Wednesday, and by that step delivered over to the Justice of the country. We hope to be able to save him from all punishment but banishment.

'I forgot to tell you that I have been blamed by those who are not acquainted with my reasons, for not inviting Lady Walpole to the musick. None were invited, but if they had, what measures need I keep with one who keeps none with those I respect, or me.'

The description of Mann's gay doings brought back the memory of old pleasures to Walpole. In a letter from Houghton, August 20th, 1742, he writes:—'As much as I am obliged to you for the description of your Cocchiata, I don't like to hear of it. It is very unpleasant, instead of being at it, being prisoner in a melancholy, barren province, which would put one

in mind of the Deluge, only that we have no water. Do remember exactly how your last was, for I intend that you shall give me just such another Cocchiata next summer, if it pleases the Kings and Queens of this world to let us be at peace, "For it rests that without fig-leaves," as my Lord Bacon says in one of his letters, "I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that I like nothing so well as Italy."'

Walpole's gifts there were warmly acknowledged. The Princess du Craon was no less profuse in epithets magniloquently grateful to Walpole by post, than she had been to Mann by word of mouth. 'I have just now received yours of the 15th July,' writes Walpole, 'with a married letter from both Prince and Princess Craon, but sure nothing ever equalled the setting out of it. She says: "The generosity of your friendship for me, Sir, leaves me nothing to desire of all that is precious in England, China, and the Indies." Do you know,' he adds by way of bantering comment on this burst from Florence, 'after such a testimony from the hand of a Princess, that I am determined after the laudable example of the House of Medici to take the title of *Horace the Magnificent.* I am only afraid it should be a dangerous example for my posterity, who may ruin themselves in emulating the magnificence of their Ancestors.'

CHAPTER IV.

1742.

THE Autumn of this year affords strong contrasts in the Minister's Chronicle. The ball rooms of Florence were not the less gay for the roar and devastation of battle elsewhere.

August 12th.—'For want of room last post, I omitted telling you of our concert. Arrigoni has set it on foot. There are 16 Cavalieri who pay about a Zecchino a month. I could not refuse subscribing, as he was Molly's master. The subscribers may transport it to their own houses. I was the first to invite it to mine; and at the same time 8 ladies only and their Cicisbeos, with about 12 Scotchmen and some few Cavalieri. It was performed in the Hall. As many of the subscribers are likewise performers, the Ladies may sing, and will, they say, the very next time. There was Madame Griffoni,—because she is the finest woman in Florence, and whom you would have asked. There was little Albizzi, for the latter part of the above reason, and because she brings little Colonel Pandolfini, who did sing most agreeably. There was M. Bagneri, who can sing finely, but would not because Guido is very ill. There was Madame Gerini,

because she is a good fat creature and brings the Countess Marcolini, a foreigner who sings most admirably, but would not that night, because the others did not. Then there came the three Suareses, because they have a right you know, to come. The Vittorina will sing next time, and Cecco will play upon both the fine flutes you sent him.

'The thing was private but pretty enough, and all were well pleased. I may have it again whenever I please. The Chutes are both subscribers. I have promised for the benefit of the Accademia to get from England Handel's overtures and Corelli's concertos, and in return I'll send you all the pretty airs I can get.'

'. . . The Spaniards are, they say, still at Rimini; though some believe they begin to advance. The King of Sardinia and M. de Traun were, by the accounts of yesterday, still at Cerina and its environs. They say these are to march on, though most people are surprised that they have not already. The ardour of M. de Traun is curbed by the prudence of his Sardinian Majesty.

'. . . Mrs. Goldworthy sets out from Leghorn, next week, for England. She will persecute the Richmonds to intercede for her husband. Sir Charles (Wager) will do what he can; so would I too to provide for them better out of Italy, that they might abandon all thoughts of Florence.

'. . . Prince Craon, by his own invitation, dined with me last Thursday. He is at the Petraja, so begs dinners every thursday, the days of Council. He named his company, Camilla Capponi, Buondelmonte,

Antinori, and de Sade. There was besides, Mr. Goldworthy and his friend who came to Florence at two o'clock that morning, not being able to bear Leghorn without his Deary; so he is come to me as his next deary, to comfort him. He is lodged with me. Of what length his visit will be, I cannot yet judge. There were the Chutes, etc. *A propos*, Mr. Chute insists on your pointing out to him, the exact room you inhabit at Houghton, that we may tap at the window and peep in on you and Pattipan' (Walpole's dog). 'My dear child, what will you do at Houghton? I foresee you'll never stay there, and yet by the plan I think one might live there for ever.'

'. . . I have been swelling with indignation against Richecourt for a long time, as he has seemed to take all opportunities to revenge Lady Walpole's quarrels, and indeed, in things that regard business or recommendations, seemed to make it a rule to cross me in everything; in so much that in this affair of Mr. Whithed's servant, whom now we want to save from hanging on the Gallows, and in which I had publickly interested myself so as to go to all their houses to beg him off, he alone in Council opposed the strong arguments that the Prince Craon, Braitwitz, etc. etc. made, to shew the regard that might be shewn to my recommendation; so that it gave occasion afterwards to Braitwitz to ask Rinuncini what could the reason be that so soon as my name was mentioned either in publick or private affairs, Richecourt seemed to have made it a point to oppose me, to which Rinuncini and Tornaquira answered that they had remarked it too,—that great regards had indeed been used to be shewn to the

recommendations of ministers, but that nobody doubted but Lady Walpole was the occasion of it all. This you will believe nettled me, and made me resolve to take the first opportunity to shew how little I regarded Richecourt or Lady Walpole's favour.

'I did not foresee it would be soon, but the same evening, after I had received the letters from England, I went to the Electress to wish her joy of being the next day 75 years old. Richecourt was with her and waited my coming out, to ask what news from England. I shewed him the King's speech and then told him the changes. I knew I had him, but could not believe he would give me such fair opportunities. "Mon Dieu, est il possible," dit il, "qu'il ait fait cette demarche?" —"Why, not? Surely, you are not acquainted at all with affairs. What! do you think what he and they have been working so long for is not good for your school?"—"Comment vont les affaires de Sir Robert Walpole?" Here I had him. "Why, as every one who knew him well was persuaded they must go, if they did him justice;"—I could not conceal from him my surprise that many here had been so indiscreet as to talk so freely about things they could not understand.

'Here he began to give me the definition of our government of King, Lords, and Commons, which strangers could not indeed comprehend. "How great, therefore," said I, "must be their malice or impudence to talk as they publickly did. Had it been confined to the people, I should not have been surprised; but that people of an higher rank should have encouraged it, nay, talked so, was astonishing." Here he blushed and was uneasy, and then argued some time on the

nature of common reports, and that we must not credit all that is said; and most luckily he happened to add that he could not pretend to say whence they proceeded. "Je ne vous le demande pas," said I abruptly, "that is the easiest part of the discovery. I know the Source, and both you and I know that clear waters cannot come from it. It is surprising," continued I, "that people about here do not first doubt of the truth of all she' (Lady Walpole) 'says. Such low malice to seek out old vile satyrs' (against Sir Robert) 'to get translated into Italian. It could not be for her own use," said I, "who could they be done for?" "Mauvaise Poésie! je n'en sçais rien," quite confused. "I'll shew it you in Italian," said I, "if you will, in the original handwriting of the translator." (It had been brought me but two days before. One Pasquale is the Poet, but he does not understand English; so I conclude it was translated into Italian prose by Lady Walpole and her friend.) "Indeed, indeed," said I, "it is not enough not to encourage, but such insolences ought to be discouraged. Reflect how respectfull a name is ill used; one on whom the King has conferred the highest honours to reward his services, and, if all that was not enough, it was insufferable here, as it was a person for whom the Great Duke had professed a personal friendship."

'A thousand other things I said in the heat of my discourse, as "the joy that some folks (for I never named Lady Walpole but as a third person) had shewn on the certainty they were in of Sir Robert's being to be beheaded; and to crown all," said I, "do you know what scandal they have employed at last? c'est verita-

blement impitoyable! (though I knew it came from him and them that Sir Robert had spent vast sums to get clear.) Whom must he have bribed?" said I, "such and such a one, much richer than himself?"—"Ça est vrai. Ah, Monsieur, il faut mepriser tout cela!"—"Oh, Monsieur!" said I, "ce n'est pas à cette heure que je commence à le faire!"

'What think you of this dialogue? It lasted a long while in the Electress's antechamber and all down the stairs to our Coaches. *His* carried him to his Deary's, to give an account, I don't doubt, of so unexpected a conversation; and mine carried me, much easier than I had been for a long time, to the Opera, to hear Egiziello, and to brag to the Chutes, between whiles, of what I had done. I must expect that all this malice combined will be set to work to ruin me.'

August 19th.—'Admiral Matthews rides triumphant before Toulon and prevents its stirring. What pleases me much is that the Turkish Ambassador is there a witness to it, and that M. Caylus, who has been rewarded for being beat by Captain Barnet, and who has the care of the Ambassador, must submit to strike to our ships if he does venture out. The fear of not being able to tell his story so well now, may make him wish not to come to blows again.

'The Lord of the Mediterranean has sent a considerable detachment of his fleet to Naples, under the command of Captain Martin, with a compliment to King Charles, as how he wishes his Majesty would withdraw his troops from Lombardy,—or else!—I really don't know what else, but they say, the four bomb vessels that make part of the 17, have about

6,000 shells on board. These passed by, Sunday last, and must have been long since at Naples, though we are as yet unacquainted with the consequences or the effect it has had on the people. If the withdrawing the troops is all we ask, they were so obliging as to prevent our request, since orders had sometime been given for their return to Naples, to make their Majesty's sojourn there secure.'

'The combined armies quitted the advantageous post they had begun to fortify at Rimini, and without once encamping or taking but little repose, continued their forced marches to Sinigaglia. . . . It is much suspected Montemar will cross away to Orbitello, on which account we are here again in a mighty fuss, for the prudent cannot think he will carry his folly to perish by the bad air of that place, but suspect, after a few days rest and some preparations, he may invade Tuscany, and by that means excuse the shameful campaign he has made, and make a merit at least of having gained that footing in Italy for the Infant.'

August 19th.—'Estafettes fly about at present between the above Ministers (Admiral Matthews and me). Mr. Matthews is desired to be ready to come when we call for help. I cannot help being persuaded that we shall have no occasion for it, and that the present Neapolitan scheme will have altered their views, and produce orders to Montemar as well as to Castropignero to return to Naples. Pray, Sir, recollect, did I not say to you in the begining of February last, that a few ships being sent to Naples would produce this consequence. I then wrote to Mr. (Admiral) Haddock, —— poor man! his name makes

me melancholy. They say he is mad, though none of the fleet blame him, but lay the fault on Harriss, his secretary, who totally governed him. I could tell you a long story about him; but it is too long.'

August 26th.—'I told you Estafettes fly about wonderfully. We are strangely busy, but in the midst of it all, I cannot persuade myself that there is any occasion to be alarmed, but some folks love to make a fuss. In consequence of the Express that my brother Minister, who is with the King of Sardinia, sent to Mr. Matthews, with his and their suspicions that the Spaniards would invade Tuscany, the Admiral has sent a ship post to me to say he will cut them all to pieces, if they offer to put their noses into Tuscany; and, that if I saw occasion for it, I was to direct the Romney to land his men at Leghorn and fetch Captain Martin with his Squadron from Naples (of whom we have heard nothing yet), and that the Admiral himself, in case of need, would come in person, with his troops and his marines, for which he desired preparations might be made.

'. . . I communicated the contents of his letter to the Count, in a conference, yesterday, which ended by our persuading each other that we did not perceive any necessity to take any part of the fleet off any other service till Montemar should give more peremptory signs of his evil intentions against us. They are all at Foligni where, by not being followed by his enemies, he has leisure to rest his troops and look about him, and seems to prefer that plentifull country and advantageous situation to that of Orbitello, where he at first designed to go, had he been followed. He

is now ready for all events and can proceed from thence as circumstances may require, either with regard to Don Phillip's army on t'other side, or the orders he may receive from Spain and Naples.

'If the Neapolitans retire home, Montemar won't have 10,000 men left. If the confusion at Naples should produce orders for him to go there too, he must leave at least 3000 men to garrison Orbitello, etc. If he should throw his troops into Tuscany, he cannot do it without giving some indications in time, it is to be hoped, to send proper notices to Mr. Matthews; so that in all this uncertainty, I have not advised Mr. Grenville, of the Romney, to execute any of his orders, as I think it will be sufficient to have a ship or two at Leghorn which, with the merchant ships in the Mole, will be always sufficient to receive the English and their effects now the Sea is secure. Let the Regency therefore, who are so fully acquainted of the King's intentions to protect this country, make applications to me for assistance when they want it. This, I told Richecourt, I should expect, and in this stile I have wrote to the Admiral, of which I have acquainted His Grace' (the Duke of Newcastle) 'so that I hope it will not be necessary to recall Mr. Martin till he has executed his commission at Naples and that at Brindisi, if it be true that he is to fetch the Spanish Artillery from thence. We are told that when the Squadron returns, it is to put into Leghorn. If so, we shall all go there, the Prince and Princess and the Chutes.

'A most dismal affair has happened at a little place they call Merciana, belonging to the Princess

of Piombino, in the Isle of Elba, near Porto Longone, which you know belongs to the King of Naples. Captain Osborne and another man-of-war were cruizing thereabouts, and would have visited some barks that refused to come to, and which escaped into St. Andrea, a little port where there is a tower and a small guard. The men-of-war's boats followed but were fired upon by the guard. This so provoked Captain Osborne that he made a descent, took the Castle and its garrison, and put up the King's colours, demolished the little village, and carried away everything that could be found, with which he would have gone off, but on the people coming down from Porto Longone to the assistance of those of Merciana, the English went ashore again and set fire to all the houses and, they say, consumed everything they had before left higher up in the country where the inhabitants were fled to save themselves. . . . Captain Osborne wrote a letter to Mr. Goldworthy, very confused. He said only, that he was in the act of burning and destroying all that country in return for great provocation he had received, and was warming himself by the flames he had raised! At the end of his letter he says that the fools are now come down, so that I am just going to work again, with all my cannon. What followed we cannot tell, but the next day a continual firing was heard from 15 to 24 hours, at Leghorn. I pity the poor inhabitants, and am very much afraid that the King of Naples may do some rash thing in return. We have many merchants sent from Leghorn hither, when they were afraid of the Spaniards. It is true that his Sicilian Majesty would perhaps bring his own

town about his ears. What a trifle has raised this bustle!'

'In the midst of all this (though we did not then know it) we had merry-making at the King's Arms.' (Mann's residence, in front of which was displayed the shield of arms of Great Britain.) 'I invited the Academy to it, and four more ladies to the 8 I had the first night, as I found the Hall would hold them and their men. They were the Ricardi, Ginori, Panciaticei, and the Galli. The ladies only sang, except Pandolfini, whose Cicisbea, Albizzi, grows in spirits as her husband grows better, about whom she was drolly confidential. Here is an odd sort of a very heavy fat fool come to town, about 18 years old, and almost as big as Gerini; Moleniari by name, extreme rich, and of a great family of Milan. He is vastly sweet upon the Vittorina Suares who, I assure you, is grown mighty pretty, and seems to enter into the affair as well as anybody. I believe it might be brought about if rightly managed; but I am afraid the mother will be too eager and cloy the young man instead of making him eager. I seldom see Madame, except at my box at the Opera. Whenever I go to her house, she is always busy in the top appartment looking for papers.'

Mann got so perfectly bewildered by the marches and countermarches of the armies; by the crossing of despatches contradictory in sense and instructions; by reports of the Spaniards being about to 'devour Tuscany' in spite of its neutrality, or on the ground that the neutrality had been broken, that he quietly resolved to have at least his nights undisturbed: 'I

was obliged to give orders not to be awaked by their packets, which, after one or two, I was convinced ought to stay till morning.' When morning came, and the despatches were read, full of instructions to the Minister as to how he was in his turn to instruct the English naval Captains at Leghorn, Mann again consulted his own tranquillity amid the general confusion. 'I was resolved,' he says, 'to cut that, and not to take anything upon myself,' he left these matters to Admiral Matthews, and advised him to do nothing for the Regency at Florence till his aid was asked for by the Regents. Mann had more trouble with the rough and ready English Captains who were with their vessels before Leghorn, and longed to be doing something in their professional way. 'I could not say,' writes Mann, 'to the Squadron at Leghorn, that it had come too soon and might go about its business, neither could I make the Captains behave as they should do. One of them wrote, that "for his part (and Goldworthy appropriated the expression) he did not pique himself upon understanding neutralities, but as they came to save this country, they would do so and so, and would assist the Government against their will." Imagine to yourself a pack of Captains, with a Goldworthy at their head, getting drunk and confirming each other in their nonsense, that the Italians are all cowards, and God damn the Spaniards.'

Captain Martin sailed to join Admiral Matthews, leaving four ships for the defence of Leghorn, 'that is for the (English) merchants.' The Prince and Princess de Craon were to have visited the English Squadron,

but Martin's departure gave them welcome excuse for remaining at Florence, to move from which they lacked pecuniary means! 'They dirtily resolved not to go, after preparations had been made to receive them en Princesse (*sic*), on account of the expense. De Sade, who had lent the Prince, some days before, fifty zecchini, dissuaded them from it, though I never saw Her so much set upon anything before. Don't you pity them extremely to be obliged to borrow a poor fifty from De Sade, whom the Dutchess of M—— is not in a condition to supply abundantly at present, as I believe the King of Sardinia does not allow her Highness much for her *menus plaisirs*.

'There has been the most extraordinary discovery of an half Prince, who would have made a very good Great Duke of Tuscany, had he come into the world a little sooner. He is a young man of twenty years old, son of the Princess Leonora, and one of her footmen, and brought into the world under the nose of the Electress. Can you ever forgive her that all the entreaties, which handsome young fellows put in her way during the Cardinal's lifetime, should not prevail upon her to procure such an advantage to Tuscany? . . . The child was absolutely put into the (Foundling) Hospital till he was 12 years old, and then got out with much difficulty, by the means of two worthy Priests who put him in, and by whom the discovery as well as the forthcoming of the young fellow to dispute his mother's inheritance with the Great Duke (whom she made her Heir) has been made. I am assured the matter is quite clear, and the man has letters from the Princess which, in the abundance of her tenderness,

she wrote to him when he came out of the Hospital of the Innocents. She allowed him 15 crowns a month, only, for his maintenance, and, in her will, she left him 3000 crowns, under the denomination of her God-son; but, in order to hush up the matter, it is believed they must give him a good deal more. It is said that the examination into this affair has led to the discovery of four more children who, instead of being Cadets of the House of Medici, are confounded among the other Bastards of the Hospital. Hard fate for them and Tuscany!'

'The Suares family are in great distress. The poor foolish Bishop is turned mad, occasioned, they say, by some very unjust persecutions of Richecourt and Rucellai. He was brought from San Mignato, a few days ago, and they have obliged him to renounce his bishoprick. He raves often that all his family are in a plot to marry the two girls to the two above-named people against his consent. Yesterday, in a great rage, he showed all his disreputable possessions to Madame Suares, who blessed her stars the girls were not by. They are however sensible that it may be a great prejudice to their getting husbands, and indeed the whole family is strangely disconcerted. Madame Suares is fully convinced that his disorder must be concealed, so that she only whispers to everybody that she wishes to make it pass for any other illness, the pain of which makes him rave.'

'We have had a strange pack of English here, whose names I don't recollect. They were at Stosch's one day, to see his things, and a parson who was among them was made believe that the large picture

of Cataline's Conspiracy was the Last Supper. He was desired by the company to say which was Christ's figure; he instantly pitched upon Cataline, but confessed it was the first time he had ever seen our Lord and Saviour with a sword by his side.

'Among the foolish Bishops and Parsons, I must tell you what the Archbishop of Florence, (who, by the instigation of the Jesuits, had absolutely forbid Cavaliere Pepi to let "Don Pilogio" (a sort of *Tartuffe*) be acted,) said on the occasion, when the Impresario expostulated the matter with him. Pepi desired he would consider the expences he had been at, and the Opera was to begin in a few days. "What expenses?" says the Bishop.—"Why, the musick."—"Ah, Signor Cavaliere! you are mocking me. The Musick may serve for any other Opera. Besides, I cannot bear that mixing together of men and women in these pieces; away! away! with it! it is unbecoming!" Pepi replied, "I expect then that you will order all the men to go to Mass at the Duomo, and the women at Santa Croce." Pepi's arguments could not prevail, so that he was forced to chuse another burletta, very bad indeed.

'When I began this letter I had determined not to go to a great Function in a Church and Convent, to which I was invited yesterday; but being told it would be taken ill, I hurried on my Cloaths and have made my appearance for half-an-hour. It is what they call a Sacramento, or a Confirmation of several Nuns, in the lump. One of Casa Guadigni, another of Aguiccioni, and four others. All the world was there; and a most magnificent *Rinfresco*.'

September . . . —'Prince Craon was deputed to bring me the Great Duke's thanks for the attention I have shown to his service, etc., etc. I have desired him to make a proper return for so great an honour, which he promised to do in the best and strongest manner; for, says he, it will be neccessary, as I know Richecourt has put you in an indifferent light with the Great Duke, and described you as a creature of Lord Orford, therefore no friend to the Queen of Hungary or the Great Duke. The Prince added that Richecourt assured him, in the beginning, that Mann was not of long duration, as your father was concerned in all that was to be discovered, and therefore Mann would be demolished with him and the rest. Things are greatly changed now, Richecourt is, in appearance the civilest creature alive to me, and I correspond full as much as is necessary and no more.

September . . .—'I am threatened with a visit from the Captain who has the command of the ships at Leghorn, which, by the Admiral's directions are to be at my dispositions, and indeed I have desired the Captain to defer his departure from thence as he designed, as he said, to *look in at Civita Vecchia and Gaeta, to see whether any clandestine doings were carrying on by the Pope and the King of the Two Sicilies*, for as everything is in motion in the Romagna, who knows that before or after defeat the Spaniards may take refuge here. I don't believe they will, but since it has been thought necessary to leave ships at Leghorn for this service, this undoubtedly is not a proper time to remove from that place on such a foolish errand.'

September . . .—'Montemar arrived safe at Genoa

by land. He did not care to trust to the sea, for fear of our ships, which likely would have snapped him up . . . The King of Sardinia set out the 29th of last month, at the head of his army to cross the mountains, to drive Don Phillip out of Savoy, who has taken the title of Duke of Savoy, and obliged the inhabitants to pay him homage as their Lord, which has greatly incensed the King of Sardinia.'

September . . .—Montemar's disgrace was public at last. Mann states that he wrote to Prince de Craon for passports for himself and Castellari, to return to Spain through Tuscany. 'He is recalled and, they say, in high disgrace. The command of his army, which is about twelve thousand, was, by the same courier's despatches, given to M. de Gages, who immediately gave order for his troops to prepare for a march. They are all going back to Lombardy.' Mann had at this time bought for Walpole the Domenichino of which so much is said in Walpole's Letters; and had got it safe into Florence. 'I was forced to defer sending for it,' he writes, 'till all the troops were out of that road, and now must make haste, before they infest it again. . . . Many foolish people of Florence gave out that Montemar, at the same time that he asked for Passports of the Regency, sent to desire one of me, to be secure at Sea, and to prevent his first making a visit to the King at St. James's before he obeyed the summons of the Queen of Spain: "*Venez ici! venez Duc de Bitonto.*"

September 23*rd*.—'Perhaps Montemar may be put into arrest on his arrival in Spain. His reluctancy to get there seems to denote his fears. He travels about

10 or 12 miles a day, and stops in the strangest places. He is now at Empoli, a dirty village about two posts and a half from Florence towards Pisa. They say he absolutely will not embark till he receives a courier from Spain, with private instructions from his friends, that he may judge whether it may be prudent to present himself there or not till he has justified his conduct, which he says he is fully capable of doing. M. de Gages is now the man who begins the dance by leading again up to the Parano, but I believe he will observe the rules of country dances, and return to the place from whence he came.

'The Pope is on the point of breaking into an open quarrel with the Queen of Hungary. Her Apostolick Majesty's General has seized two Abbies in the State of Milan belonging to Valenti Gonzaga, his Secretary of State, which the Pope so resents that he has wrote a thundering letter to Vienna to tell her that he looks upon this step as an open affront to his person, and insists upon restitution and satisfaction; and, to indemnify the Cardinal, ordered the income of those Abbies should be made good to him out of the Chamber. Whilst this affair was depending, and they were waiting the return of the Courier, an accident happened that will not, it is thought, help towards getting his Holyness satisfaction, but may widen the breach.

'Cardinal Acquaviva, who is omnipotent at Rome, taking it into his head that a 'Neapolitan Abbé,' called Don Cicio Pontero, was carrying on an illicit correspondence at Naples, procured an order for him to be seized, and gave his consent that the Pope's

Sbirri might enter the Place d'Espagne, to do it; so that Don Cicio was taken in bed. He immediately produced a Patent of Protection from the Queen of Hungary; notwithstanding which he was sequestered and his papers seized and sent to the Governor of Rome. M. de Thun being soon informed of what had passed, publickly claimed the prisoner, but in vain; on which he instantly despatched two Couriers, one to Vienna and another to M. de Traun. On a strict examination of Don Cicio's papers, nothing was to be found to justify such a step in a country where Protections are of such mighty weight. The Governor of Rome swears he gave no orders for taking him up. The Pope says the same; so that all the fault is lain upon Cardinal Valenti, against whom the Queen, it is supposed, will turn her whole resentment. The Court of Rome is apprehensive that she will turn their Nuncio from Vienna, if the Pope should support his Secretary any longer.

'The poor Pope is made to be a Spaniard, against his will, by those that are about him, though he is really Austrian. He is buffeted by both. He has lately sent Mons. Bussy, Commander of his Gallies, to M. de Gages, to threaten to excommunicate the Spaniards, in good earnest, if they do not evacuate his ruined State.'

September 30*th.*—'Montemar loiters still about Reggio, Massa, etc. They say he flatters himself still to be restored to the command of his army, though I can't think it at all probable, for the Courier that brought his dismission had letters to each of the principal officers, from the King, to acquaint them

with it, and to exhort each of them to recover the honour of his arms.

'. . . I flatter myself that at last our sea-folks see the absurdity of forcing assistance upon people that don't want it. They have hitherto seemed to think that because a man was sure of a good Physician,—he ought to wish to be sick; but these people have been too wise to accept this offer, as such a step alone could put them in the necessity of wanting their assistance. Mr. Matthews has in the last week given orders to the Commanders of the few ships left at Leghorn not to take any one step without my directions. Had I been his Governor before I would have prevented him committing so many cruelties upon the poor innocent inhabitants of Marciana, and I am endeavouring now to persuade him to divest his Monkey of the honours he has bestowed upon him, and of the ensigns of the Catholick faith which he robbed their churches of, and with which he has adorned him. Imagine to yourself how much the true believers must be offended, to see Pug with a Crucifix about his neck, and their god pasted on his forehead! Don't you think there is as much superstition in this man's thinking it his duty to show his publick contempt of these things, as he thinks they shew in their adoration of them? for, in short, Protestant and Roman superstitions are just of the same weight.'

The September record is thus brought to a close:—'Madame Bolognetti is here, and graced my Hall. She is returned from Bologna with her sister, Frescobaldi, and stays to meet her t'other sister, Madame Acciajoli,

who (I told you) went to Loreto to marry her daughter to the Madera man; but I never told you that the Sposa immediately after fell ill of the Small Pox, by which they say she is ten times more ugly than before. The Princess fell ill too on Madame Bolognetti's arrival, but it would not do, for the latter would not go to her first; so they have not seen each other.'

September 12th.—'Richecourt is now sick and goes not to the Council meetings. Lady Walpole is tender to a degree, and always attending to give each glass of water with her own hand; and makes the Tisanne at home, which she carries regularly in her chair every morning, in a *Pentolino*' (small pot).

September . . . —'We have had many Festinos for the Sposi in this last week, which have greatly interfered with our Opera. Count Delci has taken to wife Nicolini's neice; and Count Bardi, a Malaspina. There was a most magnificent Ball at Casa Jacontri' (?) 'to which, as to all the other *di giuoco*, I have been invited. There was one of the latter at Ridolfi's, another at Strozzi's, a third at Count Bardi's, and this evening, which is the last (as well as the last Opera), at Count Delci's. I shall be at both.'

September . . . —Many days have been taken up by my attendance on Mrs. Prat and one Mr. Bethel whom I formerly knew, and who, though extreme ill, passed by Florence to see me. He is going I believe to dye at Venise, for I cannot think he will get to England, as asthma is his disorder, in regard to which, he says, he hates to go Vetturino, but wishes to go post, at least, into the next world.

CHAPTER V.

1742.

October 15th.—October opens with a joyous note. 'We are now in the height of the Villegiatura, notwithstanding the coldness and the badness of the weather ought to have drawn everybody from the country that was in it. I had the last appearance of those worth seeing, last Thursday evening, to the number of thirty of the most chosen. It was the *solito concerto*, which they soon turned out, to make room for minuets, but preferred eating *gras* to both, which you know the terrible *mezza notte* would have deprived them of; and you may remember how voracious the Italian Dame are of a bit of gras, else I dare say many of them would have danced till morning. Madame Griffoni was not there. . . . She is perfectly well, though for State or Laziness she lays in bed. I told her 'twas the latter, and she did not contradict it. She has always a great deal of company, with Ottavio Manelli at her bed's side; and by keeping up, keeps off the horrid day of going into the country, which she hates as much as you do.'

October 23rd.—'I am invited this morning to a breakfast at the Princess's, on the opening her new appartment, or rather her old one new fitted up. It is

truly pretty and convenient. All those strange little partitions and closets through which one passed, where the maids and the parrots used to make a thousand odures, are all removed. She sleeps in the first room, which is large; in the next where she used to sleep, she is only to repose. There is a new cradle and all the lazy machines you can imagine, with all her Saxon, China, Walpolian India cabinets and everything that is fine crowded on the tables. I told her I would write you word how fine it is.'

October 30th.—'Florence is quite deserted. Everybody is making merry in the country, for which reason you may easily conceive how dull the town is. Bali del Borgo, *alias* the old Duke of Grog, gave a grand ball at his villa, near the Suares, last Monday, at the same time that Rinaldi did the same at his villa, quite on the opposite side of the country. The former was most frequented. There was all sorts of people in all kinds of foolish dresses which they call *da Villa*. The Sposa Delci, Nicolini's sister, whom we have seen dressed like a Queen, was, they tell me, in a sort of an English riding habit which could not set strait, because she is vastly crooked. Then she had an horrid black velvet English cap on a very wry head which is on a wry neck, and danced extremely for the first time with one leg considerably shorter than the other. The Teresina who grows beautiful to the greatest degree, was full as ill-bedecked. All the old folks bestirred themselves wonderfully. *Che vuol Ella? In villa bisogna star allegro!* However, they divert, and I can easily forgive them. I sent the Chutes to personate me, as the trouble of getting home, and the

hazard of catching cold is too great; and then I don't care to be out of the way, for who knows that the Spaniards would not take that opportunity to come. I can assure you people think they will. I can't say I am one of them.'

October 23rd.—'I have a hundred letters to write to England, the Admiral, and the Captains at Leghorn. The latter are becoming very pliant, notwithstanding the foolish notions our Console' (Goldworthy, the British Consul) 'put into their heads. They are all, by express orders, to depend upon the directions I send them. Chatelet is returned from Leghorn much regretted by our Captains, as he feasted them daily. He gave a ball on the Queen's day. One of them, about 60, danced more than any of the young ones at 20. On my shewing in joke some surprise, Chatelet answered: "Mais il dansoit pour lui!" The Great Duke has ordered a very handsome gratification for Chatelet for the expences he has made during the stay of our Captains. I could not avoid showing him some attention, so I have invited him, with Prince Craon, Braitwitz, etc., etc., to dinner to-morrow; nobody, however, will give me any gratification, though I protest I ruin myself. Patience! there is no avoiding these things. Sometime ago, a medal, I had heard of was sent me from Rome. I can only let you know what it is by the design of it. On one side, there is a robed figure, with the words above it, "The Generouse Duke of Argyle." Beneath the feet, is the word "Pentioner." On the other side, a Devil, in fantastic dress, calls to the open mouth of a monster (the mouth of Hell) "Make room for Sir Robert!" That gentleman is

close behind, with a look of great indifference; and beneath his feet is inscribed, "No Excise." Never sure was such a low idea! The same spelling of the word "Generouse" convinces me that it was made by some Irish Jacobite. The workmanship is abominable. It is the nastyest brass thing you ever saw.'

October 30th.—'You know no doubt the first part of the history of the beautiful Venetian Nun of the Reira family, as how she was debauched by M. de Trouby, the French Ambassador at Venice, who by means of false keys had free entrance into her convent, which, being at length discovered, the Nun was most closely confined, but not being able to bear the treatment of her Sister Nuns who upbraided her with her broken vows and past pleasures, she found means to get the Pope's permission to be transported into another convent at Ferrara where she soon gained a *Suora conversa*, by whose assistance she made a second escape; and, thinking to legitimate her second infidelity to her first cold Sposo J. C., she married a Colonel in the Spanish service and remained at Bologna with him; but lo! as the vengeance of nostro Signore always overtakes the unfaithfull, an order was sent from Rome to arrest her, and M. de Gages was induced to do the same by the officer. She was, at the departure of the last letter, *gardée à vue* and her husband under arrest, so that it is greatly feared the povera Colonella will pay most severely for her past pleasures.'

'Now I am mentioning unfortunate wives, I cannot omit acquainting you with the unhappy state of a poor Florentine Dama of your acquaintance, the Gondi, on whom the poor, pale-faced Abbi Neri used to be so

sweet in the face of the Opera. She is so sorely afflicted with the scurvy that there seems to be no remedy . . . . Doctor Tyrril, famous for great cures, has refused to assist her, saying that though his mercurial unctions have been so efficacious, yet the scurvy of Madame Gondi has taken such deep root and is of so bad a nature that he despairs of giving her any relief. I pity the poor creature vastly, but you would laugh to hear all the ladies talk of the Scorbuta with such compassion.'

November 6th.—'I must not conceal to you a strong suspicion of the Dominicallity of your Madonna! not from the beauty, for nothing can exceed it, but on my unpacking it, I found wrote on the back, Sasso Ferrato; whose name is not to be found in the *Abecedario Pittorico*, or in any Lives of the Painters that I have seen; but I find his name is well known in Florence as a famous painter of Madonnas. Nunziato Baldocci has one; Marquis Corsi, another. Nobody can tell me where or when he lived; but there is a little place somewhere in Italy, called Sasso Ferrato. I would willingly erase those words, but am afraid that ink or anything else I should use might in time eat into the picture. If I were you, I would line it. The canvass is rather too dry, so that a lining would both preserve it and remove the scandal. I have a little Madonna and Child now in my house which has been called by the same author. It is as much inferior to your's as is possible, but it cannot be denied that there is a great resemblance in the manner of painting.'

November 6.—'More Captains came to take care of us, though we don't want 'em; and all talk of protecting

the Great Duke and his dominions. I always answer, the Merchants of Leghorn ought to be fully satisfied with the care the Admiral shews for them, on whose account they are solely there; and that when the Great Duke wants the assistance of the Fleet, he will apply to me for it; that his accepting their assistance before would give the Spaniards a pretence likewise to break the neutrality which the Great Duke has so much interest to maintain. This, they say, they don't understand. What need he be afraid of? Are not we come to save him from Popery and Slavery? etc. etc.

'I despair of convincing them that the Great Duke ought not to wish to have his country invaded, because he is sure of having their assistance at Leghorn. Is not this terrible? I do assure you that Il Furibondo' (Admiral Matthews) 'wrote me that the answer which was given to one of his Emissaries seemed rather dictated by a Spanish Agent than a Minister of the Great Duke; and that he was sorry to see some of the Lorraine Regents more friends to Spain than to their Master. Had he said the Florentines in general, he would not have been mistaken; but the Admiral is as wild as they (the Captains) are all ignorant. Four of them want to *have the honour to kiss the Regency's hand and pay their respects to me!* For which purpose, they set out from Leghorn to-morrow morning. Pity me, dear child! I shall be devoured by these sea-monsters! I am making my will, and bequeathing to you my Magdalene, to Sir Robert, my Sabine; and my debts to my father. All the pretty bijoux you gave me shall be divided among my

brothers and sisters, as the chief marks of my favour.' In a subsequent letter, Mann writes: 'Captain Cox, of the Newcastle, says he has the honour to be known to my Lord (Orford) and will take care of the Dominichino; he adds that he has *won master* Suckling a great nephew of Sir Robert's on board; he is the strangest illiterate man I ever corresponded with.'

November 13th.—'A miserable head-ache has till 24 hours confined me in bed. The cause was a horrid door against which I sat at supper last night, at Casa Craon, a great supper for our Captains. Oh! the life I have led for a week past! The first day they came I was ill with a cold, they dined and supped here. The next day we dined at Braitwitz's, and I went with a fever. The next day, a great dinner at the Cascina, where there was an encampment of 800 men. This was done by Chatelet, but the rains in the afternoon prevented the exercises and disappointed vast crowds of people who, notwithstanding the bad weather, were as foolish as we to go there. We dined under some open lodges, and though I had my cloak on, etc., I was almost killed. Every day since we have dined out. They are all now in the next room, where there are three tables, at cards. Mesdames Suares and Frescobaldi are the only ladies.

'Amongst the Captains, there is a man of admired good sense, quiet and easy, and who rails with me at the lowness and horrid meanness of his companions. His name is West, a nephew, I believe, of Lord Cobham. I have had no difficulty to show him the nature of our situation and that Il Furibondo has never understood it. The Princess has not shewn

herself but once. She has always taken medicine, of the operations of which all the town has had an exact account.'

November 20th.—'I am extreme ill, though I have been very quiet since the departure of my Captains. If any more should come to *kiss the Regency's hand*, I will not take to them as I have to these, but I thought myself obliged to do a good deal to recover the good graces of the Fleet, which I believe I lost by my not letting Mr. Martin *protect and assist the Great Duke of Tuscany and his Territories and that important City of Leghorn*, when there was no occasion for it. . . . I forgot to tell you the finest part of all, which was that we went to the Camp dans mon attellâge,—the harness of which only was my own.'

'Poor M. Chute pays dear for the small liberties he took during their stay here, in drinking one little glass of rich wine at each meal, and now is forced to turn more rigorously to the Turneps and water, in hopes of driving away the gout the above excesses brought upon him. He is not, however, very bad.'

November 20th.—'We are forced to go oftener to Prince Craon's than we chuse. He torments us to play at Quadrille-mediateur, which is become the most fashionable game at the Court of Florence, and has banished all other games. Prince Craon literally plays from morning to night. The Princess still sticks to Ombre and Antinori.'

November 20th.—'M. de Thun writes word that great preparations are making for the departure of the Pretender's elder son to France, and that the Pope is to furnish money for it. I own I can' (not) 'believe

a word of all this, as the present occasion does not seem at all favourable especially for the Pope to bear the expense.'

November 27th.—'I told you all my Captains were gone, but I did not tell you half their absurdities. Others are come, quite as bad, and I have to teach them what Neutralities are. Those I had with me went away *amaestrati*, as I would wish, and have changed their tone. One of them, on the arrival of more ships said to Goldworthy, that he could not conceive the meaning of the Admiral's sending so many ships up, as he must be convinced 3 instead of 7 that were at Leghorn were sufficient for that service (for the security of the Merchants only, which was the only one to be considered till the Great Duke should ask for assistance), and that he could not conceive where he had his intelligence; which piques my friend so much that he said, neither the Great Duke's Regency nor any one else at Florence (meaning me) was a judge of the danger Tuscany was in. To which the Captain replied that Goldworthy must excuse him if he couldn't be persuaded that he (Goldworthy) was the only wise man in Tuscany. Was ever any thing so silly; to support so ill the alarms which Il Furibondo puts in his despatches! What must you think of the other, to be thus alarmed and not to see that this creature has his own private interests in causing many ships to remain there, in order that he may furnish more beef and peas, etc., by which his profit was immense.'

November 27th.—'Lord Forrester who carried the last money for the Queen' (of Hungary) 'to Trieste,

went from thence to Vienna, where, you will imagine, he was well received. She made him a present of a cristal snuff-box, very rich with jewels; and to the officer who accompanied him a diamond ring. Richecourt's brother, who has lately been sent to Berlin, carried the Queen's picture richly adorned with diamonds to her Plenipotentiary, Lord Hyndford, to whom we hear the King of Prussia has given a fine set of plate, and the eagle to put into his arms; with "Pro bene merito," for its motto. Surely Mr. Robinson deserves a good deal, as his task was the hardest to persuade the Queen to give up all Silesia instead of about half of it that the King of Prussia asked only, about a year ago.'

December 18*th.*—'The Great Duke has sent his absolute orders to General Braitwitz to march, and a strong "miramur" that he had not done so before; so that in blind obedience to his orders which he supposes were planned by Richecourt, he sets out for Firenzuola in a day or two, and will have with him, if his men choose to stay, about 3500; the rest are quartered in different places on the mountains, equally advantageous to desert from. . . . We shall see what it all ends in; desertion, I believe, and the increase of M. de Gages' army. The above orders were given to protect Tuscany from a suspected design on the part of the Spaniards, to break the neutrality by an invasion of the duchy. Braitwitz, however, declined to obey commands which would bring on the very evils for preventing which they were issued.'

December 11*th.*—'I was deprived of the pleasure of writing to you last post by a violent head-ache,

which I caught at the Princess's the night before. This is a tax I constantly pay for going there now 'tis so excessively cold. They carry on the same foolish whim of not permitting any fire in any part of the house, and as I am not muffled up like them, it is impossible to resist, after having been used to my good room with carpets and fire at home. I must tell you the garb of the poor Prince who has done all he can to procure a little warmth. He sits in a great rug, horseman's coat, and about his arms has literally sleeves made out of Doncaster stockings which, for finery, are tipped with silk, the better to join with cotton mittens, which are sewed on. The Princess shivers under fur tippets, short cloaks, and a horrid thing she calls *ma capuche*, which gives her the air of a Capuchin. I told her t'other day that I was convinced her ails proceeded from her pores being constantly shut, and the perspiration hindered, except when she is in bed, which she takes to, much of late, to be warm and to shew her pretty appartment. The Prince came to see me when I was ill, and the cause was much enlarged on by de Sade, so that I do not despair of raising a flame, otherwise I must totally abstain going there the evenings.'

December 11th.—'A most important affair has happened to one I interested myself for, by order of Lord Harrington, and for whom I had the Great Duke's promise a long while ago, that he would show all regard to that recommendation. The person I am speaking of is Marquis Nomis, whom, I believe, you knew; whose mother is Madame Bothmar of Hanover. This is a sufficient key to the recommendation. He, sometime ago, very foolishly engaged himself by writing

and all the outward functions of a Sposo in this country, to marry the eldest Franchini; and, after having exhibited himself with her in this light, at all the publick places, for several months, he repented of his folly, and in order to get off, has drawn himself into a much worse scrape, if possible, (though they must have starved together). He retired to his regiment at Leghorn, hoping to drop his Sposa; and, though called upon very frequently by her brother, a young fellow about Nomis' age, did not chuse to answer any of his letters. The brother, knowing that when he was thus surrounded by his officers, nothing was to be done, waited till the troops came here, and then began his stronger application in person and by letter, but these being rendered ineffectual, Franchini resolved to wait in the street, to meet him and demand satisfaction. This likewise was difficult to execute, as Nomis was apprized of it, and always took care to be in company with his officers and in a coach. However, about a fortnight ago, Franchini stopped his coach when in company with Monsr. Vincent (whom the Primate ruined, you will remember him.) The latter got out only, and told Franchini that if he had any quarrel with his friend, he would answer it. T'other replied, he had an affair of consequence to settle with Nomis, protesting he had no quarrel with Vincent, but that, however, if he obliged him to it, he was ready to give him what satisfaction he pleased, and so drew his sword. On which Vincent put up his, and returned to the coach, saying that was not a proper place (Ponte di S^ta^ Trinita). Franchini had time to abuse Nomis extremely, to challenge him

and bid him appoint a place to fight, but they drove off. The affair soon made much noise, and all the officers were in an uproar against Franchini, who was forced to retire to Bologna.

'In the mean time, Nomis caused a writing to be published, wherein he asserted that, as an officer and Christian he could not fight; with all the foolish arguments the latter character could dictate. If they kick thy right side turn thy left also! However, this supported him among his officers, as his adversary was fled, and afterwards banished by the Government for not obeying their summons to return; but a pompous writing, drawn up by Abbé Buonacorsi, turned the tables quite. Franchini exposes in this, the reciprocal promise of marriage between Nomis and his sister, underwritten by both; then he lays open the whole proceedings, the necessity he was under, as a Cavaliere, to call Nomis to account in this manner; appeals to all the officers as men of honour, and he concludes by telling them that their honour cannot permit them to serve with one so vile, etc.

'This writing being penned with a great deal of eloquence, and, they say, truth, as witnesses were quoted for every article, no objection was made to it, and the officers began to consult how to behave. They all agreed Franchini was in the right, and Nomis had an intimation he must resign his commission, which he has done, and has resolved to cover all the infamy he has contracted, under the habit of a Priest! The good fight of Faith will not expose him to such dangers as the point of Franchini's sword! . . . He is quite ruined by this accident.'

Walpole's remark on this, written in his letter of January 8th, 1743, is, 'What an infamous story that affair of Nomis is; and how different the ideas of honour among officers in your world and ours.'

December 11th.—'Two important matters have lately so fell out as to shock the whole formidable body of Cicisbeos. The Vernaci, noted for many exploits both in her youth and riper years,—you may recollect the affair between her and Crudeli, and to what strange offices she obliged him, and which ended in the total interruption of his former amusements and obliged him to abandon her,—has been attended of late by Cavalieri Pitti and Garvi; and, through her husband's retiring for good to his villa, she has had all the opportunities to do as she pleased. But lo! some secret complaints reached the ears of the solemn interrupters of honest folks' pleasures, and when she least expected it, a chair, one dark night was carried to her door, into which she was forced to get, in order to be conducted to a place called *Le Male Maritate*, where she is like to spend the remainder of her time. How shall I describe to you the tears, the anxieties, and the *rabbia* of the bella Vernaci?

'I come now to the second matter. You have seen the Senator Guadagni and the bella Pucci bill and coo, and make believe they had great joy in so doing. But here again somebody has been busy with odious complaints, which proved successfull. Madame received a terrible order to remain at her villa, and the Senator, with equal authority, was forbid going near her. For my part, I cannot tell what it all tends to, for to pretend that the ladies will or do care for their

indifferent husbands is ridiculous; and to suppose that the many young fellows (who by the custom of the country have no other provision for them but the tables of the one single chief of each family) should not make love to them, is equally absurd. The consternation is at present, however, great. Nothing but a Carnival can set all to rights again. Well, this is near, and our hopes rise as it approaches. No matter what opera; the theaters will be open and masks permitted, and so we bid defiance to all.'

'I figure,' wrote Walpole in his reply, 'a parcel of lovers who have so many things to dread;—the government in this world! Purgatory in the next! inquisitions, villegiaturas, convents, etc.'

December 18*th.*—'All the news that I have to tell you of your acquaintance is that the Sposa Panciatici (Corsi) was brought to bed of a son t'other day, to the great joy of the *congiunti.* You know 'tis the custom here to make the women presents on such occasions *quando ci sono portate bene.* Her father, Marchese Corsi, gave her a hundred zechins; her mother, forty braces of velvet; her own husband, for so soon bringing an heir to his family, 80 zec; and your friend the Cavaliere de Malta Panciatici, 35 zec.; the latter, I think, might have been excused, as it is hard a man should give his sister in law a present for having excluded him from all hopes of succession. Young Marquis Corsi is declared Sposo to a daughter of the Princess Corsini at Rome, for which place he was preparing to set out, but was prevented by the meazles. The Cardinal made this match when he was this last summer in Tuscany. There was a violent Christening

last Friday, for the young Panciatici. The excessive rains prevented my going; however, all the town was there, and was drowned.'

December 18*th*.—'It is now thought the Vernaci will be got out of the *Male Maritate*. Her husband has presented a memorial to the Regency, setting forth that he was a mighty fool for desiring her to be put in. . . . The Pucci's husband is not tired yet of living with her in the country, nor is yet persuaded that he was mistaken.'

December 18*th*.—'The Princess has a thousand ails, and never gets up but at 12 at night to sup by her bed's side. Madame Sarasin is extreme tired of all this, but creeps out sometimes to get two or three rounds at Quadril-Mediateur. There's a great reform in the family. The Prince has farmed out his Table. When I go there, the fine cook commonly asks me if I stay supper? to which I always say *No*, so that none is provided.'

While Mann was repeatedly accusing the British Consul at Leghorn of meanness, avarice, and disregard of his country's interests, he was under considerable anxiety lest the political changes at home should drive him from his ministerial post, at the Grand Ducal Court in the capital of Tuscany. When his mind was more at ease on this point, our Envoy became very eager for increase of his salary. Walpole sympathized with him, and Mann, stimulated by the sympathy, sat down and had the impudent audacity to address the following astounding lines to his correspondent.

'Your advice about the Captains has determined me to impart to you a thought that is come into my

head which shall be nothing till I receive your approbation. Mr. Chute approves of it and would remove my scruples on your account; for my own part, I have not got over them quite.

'You know that though I have no particular reason to believe that the Duke of Newcastle' (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) 'is not my friend, yet I cannot brag of having any certainty of the contrary. . . . Now, I have been thinking whether it might be improper to endeavour to obtain the Duke's permission to send him any thing. Let me speak out. I mean your fine coffee-pot. The only objection, after bringing myself to part with anything that came from you, is the intrinsick value to one like him. But I might give it *this* turn, in order to waive that objection, and call it a peice of fine sculpture by Benvenuto Cellini or John Bologna, saved from the general meltings. The thing in itself can fit nobody better than the person I am speaking of, and if it were to be done, one of my brothers might, in the stile above mentioned, go there and ask leave. Do you think it could offend, or, do you think it proper? You know the nature of things at present. If the Duke could be pleased, it's right to do anything, for even his indifference might be highly prejudicial to me, and it would not be at all surprising in the present circumstances if some one or other should try for my post. My dear Child, answer this thought, if you disapprove it; and in case you do not give my brother directions how to execute it properly out of hand, I shall be impatient for your answer, which shall determine me how to act.'

Walpole was not shocked at the idea of bribing a Minister with the silver coffee-pot he had given to Mann, he only thought it would be fruitless, and that the Minister could not be deceived by the lie that was to make it pass for the workmanship of Cellini or Giovanni di Bologna.—'In the first place,' wrote Walpole, January 6th, 1743, 'I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents; and should think he would rather be affronted. In the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has of the finest wrought plates. Why, he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any side-board of the Arabian Tales; and as for Benvenuto Cellini, if the Duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived. Lastly, as there has been no talk of alterations in the foreign ministers, why should you be apprehensive?'

But, if a Secretary of State was not to be bribed, the Secretary's secretary might be. 'As to Stone,' (says Walpole) 'if anything was done, to be sure it should be to him, though I really can't advise even that: by no means think of the Duke.'

CHAPTER VI.

1743.

January 1*st.*—'Our Carnival began last Wednesday with the very worst Opera in the Via della Pergola that ever was heard. "Andromache" is its name, personated by the Bagnolese in a black velvet gown covered with bugles. Andriani is our first man, very bad in my opinion; all the rest are worse still. The second night, they took but 17 tickets at the door, though Ridolfi undertook this on condition there should be no other Opera in the town, which was granted; so that in the Via del Cucumero, there is a most horrid representation of "Agamemnon" in prose! Judge what it can be by people who never acted before in their lives. The translation is abominable, and indeed the story so old and out of fashion that one can't bear it. Lady Walpole was a great promoter of these tragedies, where, she says, noble sentiments are not disguised by horrid musick! 'tis such affectation that makes one sick.

'The weather is colder than ever I knew; though I write by the fire-side I am so benumbed that I can hardly form any letters; 'tis incredible what one suffers abroad at nights, tho' my box, the famous one

of Count Richecourt, is so lined and matted that no air can penetrate but from the front.'

January 6th.—'My constant attendance upon, first Mr. Chute and then Mr. Whithed, who have been ill of the common fever, prevented me writing to you by the last post. It's quite shocking to hear how many people are ill of this disorder all over Italy; many dye; a person who returned a few days ago with Ginori, from Vienna, died twenty four hours after. The poor sickly Countess Guicciardini went off yesterday. The Count must marry again, having no Heir to a very great Estate which, otherwise, goes to the Certosi. We want him much to take the Teresina, who is as likely as any girl in Florence to bring him an heir in nine months; neither would we have him observe the common rules of decency, as the Vittorina, her sister, is in great haste to be married. Marquis Malinari of Milan, a young man of 18, almost as big as Sinisani, has made his addresses to the latter for some time, and has declared that he will never marry any one else; he is said to have of his own 18 thousand zecchins a year. His uncle is Vice-Legate of Bologna, and very rich too, which must in the end come to Vittorina's children. Things are so forward that Madame Suares tells me, they waited only for the last answer from the Legate to conclude and consummate in this very Carnival; but then again they are all melancholy about the poor disconsolate Teresina, who bears it extreme well, but has once declared she will go into a convent, though they are in hopes it was only a little melancholly passing thought. The Brother's answer and consent ought to have been here

some time ago, and I must own I do not like the delay. It looks as if somebody had been busy to prevent it, but the excuse is, the Vice-Legate being ill.

'The Electress is much out of order again. She has a fever with an oppression upon her breast, and a sore leg. People don't seem to apprehend her to be in any immediate danger, but as she is of late so much decayed, many fear she won't get on this winter. She has been a good deal touched with the news of the death of the Elector Palatine, which was announced to her two days ago, not for any love she had for him, but by the reflection, I suppose, that an Electress may dye too. The Emperor is said to be very ill with a *Goute remontée* and the stone. What alterations his death would make! I fancy, France, at present, would hardly make a second Emperor.

'I have not been at any of the Theaters all this week, but they tell me they are totally deserted. The Via della Pergola took five tickets last night. Masks begin to go about the strects in the afternoon, but no permission for their admittance into the Theaters, nor like to be. The Count doesn't like Rudolfi ever since the affair of my box, and the depriving him of masks is the most essential way to mortify him and chastize his purse; besides, they would not now disoblige the Electress, who will be most extraordinarily devout. Ginori brought her a present from the Queen of Hungary of a large pocket bottle for Hungary water, of lapis Lazuoli, adorned with jewels; the outer case was varnish of the Queen's own doing.

'. . . I have had a little return of my fever, but am now totally well again, and have got over it with-

out bleeding, by resolving so to do; as such an operation weakens me immoderately. General Braitwitz is in a bad way with this universal fever; he returned from Leghorn on Saturday night at two hours, and has been very ill ever since. . . . Mr. Chute and Whithed are just come in. I had not seen them for three days, as the weather was too bad for them to come out after their disorder, and I not well enough to go to them. It is a monstrous sickly time; half the town has fever.'

January 7th.—'I caught my indisposition by a debauch with Madame Sarasin, and over fatigue. The poor devil whom everybody abandons, has no resource but in us; the moment we enter Prince Craon's, she seizes us for a bit of Quadrille Mediateur, which she sees playing all round the room without being admitted into any *partie*. In short, she lost vastly, and would play it out after supper, so we sat till 8 hours; it was the first time I had been there in a fortnight, and was the last that I will stay supper this winter; we are so much better at home, so warm and comfortable, such good apples, and so little to eat that one's sure of not being ill. The Chutes are quite of my mind; though he, poor thing, eats nothing but milk to keep the gout under.'

'. . . Viviani, who escaped to the Spaniards as soon as they came into Italy, on a full persuasion that they were to be masters of Tuscany, has been some time at Madrid, where he has had the honour to be Italian master to Don Louis and his sisters, and has made great interest to be appointed the King of Spain's minister to the Great Duke, being fearful

to return without a character to protect him, but has not been able to obtain it, so remains in Spain still.'

January 7th.—'Two of our young nobles, Marquis Bagnesi and Strozzi, have fought a duel about a debt of fifteen shillings. The latter, the creditor and occasion of the fight, behaved ill; indeed he did not think it would go so far, and when called upon by the former, said, the affair was settled by his having applied to his father, to which Bagnesi replied, "I may ask my father's blessing, but not his counsel on an affair of honour," so that he forced his antagonist to draw, which he did, but instead of passing or defending himself, he waved his sword in the air, and wheeled about so often that his back was as often turned round towards Bagnesi as his face. Lucky for him if he had stuck to this way, by which he might have come off with a prick in his noble hinder part, instead of a cut in his lip which has divided it. This was done by accident in the scuffling when Bagnesi wrested the sword out of his hand. It was immediately sewed up, but as often breaks out as he attempts to speak, to recount his bravery.

'Our Opera is as unfrequented as your's can be, and Iphigenia, in the little house, totally abandoned. The Bagnolesi is highly offended with the town for not liking her, and, what both Ridolfi and she piqued themselves upon, her cloathes; to ridicule which, a great *Beffana*, on Epiphany Day, dressed exactly like her, was carried all over the town with a concert of horns. You must remember what an abominable noise there is here on that day. The Electress chose that day to go out for the first time after her confinement, and told

Prince Craon that the *Beffane* all went abroad on that day.

'I have been interrupted by the receipt of a letter from the Prince, to tell me that he is under the most pressing necessity for 200 zecchini, and he so conjured me to lend him that sum, that though I had it not, I could not say no! Mr. Whithed has very kindly furnished me with it. The prince talks in his letter of pawning his jewels and plate. I am afraid a great part must be sold to pay off his debts. I am sorry for him, but 'tis cruel to put one to such inconveniences.'

January 29th.—'Everybody's curiosity is carried to the highest degree, and all arts put in practice to discover who a great person is who is supposed to be on board a man-of-war at Leghorn, which furnishes great speculation for the Politicians there. Four persons are named for the stranger,—the King of Sardinia, King Theodore, Admiral Matthews, and who do you think else? why, Sir Robert Walpole! and do you know that many for a while seemed persuaded of it? The second, however, is generally believed to be the person. His Corsican subjects at Leghorn make no secret of owning that they have expected him above a month, and among our folks at Leghorn, the secret I believe has been ill kept, though most religiously from me. Our Consul' (Goldworthy) 'seems to have hugged himself with it, and to have indulged the pleasure many have alone in knowing a secret, that of telling it, though in great confidence, to everybody. . . . 'Tis undoubtedly his Corsican Majesty, whose affairs I greatly fear may suffer by being discovered. Don't mention it, my dear, however, in England, as it would

be known to come from me. There was not an English Giovanni di Barco to whom it was not whispered, but such art used by Goldworthy to conceal it from me, that was quite impertinent.

'The epidemic colds encrease much; poor Rosso Strozzi died of one, two days ago. The instant he was taken ill, he was persuaded he should dye, and refused to see anybody; even my neighbour, Anna Frescobaldi, his Cicisbea of 30 years standing was forbid. He was so poor (chiefly by mismanagement, for he had 5000 crowns a year) that during his illness, his servants were forced to send to his acquaintance, for shirts and sheets for him to change. Every creature is sorry for his death, except his Heirs and his horses. Of the latter, he had always a great many in his stables, but seldom anything for them to eat. They now will probably fall into hands that will feed them. The former, very distant relations (for the great branch of the great Strozzi family is now extinct) will inherit near a hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and the poor creature managed so ill, that litteraly, in his great house and appearance of so much state, was starving. A great employment or office is by his death become vacant at our Court, that of Great Master of the Ceremonies, and Introductor of Ambassadors. I don't hear who is talked of for it, but I intend to recommend Nunziato Baldocci who was his deputy. That poor creature was here some nights ago; somebody was talking of Montemar, and said he always carried Cæsar in his pocket, as a model of everything great in the military way. Nunziato did not comprehend anything of this, and in the

greatest surprize, said, "Come, come! Cesare in tasca! Come, mai, Cesare in tasca?" thinking even a bust of him would have been a troublesome pocket-piece! Everybody was highly entertained with his mistake, and more at his astonishment when he found that "Cæsar" was *a book!*'

February 12th.—'We have strange melancholly doings here. Everybody is ill of the *Influenza*, and many dye, particularly among the poor people. Of the rich, or rather *nobile*, we lost in the last week, the Abbé Capponi who lived with the eldest Pandolfini, the promoter of all musical matters, and Count Pecori, my next door neighbour, the unkle of the young Count, Cicisbeo to the Pepi, who, last summer married Leopolda Peruzzi, out of spite to his nephew; she is pittied by everybody. The Conderoli at Rome dye a-pace—Pieri, Guadici, and Corradine went off lately. Many others are in an excessive tottering condition.

'A courier passed by yesterday, for Rome, with the news of the death of Arch-Cardinal Fleuri, so that there are 22 hats vacant. The latter can be, I suppose, of little consequence now; had he dyed a few years ago, it had been happy for many, but he lived to do all the mischief possible. Could he have attoned for it here below it would have been right, for it's difficult to guess how mortal transactions are understood out of mortal latitudes. I make no doubt but Tencin will work himself into his master's favour, notwithstanding his (the King's) declaration that his late nurse shall have no successor. If that should happen both his head and heart are capable of much mischief, and woe be to us as far as it may be in his

power to hurt us. Much caballing has been observed at Rome in proportion as the Cardinal drew near his end. Tencin is supposed to promise great matters to his Protector, whom he will now protect.

'I told you in my last, Theodore was come on the stage again; he set out to take possession of his throne about a week ago. He sent me the Edict that was to be published. . . . We have heard nothing of him since his departure.'

February 18th.—'All our jollity is at an end, our Carnival overset and all the masking schemes disappointed; the Electress died about an hour ago; the poor remains of the Medici is soon to join her ancestors,—I mean in the Chappel of Michel Angelo. The common people are convinced she went off in a hurricane of wind; a most violent one began this morning and lasted for about two hours, and now the sun shines as bright as ever, this is proof; besides for a stronger, just the same thing happened when John Gaston (Medici) went off. Nothing can destroy this opinion which people think they have been eye-witnesses to. All the town is in tears, many with great reason, for the loss of her; it is very visible, however, it would have affected many much less, had she staid till the beginning of Lent. Nobody apprehended she was so near her end; her courtiers were last night at the Opera. In the night she grew bad; this morning at 16 took the sacrament and an hour after had the extreme unction. I am really sorry for the country; there will be no more disputes about the Jewels; nor will the Great Duke have anybody to dispute with him about anything he likes to do;

what that will be everybody is impatient to see. Prince Ottavo de' Medici was likewise at the point of death, by the last accounts from Leghorn, where he had accompanied the Sani who was his favourite, and the first singer in that Opera. The death of the Electress employs the discourse of the whole town; it has made us forget the Spaniards, but they who remember them think it is most fortunate they have been routed before the other happened, and 'tis hoped they are not in a condition to come here to make good their pretensions to her great inheritance. The instant she expired, the gates of the town were shut and not a creature permitted to go out, so that many hundred people from the country were obliged to stay in Florence all last night, even the french courier was not permitted to go. These precautions were interpreted that the Spaniards might not be apprised of it. The guards were tripled in and about the palace, and last night late there was a Council what to do. I can't tell nor have yet heard any particulars about her will.'

February 18*th.*—'I have scratched out the odious name' (Sasso Ferrato on the back of the alleged Domenichino) 'myself, so well that nobody can have the least suspicion; so that on this account you may be quite at peace. Some fools of our country have been lately here, and when they were told to admire it, "O Lord!" said they, "that is a fine picture indeed; I have seen many Italian pictures, but none like that; pray, Sir, what may it be worth?"—"Why, what do you think?"—"Really, Sir, I am no good judge, but I should think at least 5 thousand pounds; for Bri-

gadier Guise has a small fine Italian picture in minature of Carlo Maratti which, he says, cost him 1500 pounds." They dined here yesterday, and I disobliged a Parson violently by not inviting him to say grace. One of 'em being asked to eat beef, replied, "No, Sir, I thank you, I'll take a little of the chicken pye, because it's a greater rarity; indeed it looks pure good." Then I gave them coffy out of your Saxon cups which I was afraid they would break by their wonderfull care to avoid it. The Parson would not go to the Opera, because 'twas Sunday, and must now go to the fleet without hearing any Italian Opera, because there will be no more.'

February 25th.—'I have been assured that there were six authentick copies of the Electress's will, some say more; that one of them was deposited at Rome, and others in different hands; one was delivered to her Executors, who are four Senators, D'Alberazino, Mignati, Compagni, and Queratori, who have yearly pensions assigned them of 120 crowns; all her Courtiers and Servants are to have their salaries for life; to pay which, a considerable sum of money was deposited in the bank of Sta. Maria Nuova, Marquis Rinuncini (the father) has 600 crowns for life, besides which he has a much larger income from a former agreement made with Cardinal Albani, by which the Electress gave up her pretentions to some Church lands in the State of Urbino, in consideration of a yearly pension of about 2000 crowns to her and, after her death, to whom she should name, and this was Rinuncini . . . besides this, he has a considerable legacy of rich furniture; they say, a silver

table, two silver stands, two sconces, and one of those magnificent glasses with a silver frame which you may have seen in her Audience Room. Young Rinuncini has 300 crowns, for life, yearly, and half her china, the other half to Coroni; Tornaquerci, the same pension for life. Marquis Guadagni, 'the Great Master,' Siristori, the father, and Bardi, have all, besides their salaries, very rich presents in silver. Madame Uguccioni's share, 'tis said, will be very great. You know, she was her Great Mistress; she has the *spoglie* of a particular room in which, besides many things of value, were pieces of velvet brocade, linnen etc., etc., to the value of 10,000 crowns; and they talk of a Toilette, partly of gold, all which, the son believes, was purposely put into a large stone box. Her ladies of honour have presents and the usual fortune in case of marriage. I should have mentioned the Great Duke, first, as He is the most considerable gainer by her death. She leaves to him as Great Duke, most of her Jewels, annexing them to those of the State, with which they are to descend; they were valued some time ago at a million and a half of crowns, but it is very probable the Jeweller thought to make his court to her by so high an estimation which in Sterling would be 375 thousand pounds. They were her own wearing Jewels. He is heir to a thousand other things, but what will displease extremely is the naming of a Medici of the Via Larga, her nearest relation, one of whom she took no notice nor acknowledged in her life time; a person very obscure and no more than a Commissary at Prato; to him, as her *piu prossimo Agnato*, she has left in money, 30,000 crowns, and

as people to whom pensions are given, dye off, they are to be given to him, till the sum is made up to 100,000 crowns. The money, in all probability, will not give so much uneasiness as the declaration above, which in times more troublesome would give him pretensions to more. She has left presents in jewels to the Queen of Hungary, Prince Charles, and they say to several Princes of Germany; but the principal legacy is to the Prince of Salzbach, present Elector Palatine, which is very considerable. The Pope is to have a Picture, they say that of Solomeni with the fine silver frame.

'The Count (Richecourt) had a commission (dated 1738) from the Great Duke to act for him, in case of her death, on the strength of which he *would* be present at everything, and sealed up all the doors of her appartments and cabinets, so that nothing is to be done but burying her, till the Great Duke sends orders. . . . Mr. Chute says he is very glad she left him nothing as he should despair of getting it. She was so much set upon finishing the Chappel of St. Laurence, of late years, and has spent such large sums about it, that people were astonished she left nothing for carrying the work on; she only leaves 50 crowns a year for taking care of it, and recommends the finishing of it to the Great Duke. The workmen were all turned off the day after her death. I have been assured that she was at 1000 crowns a week expence on the building. People who pretend to know, assert that for a considerable time past, she has given in charities 1000 zecchins a month, and it is well known, the beginning of her illness, that in one month she distributed

9000 zecchins. I don't hear she has left anything to the poor, for which they are all in despair, and are firmly persuaded that the Devil came for her in the *Temporale* which happened so suddenly at the time of death and ended with it. She certainly did not expect to dye so soon, nor did anybody else. The fryday before the monday she dyed, she was so tollerably well that the Physicians made her encrease her diet, and she told Mgr. Uggucioni that she was perfectly easy. On the sunday night she had a more than usual oppression on her breast, for which they blooded her, and to which many attribute her death. On the monday morning, her Confessor by a stratagem was carried to her, for she would not have him sent for, and about 17 hours, he was bid tell her she must soon dye, to which she answered by asking him with some emotion, "Who told you so?" he said: "her physicians."— "Very well, then let us do what there is to be done; and do it quickly." So they brought her the communion. She afterwards made a Codicile to her will, but could not sign it; but 3 people and a lawyer attached what she ordered. She was sensible to the last, but did not speak for about an hour and a half before she died. Primer Ottavo de' Medici died at Leghorn about 12 hours before her. She had left him a large diamond ring; he is acknowledged in her will, in the 3rd degree of Relation. He always pretended to be the first. The Codicile she made to her will was to give to the present Elector Palatine what she had before left to the late Elector. 'Tis said about the town that there's a legacy for *il Re d'Anghelterra*, but I am afraid it is for one she calls so, at Rome; but I

have not thought proper to make any enquiries for it yet. Her orders were, not to be embalmed, but they were interpreted as being given out of modesty only, and so not complied with. She has lain in state in the great hall of the palace since thursday morning and is to be buried to-night, saturday, of which I'll add more when I have seen it, for which purpose I am going to Madame Suares's with a train of English.

'Sunday morning. There was nothing extraordinary in the funeral last night. All the magnificence consisted in a prodigious number of torches carried by the different orders of priests, the expense of which in lights, they say, amounted to 12 thousand crowns. The body was in a sort of a Coach quite open, with a Canopy over her head; two other coaches followed with her ladies; as soon as the procession was passed by Madame Suares's, I went a back way to St. Laurence where I had been invited by the Master of the Ceremonies; here was nothing very particular but my being placed next to Lady Walpole, who is so angry with me that she would not even give me the opportunity of making her a bow, which for the future, since I see it will be disagreeable to her, I will never offer to do again.

'I was last night at the Princess's for an hour, where I have not been for a month. . . . She was *epuisée* to the greatest degree, having as Madame Sarasin told me "une maladie qui la fait trotter beaucoup." . . . Her enquiries after you were infinitely great in proportion to her strength. By degrees, I got out of the Prince, a certainty about the legacy I mentioned for *il Ré*, 'tis as I expected, but mind with what delicacy

and circumspection—a Ring—"for the Prince, son of King James the Second of England." '

March 5th.—'Whether the greatest part of the will will ever be executed we are still to learn, everything being suspended till the arrival of orders from Vienna. Some people have taken great liberties about the matter, supposing the value of the legacies being an impediment to their being complied with. Others, Richecourt, etc., pretend to have discovered by great calculation that, after all is complied with, the person who ought to have inherited all, will have but nineteen crowns a year left; but everybody does not allow this calculation to be just, and pretend to prove by what is visible in the publick funds here, that in money there alone, she had near two millions, and that the legacies in money are very inconsiderable in proportion. That to her Agnato, in money, jewels, and plate, will amount, they say, to 150,000 crowns.

'What unaccountable people these Medici have been. The Electress acknowledges her Relations after her death, and Princess Eleanora's children are her husband's!

'We should have more amusement during Lent than we had in the Carnival. Filippo Medici, who was almost ruined by his cousin's death, being Impresario for the little Theatre, has now begun an Accademia in a large room close to it, where I find it will be greatly the fashion to go. He said publickly there on Monday night: "The Electress hated masks so heartily that she died on purpose to put a stop to them!" and afterwards,—"By such a step she found the only means to make the House of Medici weep!"—

It was vastly applauded, but you must know he is not the least related to her family. . . . Everything goes on as usual except that Prince Craon shuns me now I am his creditor.'

March 12*th.*—'Instead of notice to go into mourning for the Electress, I have received a notice from Nunziato Balducci (deputy to Resso Strozzi) that here is to be Gala to-morrow for the Arch-Duke's birthday.'

March 12*th.*—'Your Princess Elisabetta's brother, Gigi, has fought with a Lorraine officer; the latter was the aggressor. They both behaved well. Gigi was wounded . . . and the sword then pierced his thigh. He bled much but would not leave off, it being said that his own blood could not wash out the affront he had received, so fought on till he had wounded his adversary in the hand; then, there being blood on both sides, they kissed and went home to bed, where Gigi remains still under the surgeon's hands.'

March 12*th.*—'Cardinal Colonna died suddenly last week. His death makes a vacancy of 24 Hats. People are extreme angry the Pope won't make a promotion, as 24 little courts are suppressed at Rome, to the great prejudice of many that want to be employed in them.'

March 12*th.*—'Ginori has pressed me much to write to you about some tea seed which he hears, is to be procured in England, and he believes in the Botanick Gardens at Chelsea. If you could get a small quantity of it pray send it me with directions about planting it, or any other curious Exotick. He is mad after these things, has a place tollerably well furnished with

them and is at great expence in raising them as well as his China. He talks to me much about Cobolt and Zingho (*sic*) two minerals which, he says, are found in England, and which would be vastly useful to him in composing the colours for the painting his China. He will make me a present of some with my arms. How it will turn out I can't tell, for I have seen none very good yet, except the miniature painting on it which is extreme good. He has all sorts of workmen from Saxony.'

March 19th.—'The Mystery' (King Theodore of Corsica) 'has come to Florence. I had a mysterious conference with it, last night. The Chutes were shut into the other apartment for four hours, and I am going to it, in a cloak, on foot, whilst they go to the Accademy, as soon as it is dark.'

'Monday morning: I was last night for four hours in private with this Ghost. Did you hear that it was uncle to Lady Yarmouth? It has talked to me of all its adventures, and strange they are. Lord Carteret is his great friend, but Lord Orford, he says, was the most attached to him, and interested for the sake of his affairs. You might tell him these things and know how far he concerned himself in them. I am quite at a loss how to behave, as I have had no orders at all. I wrote to Lord Carteret, to inclose a letter from the Mystery, (which call in your list, 20, and its tomb (Corsica-*Siracoc*,) 60. We studied together the science of Gatimoncilia and travelled so far in the *pais des desirs* that you will soon be *au fait* of *Siracoc*. The affair seems to have been mismanaged by the underlings of the Fleet, if it be true that the

King, Lord Carteret, and the Duke of Newcastle gave such possitive orders about it. Il Furibondo has been wrote to again, but in the mean time, King Theodore is upon our hands, and we are equally embroiled as there is nothing can be kept secret. Strange complaints from him of my neighbour Goldworthy,—his (Theodore's) letters opened, others detained, etc. I am quite sorry. I don't know how far the English Court is engaged in all these matters.'

March 19th.—'I must tell you our feats at sea. You may have heard there was a large Spanish ship, the St. Isidore, disabled in a Port in Corsica, on which we have had an eye for a long time, and it was doomed to be destroyed. A little time ago four ships and a fire ship were sent thither for that purpose. The Captain of the St. Isidore, seeing there was no redemption, saved our folks the trouble of destroying her, he first fired all his guns against our ships and then set fire to all the combustible matter he had prepared, which in a very short time made her sink so suddenly that 72 Spaniards were burnt or drowned. Two men on board the Revenge lost each an arm. At the same time we heard about this we were likewise informed that one of our ships which cruize about Genoa, took the felucca which was crossing over with the standards and the half kettle drums that the Spaniards picked up in the late engagement, and which were carrying to Spain as trophies of what they call their victory at Buon Porto.'

March 19th.—'My brother writes me word, our father is as well as ever, so I find he will not be our father which art in Heaven. My letter, which you

saw, produced the effect I foresaw, a most violent fit of passion and abuse; he has never made me any answer, so I find he has quite abandoned me. I have wrote to my mother too, but have had no reply. Amongst much nonsense he talked to Gal in the utmost rage, there was this, "that he could not, nor would, allow me more than he did!" Anybody would be surprised to hear after this, that he literally allows me nothing!'

March 19th.—'Jesus! a fourth letter from Theodore. He makes me quite wild as I cannot make anything out of his matters, knowing nothing but what he tells me. He is visionary to the last degree. I want to get him away, as I think him in infinite danger. I am to go again to him as soon as it's dark, with a cloak and a dark lanthorn. I am not used to it, and by no means approve of it.'

March 26th.—'King Theodore is still here, but I have left off seeing him as I don't hear or approve of the thing, and then my going might be a means of discovering his local existence, which is the only secret now. I confess to you I should be glad of his success, but then I am too delicate to wish England accessory to it. It would be no credit or honour, nay I believe quire the reverse. He told me an odd thing which would justify the great intimacy he pretends to have with Lord Carteret. He says, Lord Carteret told him that Lady Walpole applied to one of Hanover about the King to induce the King to pity her. . . . I was surprised to hear him talk of these things, and I cut him short by telling him that I knew nothing of them, but was well persuaded the King was too just

to intermeddle in private affairs. The circumstantial manner in which he speaks of them would almost persuade me that some part is true.'

March 26th.—'Tis wonderful how void Admiral Matthews is of common sense, good manners, or knowledge of the world. He understands nothing but *yes* and *no*, and knows no medium. His treatment of the King of Naples is not justifiable; the end might have been brought about full as well with a proper decency, but nothing can exceed his repeated ill-mannerly threats, after. Would it not have been better, to have had some discreet person go and deliver a civil message; the request was reasonable and must have been granted, and so there would have been an end. He owns in his last to me that he has had no order for any thing since the first message, and I believe is sorry for what he has done. I am sorry to hear the English spoke of with such disrespect. I own he has given cause,—"There is nothing we may not expect from him after the affair at Marciana!"—say the Italians. It was indeed cruel and barbarous to the highest degree, and I am sure could not be approved of; what provokes me strangely is that people won't distinguish between *fish* and *flesh*. The next age will, it is to be hoped, produce more genteel porpusses. . . . Matthews has sent me a ridiculous note wrote by the claw of a great lobster, by way of thanks for a present I sent of some Cedrati and Marzolini cheeses, which are more delicate than our cream cheeses in England: "I am much oblig'd to you for you^r^ kinde present; the sweetmeats is good; so sayes sume of my Gentlm^n^ is y^e^ cheeses; but its to

good for me; I love nothing after y^e^ French fashion." Is not this charming.'

March 28th.—'Princess Craon on Saturday last received great honours in the sight of Angels and Men. She represented the Great Dutchess in the ceremony of the *Dota*. She walked in procession, from the Nunciata to St. Lorenzo, in a high court dress, with a violent train carried by her page, and had 50 *Dame* to attend her; an attelage of the Great Duke with 8 servants in his livery, and another of her own with as many more. This ceremony is now assigned to the Princess only, with which she has great comfort.'

March 26th.—'Giovanaro has quite abandoned the Vitelli, and nobody supplies his place; they say he now thinks of matrimony, and has favourable thoughts of the Teresina. She has refused two or three, because they were piu vecchio del Signor Padre. I think she was vastly in the right; the Vittorina's affair is still depending.'

April 2nd.—'Sturgiss is in a very declining way . . . he has been in a sort of despair; and within these three weeks has refused to see anybody, and if he had, they say would have frightened them, he was so worn and yellow with the jaundice. It is believed he will not live till night. I can assure you, my lady won't be sorry for it; she has long since been tired of him. I am afraid she will send to me to bury him . . . Strange new English creatures came to be carried to the concert. I planted them the moment I had introduced them. Nothing was talked of there, but Sturgiss's death, for which nobody can give any account

but despair. None of the family or Pasquale the Physician thought him in immediate danger two days before. My lady was touched by this last action (his death) though nothing he had done some years before ever moved her. He is to be sent to Leghorn to-night.'

April 2nd.—'The Pope is enraged to the highest degree, threatens to excommunicate and play the Devil, he must however have patience and provide for two armies.'

April 2nd.—'We hear Vanneschi is dead. Bonducci heard he had succeeded well in England, made Operas, cheated Lord Middlesex, changed his religion, and married a Dama. He desires me to recommend him to you as his successor. I fancy he would turn his hand to all, and he depends much on your recommendation. Pertici the Buffo man and his companion the *Tinca nera* want sadly to perform in England. They were last year in treaty by means of Smith at Venise, but were engaged. He tells me he has heard that a word to you in their favour would bring it about, and he hoped you was his friend, for you laughed prodigiously at him when he acted his burletta. I am afraid this sort of amusement would not do in England where the language is so little understood and in which the only beauty is the *frizzo* (the smart wit). Perhaps however some of our youngsters who never offered to speak Italian in Italy, would feel an hundred beauties in that unintelligibility.'

May 21st.—'To-morrow I am to have company at dinner, nay, the whole day, to see a great function from my garden windows. . . . In the beginning of the

winter a very troublesome neighbour of mine died of a cracked constitution, and particularly of a hoarseness; —at which I and all my neighbours rejoiced much, not foreseeing that his appartment would be filled by a much more troublesome guest; but so it is that the new comer, though very young, is of a monstrous size, and is to be installed to-morrow with great pomp, at which the Archbishop and many holy folks are to be present to give their benediction; after which he will have a free licence to make noise enough to stun us. In short, a new saint bell is to be hung up, 500 pound bigger than his predecessor. The Christening is to be performed with great ceremony, for which preparations are making in my neighbour's garden, and many engines to raise him.'

May. . . . —'Il Furibondo has again broke out and has put all his underlings in the greatest agitation because nothing is the matter. He is not more instructed from home than I am, or less embroiled. Such unheard of things are daily done by the fleet that do great discredit to England, and would make you wild as a spectator only. . . . It is equally feared by friends and foes. . . . A certain Hero in his cups owned that now was the time, and that everything that could come within his long reach, he looked upon as Spanish.'

'I have King Theodore still to deal with and to comfort in his disappointment. He writes me volumes every hour in the day and most unluckily in such a character, that there is no such thing as decyphering his letters or even knowing what to say to him. Lord Carteret and the Duke of Newcastle have never answered me about him.'

May. . . . —'The two minerals I mentioned are Cobolt and Zingho. Ginori tells me they are common in England. Gal made me laugh. I mentioned them to him and he takes them for mineral waters! The minerals are to make colours for the painting Ginori's china.

'. . . I have poor mad Mr. St. John on my back, who writes me volumes and communicates to me his infinite long letters in Latin to his Confessor: nothing can be so rediculous.'

May 21*st*—'The Dutchess of Modena passed through Florence last thursday in the most shabby equipage I ever saw. She would not accept of any of the horses or coaches that were offered her, nor pass by without taking the benefit of a sight of the holy picture at the Anunciata which was uncovered for her, as for all Princes.

'The Regency, my brother of France' (Count Lorenzi, French Ambassador) 'and myself had the honour of dining with her at the Casa Craon. Mme. de Craon did the honours and extremely well, though nothing but a Princess de Sang and a Cousine could have drawn her from the darkness she had been buried in for a long time on account of her eyes, which cannot bear light; which, on account of what she suffered that day, has ever since been excluded her appartment; nay, the one candle that is suffered to come in at 24 hours, is covered with a Fanale with a green shirt on. She has quitted her mourning because of her eyes, and took to a white gown; but being told by a mathematician that according to Sir Isaack Newton white is the most offensive to the sight, she has taken a gay

flowered gown with a blue ground, and told me when I wondered to see her so fine, "Hélas, Monsieur, c'est l'unique Robe que j'ay pour le soulagement de mes yeux." I am quite a favourite at present, which I am become by means of an *attention* of a Barril of small Beer which I have procured for her from the fleet.'

June 11*th.*—On the occasion of a display of fireworks in honour of some grand state ceremony, Mann had his house full of visitors. 'It was a cruel day for me,' he says, 'I was forced to entertain Mrs. Bosvillè who has spent all her life in York, and is extreme insipid; her husband is worse. I know nothing of him but that he has the meanest look and is one of the greatest fools I ever saw. She is daughter to Sir William Wentworth, and neice to the Jamaica General. Most of our fashionable travellers bring us to shame; no language, no address, 'tis horrible, and I am on such a foot with Madame Suares that I can't consign them over to Her.'

June 25*th.*—'I have not recovered the fatigue of yesterday' (the festival of St. John, patron of Florence). 'Out of civility to my English lady, I went early to see the function upon the Place, which every year grows worse. Even the Senators, whom most despise, begin to neglect this ceremony of St. John. There were but few present. All the English and Suareses dined with me afterwards, then the Paglio, and from thence to a very good *conversation* at Vernacci's; he is Cicisbeo to Madame Niccolini, who serves the Roman Lady Soderini; nobody serves Mrs. Bosville but poor Bistino. There's a sort of swaggering Captain from the Fleet who lives in the

same apartment, nay, in their closet, to avoid the expense of another room. . . . The husband is the worst of strange creatures. He saw the figure drest up to represent Siena, in the homage yesterday, and because it was old red velvet, he asked in the greatest eagerness, "'deed sir, pray what's that man? doesn't he represent the Pope?"—"Good sir, how came you to fancy the Pope paid homage to the Great Duke?"—"Why, sir, I have heard say he was of a Florentine family; and then, you see, that figure drest in old red velvet."'

July 9th.—'Our English lady brings us strangely to shame. She has fallen in love with a purser of a ship, whom the country has found out not to be a Cavaliere. They translate it "Un provisionaro d'una nave." "Poor Nikin," her husband, answered a person who asked him if he had any children: "Oh, no, sir! If I had I shouldn't have been here."'

In the summer of this year, Messina was stricken by the plague. So swiftly fatal was the blow, that, in a short time, thousands of victims perished. All Italy took fright and became cruel. Refugees from Sicily were driven from the ports at which they attempted to land, and they died abandoned on the open seas. Sovereign princes shut themselves up and forbade access not merely to their own persons but to their States. The King of Naples defended himself from infection by prohibiting all intercourse with his Sicilian subjects on one side, and by forbidding any approach to intimacy offered by the Pope on the other. The Holy Father, in his turn, drew a cordon round his dominions, and denounced all attempt on the part

of Naples and even Tuscany to break through it. Each sovereign fraction of Italy banished all the other fractions. Isolation was held to be the specific cure for the scourge; but great was the horror of all Italians when it was known that the English war ships went from port to port, sent men ashore whenever anything was wanted from the land, visited Sicilian as well as other barks, and disregarded all regulations laid down by the authorities. The English crews do not seem to have been any the worse for their high-handed proceedings, but when cases of plague were reported to have occurred in various parts of Italy, blame was laid on all the English fleet; and Florence, dreading a mortal visitation like that which had swept almost the entire life out of Messina, and had been nearly as destructive at Palermo, fell into a hysterical panic, and into this method of providing safety.

July 23rd.—'The government has cut off all communication with Naples and like wise with Rome . . . . A cordon is planted all along the borders of Tuscany with the Pope's states, and barriers are fixed up to stop folks and goods, the first for 15, the latter 21 days . . . both states have banish'd each other. The sickness had certainly got into Calabria, but they say it is absolutely extinct by burning the houses where the poor people had taken refuge. Three of our gates are to be shut, and at each of the others, a Cavaliere is to be placed constantly to examine Bills of Health and passports. The whole Nobility is to take their turn; this was determined a week ago, but not yet executed, because here is no wood in the magazines to

build the *Casotti.* I declare to you, Prince Craon told me so yesterday. The Lorrainers sold everything they could lay hold on, some years ago; old boards, kitchen ware, linnen, etc., and all the vinegar that used to be rigorously kept for fear of a plague,—now, there's none in the country.'

July 27th.—'I must tell you an instance of the weight Lady Walpole has over one who outweighs all the rest of this Goverment. A Quack Oculist came here with a letter of recomendation to my good Lady. He practiced much during his stay, and had as great attendance as Taylor in England, but performed no one cure except couching, which he did with great dexterity, but instead of curing the disorders in the Eyes, he absolutely blinded above fifty people, and yet my Lady induced some folks to give him a medal, worth 100 zecchini, in the name of the Great Duke, for curing so many of his poor subjects. The medal was made on purpose, the Great Duke's head on one side; on the other his whole person on horseback, entering through his arch.'

August 6th.—'The Admiral' (Matthews) 'has intercepted a French courier and took from him all the Pretender's letters; these were in such cypher as puzzled the Admiral's comprehension; so he sent them, *tale quale,* to Hanover.

'Our victory at Dettingen was made as little as possible of by Austro-Florentines. Though they cannot deny that the English behaved with great bravery, they add that they were totally without discipline, and must have been all ruined had it not been for the Austrians . . . All the Gazettes represent

the English army telling the officers that, if they were cowards and afraid to lead them on, they would command themselves, and fight without them. Is not this most piteous?'

December 10*th.*—'Madame Griffoni has a mind to renew a correspondence with you. . . . She designs to send you some Tuscan wine, hams and Marzolini cheeses; all eatables and drinkables which you would not have thought worthy the care of your housekeeper or Butler; here, such a present is esteemed among themselves, because the materials can be sent to market the next morning, to be turned into Scudis and Testons.'

December 17*th.*—'The love affair with my neighbour and the Marchese goes on wonderfully well, and with a profusion of presents. She was here t'other evening with a *finimento* of Smeraldi and Diamonds to the value of 1500 crowns, of which and the Donor she is so fond that it is the diversion of the whole town. Some days ago, she was making excuses to me for not coming as often as she thought I expected her. She said she dreaded conducting him through the two courts after having been long in so warm a room "for, *caro*, you see how very very old he is, and there is much to fear; and besides since I have taken this trouble upon me, I wish to come out of it with honour." This speech was pronounced in the presence of all her servants! Is it not comfortable in one's old age, to have so careful a nurse?'

December 31*st.*—'Great dissentions in Casa Craon, and poor Madame Sarasin is the victim. She has been turned out, and is preparing to go to Lorraine,

to live with her daughter; poor creature! she has not above £50 a year, and will be obliged to comb her wigs herself; and can have nothing for Quadrille. The only reason given for her disgrace is that the Princess was *trop fatiguée de ses complimens!'* The poor old lady had previously been prohibited from playing at cards with the Princess's guests. Walpole alluded to her in a letter to Mann, comparing with her an awkwardly bewigged old English lady:—'so like old Sarasin at two in the morning when she has been losing at Pharaoh and clawed her wig aside, and her old trunk is shaded with the venerable white ivy of her own locks.'

CHAPTER VII.

1744.

MANN began the year in a serious spirit, but it was suddenly disturbed by a clap of thunder, which is thus recorded :—

January 21*st*.—'I have been interrupted by a violent alarm. The Queen of Hungary's man at Rome has sent a person on purpose in the greatest hurry to tell me that the Pretender's eldest son was departed in order to go with the French fleet "to make a visit to Miss North and Grey" (Scotland). All the circumstances of this jaunt and his companion, the dress and hour was mentioned; but I was determined before I made any use of this notice to wait a few hours for the receit of my own accounts; they are come, but don't agree at all with the message, therefore I will run no risk of a false alarm to the King, which might be of much worse consequence than the delay of a few days can be. I have taken such measures that I cannot fail of knowing the truth soon.'

January 22*nd*.—'The Pretender's eldest son is departed from Rome, the notice of which has been sent to me by two Expresses from thence; he is said to travel in the habit and with the arms of a Nea-

politan courier. I can't doubt of the truth of this information, therefore have not hesitated to despatch it to England where, I suppose, it will make a great noise. It is said he is to go on board the Brest fleet, and so make a descent in Scotland. As to their views, I think it must be uncertain.'

January 28th.—'You would be surprised to see the infinite details of the stratagems that were practised to conceal his departure, in which Cardinal Acquaviva and Tencin, the nephew, had the chief management; they all set out for Cisterna as usual to hunt; when he was out of the gates of the town, which were opened for him at 10 hours, he with great instance desired the Gentleman who was to take care of him to let him ride because he wanted to be at Cisterna sooner; this was refused him for some time with an appearance of obstinacy; so soon as he was on horseback, he rode off and turned out of the road, where he changed his Cloaths for those of a Spanish courier, with a great cap that covered almost his whole face. In this way he went to Acquaviva's country house, where two post-horses were ready as for a Spanish officer and courier. His brother who set out later, went on to Cisterna, and received a message that the "Elder had fallen from his horse and had been obliged to stop at Albano, having hurt his leg, of which none of the company was to take any notice, or write it to Rome, for fear of alarming the father." On the contrary, the Duke Gaetano, whose house they were at, was desired to write frequently, that they were well and had great diversion of hunting; the messenger was charged to ask for two shirts

to carry to Albano, assuring the Company the hurt was so small that he would be able to be with them in a day or two; in this manner everybody was amused. Cardinal Acquaviva had previously obtained two passports to pass the cross-roads of Tuscany in the name of a Spanish officer; and it is pretended he had a passport with Lord Carteret's hand falsified, to be made use of in his passage by sea, in case of need. . . . Some say that he is to go to Brest and on board the squadron, thence to make a descent in Scotland; others, that he is to go directly to Paris and to serve in the next campaign; some think he is to marry a Daughter of France, others, that the Princess of Modena, now in Paris, is to be his wife. I should rather believe the Duke of Modena would accept him for his son in law, than that the French King would.

'His appearance in the world will undoubtedly occasion a great alarm in England, though it must end in nothing, for it is not to be supposed that there is any considerable of people (*sic*) either in England or in Scotland, so mad as to espouse so foolish a cause. This inconvenience there will always be, that it will revive a party that was almost forgot. Cardinal Tencin has certainly been the chief promoter of this project, to show his zeal to his benefactor, and perhaps he persuaded his master that this step will draw off the King's attention from the affairs he is engaged in.'

. . . 'The Young Pretender arrived the 22nd, at Antibes, after remaining six days at Savona, on account of the bad weather. They say he was violently alarmed at Antibes, where he was not immediately

admitted. At the same time an English sloop put in there for provisions, with which he was afraid of being carried off. His last letter to his father was of the 22nd.'

March 17th.—'I was in pain for the appearance of the Brest Squadron, on the Jacobites bragging so much of what was to happen; all the Italian newspapers say that the French had been invited by the Catholicks of Scotland and Ireland. By all accounts this seems to be a scheme of Tencin, exclusive of all the other ministers. M. Amelot wrote to Count Lorenzi that *nous n'etions pas prevenus* of the arrival of that Boy, and that he believed his view could only be to make campaign with Don Philip. They say M. D'Argenson, as soon as he heard of his arrival, made strong remonstrances to his master of the consquences of it.'

March 31st.—'The Jacobites tell us continually that this young man is by this time in England, of which they expect notice hourly by a courier, and that a general insurrection has appeared in his favour because his proposals are so good; he is to publish a manifest to promise liberty of conscience and all kinds of advantages if they will but have him. Soon after the Boy's departure from Rome, a pompous account of it was printed, composed by Cardinal del Monti and distributed by Murray to all the purple. The author, to show his erudition, draws a paralel between the Boy and Demetrius and addresses it by way of letter to Murray, who answers it and gives an account of the heroic resolution of this young Demetrio to undertake such a journey in spite of all the dangers he knew he must expose himself to; being very much afraid that

the notice would be sent by a courier to Mann, Ministrio Hanoveriano in Firenze, and by him forwarded too soon to Admiral Mathews. Polybius's Demetrius escaped from Rome and took possession of his kingdom; that part of the pamphlet is to be made out in proper time. Other authors have exercised their parts in print.'

April 7th.—'It is asserted that a private Embassy from the Jacobites in England has for some time resided in Paris and encouraged that vile court to undertake the invasion. . . . All the foreign newspapers make their Ministers say that their King entered into it at the request of a very considerable number of both English and Scotch. . . . A courier from France carried the news to the (old) Pretender of the dispersion of the transports and that the whole project was ruined. Bailli Tencin, nephew of the Cardinal, announced it to the Pretender and his other son; the latter fainted away on the recital of it, and the former was struck with a most profound melancholly in which he has remained ever since. I hope to increase it by the notices I shall convey to Rome this evening.'

'I must tell you that the Prince and Princess Craon, who are naturally French in their hearts, had pretended to me to be anxious about the present circumstances and desired to be informed of the news I should receive. I wrote him a letter last night, with the contents of a letter I had received from Mr. Trevor, and afterwards added many circumstances out of those from England, and contrived it so that he should receive it at his Conversation. I concluded by saying, "Je ne puis douter, mon Prince, que vous n'ayez

une vraie joie, en apprenant toutes ces nouvelles; j'en ai á l'exces en vous les communiquant;"—to which, contrary to his usual politeness, he made me no answer in writing; but contented himself by calling my servant and bidding him thank me. I am not surprised; all his family are in the French service, and he so weak as to think his religion obliges him to wish the Pretender's family in England. . . .

'I have used all my endeavours to get authentick copies or accounts of the Indulto or Briefs that the Pope is supposed to have furnished the Pretender's Boy with, but cannot yet succeed. It is not doubted that he furnished him likewise with money, but both with so much secresy that I can say nothing with certainty. I cannot help thinking that some resentment should be shown. It is absurd to say that Religion obliges them to molest the nation's quiet. If they must be our Enemies why should they expect good treatment from a power so superior and capable of chastising them. I would not desire their friendship; that's not worth having, but would insist on their forbearance from insults, or otherwise treat them on the foot of enemies as they declare themselves to us. Is it not intolerable that any sect of people should publickly profess a belief that engages them to occasion the greatest troubles to a great kingdom, and be treated with civility, nay the greatest humanity? We despise the Court of Rome, in England, very justly in one respect, but too much in another. We should consider what weight it's opinions have all over Italy and in most parts of Europe. The very subjects of Princes in alliance with us, of which such numbers

reside at Rome, are by the maxims of that Court, taught publickly to confess what they ought not to own in their own countries, and must do it to advance their fortunes at Rome, till it becomes habitual to them, and so the poison spreads everywhere. The very Ambassadors of those Princes in alliance with the King, when they reside at Rome, are found to adore another in that quality. In short, I think we might, with justice, insist upon a contrary behaviour, and if their principles oblige them to be our enemies, as they are the Turks', that they should expect such treatment as the latter shows *them.*'

April 28th.—'The Pretender's son's people left Rome lately to join him in France, with his Cloathes and Equipage; there were two Gentlemen, Skelton and Stafford; three others they call Ajutanti, two french footmen, a Cook and two under cooks who had with them, besides the above things, a large chest of plate; by all this it seems that he is to stay long in France; some say he is to make the Campaign is Flanders; others, on the Rhine. A third party who think themselves the wisest, are of opinion that he will serve in the army, to make an attempt on his Majesty's Hanoverian dominions; if this be feazible, I should be inclined to be of that opinion. The Abbe Goddard has been forbidden the Pretender's house for exclaiming against the French for not having pursued this scheme first as, it is pretended, they promised. It is certain, the Abbé has orders not to approach the house, nor have Corsini, Acquaviva and others been able to obtain his pardon, being taxed with discussing their secrets, and as unfit to be trusted with them.'

Between watching the Jacobites in Italy, and, in accordance with orders from home leaving him discretionary powers, regulating at times the movements of the English Fleet, which was co-operating against the enemies of Maria Theresa, our minister at Florence became one of the busiest of men, and one of the most important in Italian estimation. 'Hitherto, my dear Child,' he writes, July 16th, 'I am not a bit the fatter for all this, but much poorer, for the Expresses cost money, and my bills are unpaid since the year 1739, when then may I expect those of '44. I begin to despise my little spy Abbé at Rome.'

Pressed for funds, and desirous of making an appearance equal to that of other ministers, Mann took a step in which Walpole's famous coffee-pot once more played a part. 'You must not be angry,' he writes on the 17th July, 'when I tell you I have disposed of your fine coffee-pot, for what it cost, to the Admiral. Some of his captains put me on the head of it, and he wrote to me about it. Indeed, my dear, it was too fine a single piece for me, and I had nothing that was fit to be seen with it. The Chutes and everybody advised me to do it, with a view of making some useful plate, to begin a service. No Consul but has one at present. In every plate and dish I buy, I will write "Ex dono Horatii Walpole," for without that beginning I could never have begun. When I shall be able to end I can't guess; tell me sincerely, if you approve of it, but don't be angry with me. Mr. Fane's plate cost about 600 or 700 pounds, including knives, forks, spoons, salvers, salts, ladles, in short, all small things which I have, so that I have

plates and dishes to buy; *non è poco*, but I may go on by degrees, and creep into a service before I am aware of it; by the help of the pot, I can lay out £200 now; and every inch of lace I might put on coats, I will turn into plates and sauce-boats.'

September 22nd.—In a letter of this date, Mann thus speaks of Il Furibondo's successor in command of the English fleet, Admiral Rowley, whom he had visited at Leghorn:—'We soon contracted an intimacy which I really believe is grown into a friendship; he is a man of extreme good natural parts, vastly mild and humain, and inclined to do obliging things. . . . I was pleased with his first appearance, though I own it struck me with some respect, as in his person he is extremely like my Lord Orford when I saw him last, though I believe the former is now much fatter.' Then follows a curious bit of domestic history:—'After having shown me a thousand civilities, and given me many marks of his confidence, we talked of your family for which he has great Esteem; he asked me if I knew one Mr. Gardiner, a natural relation of yours; he was surprised I did not, and ordered Captain Bockley, with whom he is, to bring him to me. I soon learnt his history, and as I respect his Father, interested myself for him, and desired him to tell me if I could be usefull to him; when he replied that he had heard the regard the Admiral had for me, and desired I would use my interest with him to get him to be a Lieutenant, from which rank they rise, of course. I soon had authority to give him hopes, if my Lord Orford or Lord Walpole would ask it; the Admiral bid me write word that they should not be refused. I told him I

was sure one of them would write, but could wish it might be a letter of thanks rather than one to ask it; he replied that no opportunity offered as yet, and that though the ship he was in was to go home, he should stay behind and not be out of the way of preferment. . . . Pray acquaint them with this, and that nothing will be done without the letter. Mr. Gardiner is vastly esteemed in the fleet; he is very little of his age. I hope my Lord's' (Walpole's) 'heir will be more like a man at 20. . . . I shall be vastly happy if I can be instrumental to this Branch of your family's preferment, since I owe mine and all gratitude to the true one.'

To this proposal for the advancement of Lord Walpole's alleged natural son, Horace Walpole replied by doubting or denying the assumed fact. Mann rejoined:—'You surprise me with the account of young Gardiner. I really took him as my Lord's son;—since the fleet believes it, let that opinion be the cause of making his fortune. If he is not my Lord's son,' says the representative of English majesty, 'I suppose he might have been, so I won't discover him, for it's certain Mr. Rowley only wishes to advance him on that account, having a most sincere regard for your family; therefore send me the letter, and give him an opportunity of showing his attention.' To this extraordinary request, Walpole says in a letter written in the following January: 'I can say nothing more about young Gardiner, but that I don't think my father at all inclined now to have any letter written for him.' It is a fact, however, that Lord Walpole, whilst denying the relationship, had once promised to

write the letter asked for by Mann,—but after reflection, wisely refrained.

October 13th.—'I have made another effort to obtain my great arrears from the time I was Chargé des affaires to the date of my Residentship. . . . I write to His Grace' (the Duke of Newcastle) 'by this post. . . . My request is to have the usual allowance of Chargé des affaires of 40 shillings a day from the time I entered into that appointment (by His Grace's order) to the date of my being sent as a Resident. . . . Then there are 6 quarters extraordinaries, that is to say, for postage of letters, packets, memorials, and stationery ware, for which £100 a quarter is allowed; the first demand is for one year and a half, wanting 5 days, and comes to £1086.' At some length, Mann asks that Lord Orford may be induced to recommend to the Duke the acquitting of the Minister's claim, and he adds; 'If I don't succeed now, I must ever give it over; but I cannot hope my father will act so by me for the debt I contracted with him for his extraordinary supply during that time, for which I shall see a large deduction out of the little share I shall find in his will.'

Admiral Matthews after withdrawing from his command returned to London. Walpole, on the 19th October, writes: 'I have not seen Admiral Matthews yet, but I take him to be very mad. He walks in the Park with a cockade of three colours. The Duke' (of Cumberland) 'desired a gentleman to ask him the meaning, and all the answer he would give was: "The Treaty of Worms! The Treaty of Worms;"' On this, Mann remarks (Dec. 8): 'I forgot to tell you that we

all wear the three coloured cockade which you think is a sign of being mad. Why, it is the "Triple Alliance" or what an officer in the fleet called "the Triple of Lyons cockade!" The court of Turin, the fleet, and Lobkowitz's army' (Sardinia, England, Austria) 'all wear it. They made me take it when I was at Leghorn. All the English, all my servants, even my kitchen boy wore it.'

December 22nd.—'We have had a Monsieur de Magnan and his wife, a St. Germain's lady; he sometimes calls himself Marquis; and always a great man; he introduced himself to me by the great protection he received from the Walpoles, and tells me a thousand instances. . . . I own to you I don't believe half he says, or that he is so great a man as he says. He speaks all kinds of languages, 14 in number, and says he was employed by Sir Robert and the late Queen to write; if he did it no better than in the specimen he has given me, I can't say I think the sums of money he brags of having received were well employed. The specimen I speak of is "Remarks of a Parisian traveller on the principal Courts of Europe, with a dissertation upon that of England, the Nation in general, and the Prime Minister. 1736." He is come here with the title of "Conseiller de Commerce," though there is no Council; his appointments are fifty crowns a month, which is much less than £500 a year. . . .' He *will* be violently intimate, which I would give into, if I thought it would be agreeable to your family. Pray give me some information about him, for as yet all he has said does not give me a great idea of him, nor the employment he has; it appears to me that the Great

Duke being tired of his solicitations, has sent him with that title for want of knowing what other to give him. . . . Your Unkle, he pretends, is his Chief Protector.' Walpole's information was that the Regent Duke of Orleans had 'picked him up,' Walpole knew not where, 'to teach the present Duke of Orleans the Russ tongue, when they had a scheme for marrying him into Muscovy. At Paris Lord Waldegrave met with him and sent him over hither, when they pensioned him and he was to be a spy; but made nothing out; till the King was weary of giving him money; and then they dispatched him to Vienna with a recommendation to Count d'Uhlefeldt who I suppose has tacked him on the Great Duke.' Magnan was a member of the Greek Church. Walpole's uncle knew no ill of him, but Mann was advised to keep him at civil distance, and not to enter into correspondence with a person who was 'of no use.'

'I thank you,' replies Mann (March 9th), 'for the information of M. de Magnan, who has been chosen head of the Greek Church at Leghorn, in which alone he is likely to figure; he was too troublesome to me here, would never make use of any coach but mine, and since his departure, persecuting me with his letters, desiring me constantly to communicate to him all I knew. I declined it long before I got your's, but since have refused the preference he gave me of being Godfather to the child his wife expects daily to be brought to bed of; indeed I did not chuse it, for according to the custom of the country, I must have made her a present, which I can't afford.'

Harassed as Mann was with the Pretender and

saucy Jacobites, with reports from spies who were not always to be trusted, with visits from rough Captains in the English Navy; and with 'politicks,' generally, he still found time to chronicle the light sayings and doings of the society in which he lived. Of which here are some samples:—

January 14th.—'The Tesi has been terribly mortified of late; not only no applause, but she has been affronted in the theater; all the Gens d'armes are against her; one got behind the scenes in mask the other night, and called her "bruta B——," which being told to San Vitali, he applied to the Directors of the Theater, who immediately caused him to be put into arrest; he discovered himself and was set at liberty on his parole, but was again ordered into arrest by his Colonel, where he remains still. All his companions take his part against the Tesi and San Vitali; several abusive libels have been fixed up at his door, and the officer swears he will fight San Vitali.'

January 21st.—'Nothing was ever so brilliant as our Carnival; the early permission for masks in the theater makes such a crowd, that there's no stirring. We have been in great danger of their being forbid on account of the late broils which were carried to such a higth that in the last week a paper was found in the play-room, left there by a mask, containing these words:—"Non vogliamo questa bruta B——, la Tesi, altrimento bruciaremo il Teatro," the old Fiscal, on the sight of this, did all he could to induce the Regency to forbid masks, but could not succeed. I hope the affair is over. They attribute it to me. Indeed, I have interested myself a good deal in it. Is it not

ridiculous that a foolish little officer of 16 years old should interrupt the pleasures of a whole town ?'

February 18*th.*—'This is the last day of our Carnival which has been the gayest we have ever had: the theater has from the beginning been so crowded with masks that it has been quite troublesome. The embroils about the Tesi have broke out again ; several libels have been fixed up in the Opera House, and the most abusive ones at all the corners of the streets ; the author threatened to burn the theater and *sfregiare* (dishonour and cut across the face) the Tesi. San Vitali has been horribly abused in them all, which has made him resolve to quit his flame. He leaves here on Saturday, for good ; though they say he is as much in love with her as ever. His circumstances (for by a composition with his family, he is reduced to a hundred zecchins a week) do not permit him to give her such proofs of it as she wishes ; therefore she has given many tokens that she is tired of him, which add to his affliction. The Tesi is in great consternation for this evening, as everything threatened against her was to be executed the last night ; the guards are double and all precautions used to prevent disorders. She has really done nothing to deserve such treatment, though the pique is so great that I don't apprehend she can live here. Her time of making new conquests is over, so that in all probability she will be very unhappy.'

March 10*th.*—'You will be sorry to hear the Sposa Paniaticci died two days ago in child-bed. Half the town is in tears for her, among whom her grandfather, the old Marquis Riccardi, affects to be one ; he, the next day, appeared in publick and said

to every one he met: "See, how I weep. I too shall die, soon!" His grief has been greatly lessened by the pleasure he had in counting the candles round her Catafalco and in the procession, both which were magnificent. Your Princess is near her time, and very frightened because of the Bissextile and the Comet, both which are bad for women in labour.'

April 28th.—'We are very gay here at present on account of some weddings, particularly that of young Marquis Tempi who, much against his will, married last night a rich Capponi. There was a ball at Martelli's, the sposo's sister, last night; and, to morrow morning, there will be another at Prince Volandini's. Marquis Tempi is to make one or two. The great bouncing Antinori is married to little Boccineri. Preparations are making for a good Opera for St. John, when masks are to be permitted for 15 or 20 days; this is a novelty and has been granted to sweeten some extraordinary demands for money. . . .' May 28th.—Amidst great political events, Mann says that little was thought of but the magnificent series of balls given in honour of the above-named marriage: 'Young Marquis Tempi seems the only one displeased, his wife and fortune pleasing the father much better than him. The old Duke of Grog (*sic*) has appeared at all these assemblies in the shape of a sposo to the Carnisecchi (*sic*) a widow. The filthy old creature makes a nasty figure.'

The Florentine nobility were far from approving the manner in which some of our English marriages were conducted. In April, 1744, Walpole described that of Lady Sophia Fermor (who was well known in

Florence) to old Lord Carteret. The bride (daughter of Lord Pomfret) had been on the point of bringing to a desired end a love match with young Lord Lincoln. That having failed, she married Lord Carteret and became a very great lady. 'Last night,' writes Walpole, 'they were married . . . they supped at Lord Pomfret's; at twelve, Lady Granville, his mother, and all his family, went to bed, but the porter; then my Lord went home and waited for her in the lodge: she came alone in a hackney chair, met him in the hall, and was led up the back stairs to bed.' This very common-place way of being married shocked the Florentines, when Mann described it. 'Imagine,' says the Minister to Walpole, 'how the little ceremony with which Lady Sophia left her maidenhood must sound here to the Tempis and Capponis. Bestino Uguccioni is quite scandalized at the hackney chair, and no Ball or Festin. Old Riccardi won't believe it: "Come nulla! e una grand Dama poi e uno grand Signore, mi pare di molto, basta! sara cosi!" Everybody is glad of her good fortunes.' On June 16th Mann reverts to the same subject. 'Uguccioni is quite mad about Lady Carteret. He is persuaded if he were not a Catholick that he should have a great place; but still he hopes to engage Lady Pomfret to speak to Lady Carteret to speak to my Lord to speak to the King to write to the Queen to speak to the Great Duke to write to Richecourt to give him an employment here which may at last procure him the honour of being made Gentleman of his Bedchamber without any salary, as was offered to Cecchino. In consequence of the re-

commendation, Lord Harrington ordered Mr. Robinson to . . (*illegible*) . . and in the King's name some years ago, which honour his mother was wise enough to refuse, finding it would cost her 100 pistoles a year.'

In a subsequent letter, Uguccioni is pourtrayed as half mad and rushing into poetry, by deputy. 'The poor creature thinks it very necessary to be vastly fond of my Lord Carteret, and to show his zeal has employed a little abbey (*sic*) to make an epithalamium addressed to them both. It consists of 840 Latin verses, which are now printing with their arms, and all sorts of allusive and pretty ornaments; he designed to get a Latin dedication and sign it himself. When he asked my advice, I asked him what the latter was to say? that as I apprehended all he could say was that he had bought all those verses cheap, I thought he had better not do it; he now intends to supply its place with an Italian manuscript letter; two printed copies of the verses were to be sent soon by the post, which are to be followed by 300 other copies by sea. I think it is most probable my Lord Carteret will order the bale to be brought to his own house and that it may be consigned to the Housekeeper. In the mean time, poor Bestino is quite mad.'

Among the presents which Walpole sent to Mann was a double Windsor chair, whereon two persons could sit and talk, with a bar, or rest, between them. Ladies and their Cicisbeos were delighted with this seat so appropriate for their whisperings; but they disapproved of the bar as an obstruction to the furthering of love. Mann had several made in ac-

cordance with their wishes, and when he placed them in his garden on his Thursday nights at home, ladies and their cavalieri serventi almost adored him. On July 4th he describes one of those nights as the most remarkable thing in Florence :—'The gayest assembly you ever saw and most innocent; nothing but love going forward. They are coupled in double chairs all over the garden, and retire to the corner when any Saint lures, without molestation. The garden is lighted up very prettily with such lamps as you have in Vaux Hall, which are suspended on green poles surrounded with vine branches. The number of the admirers is great. . . . Last fryday, the English made a fine Cocchiata which diverted the whole town. I had so much the management of it as to make the compliment of serenading Madame Antinori, because her sister Griffoni's house was too much out of the way. It first began on the Piazza di Sto. Spirito, then moved to the Bridge, thence to Madame Antinori's, where the Princess honoured it, and ended at Santa Croce. I was at the Princess's, when a long consultation was held, which night-dress she should appear in. Then M. Antinori advised her to prefer a . . . (illegible) which she refused before all the company that was there, and still he pressed it; it is literally true. She greatly reprimanded him and bid him call it a *casaquin*.'

July 21*st*.—'My garden walks with the help of some English glass lamps look very pretty. The English say, Vaux Hall in miniature but much better company. The fame of my lamps and my new double chairs, which we call Cicisbeatoji have put me much

in vogue. We have many English, the chief are Lord Eglinton and Lord Coote, the rest you wouldn't know by their names, except little Brownlow, (Lady Betty's son) whom you knew at Aix, when she married a young french officer.'

No invitations were sent out for these garden nights, and Mann, often, would not recognize some of his own guests. In London, it was different with the 'Assemblies' held by the leading Ladies of Society. 'The fashion now is,' Walpole tells Mann, 'to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked."

October 27th.—'Your friend the Tesi is a little embroiled. You know she turned off Vitali, when he had exhausted his treasures upon her. He had literally nothing left but a hundred zecchins a week. . . . Young Marquis Tempi and Corsi tried who would be most in love with her. This occasioned so much displeasure to the Salviatis and their great relations, that they procured an order from Vienna to desire her in the Great Duke's name not to come back to Florence again. She set out to Venise some days ago, where she is to sing, and afterwards intends to go to Vienna, to get the sentence mitigated, which poor Prince Craon was obliged to give her.'

November 10th.—'The Vittorina Suares is to be declared Sposa in a few days. Carducci will have patience no longer, and has insisted that Billets of demand and answers may reciprocally pass within a few days; as for consummation, he will have patience till after Easter, but no longer. The poor Teresina has found nothing yet, which disturbs the family greatly.

Carducci is but a poor match. He is forced to sell something to pay his debts and make the rest clear, which will amount to 2000 and a few hundred crowns per annum; out of which, to show his generosity and *affetto*, he is to give his Sposa, for cloathes and pocket money, 12 Scudi a month! what a temptation to gain more! Do but imagine a young gay lady of Quality of 16 or 17, with barely £3 a month for her cloathes and menus plaisirs; it is this treatment makes all the wives so cheap.'

This year was at once the gayest and the most anxious year which Mann had passed in Florence; and there was more cause for anxiety than ground for gaiety, in the year that was coming.

CHAPTER VIII.

1745.

THE Letters written by Mann in the early part of this year are upon light subjects. In the earliest or serious letters, he is to be found treating of the English Fleet which was near, or of the Pretender, whose movements puzzled him. The national subjects naturally take place of the merely social. Mann writes, under date, March 9th, 'I told you the Admiral and I are great friends ever since he was at Leghorn; he made me a present of a pretty mahogany chair and a table; the latter was ordinary, but all English things please. He has now sent me some beer for the Princess. I sought for an opportunity to make him a present in return, and found a very good one; he had lost his seal, so I undertook from an impression, to get another cut at Rome, which was excessively well done on a triangular topaz, his arms, crest, and on the other side the head of Marcus Agrippa, with his attributes as an Admiral; it was vastly well set and was sent down to him last week.'

'. . . If I corresponded with Lord Sandwich as formerly, I would advise him to make some regulation about the education of the young people a-board; to

give them language masters, and to oblige them to learn at least French and Italian. It is terrible to see the figure they make for want of them. Every one that commands a ship has constant occasion for them, when he is charged with the least commission. They have all executed them in English, and as the people that receive their letters don't understand them, they are forced to apply to Irish priests and such like people to translate them. Six Captains dined last summer with Cardinal Albani and M. de Thun with only their mother tongue.'

'. . . There has been a violent fracas at Rome. Cardinal Acquaviva won't give the English, passports to go to Naples, without they are recommended to him, from Murray' (the Pretender's Secretary). 'Lord Mentrath (*sic*) has been possitively refused, but he won't apply that way; they have wrote me accounts of it, and I have encouraged them not to condescend to an open Rebel.'

June 29th.—'This whole week I have been most extraordinarily employed in writing supplicating letters to the Duke of Newcastle and Stone to pay me the infinite arrears that are due to me. I am undone if I do not succeed.'

July 27th.—'The Genoese are extremely afraid of a visit from the fleet. They keep constantly all their Gallies around and at the mouth of their Port to prevent a surprize. Their gunners never dare stir from their posts. There are twelve ships before the Port and two Bombs, but they will do nothing till Mr. Rowley sends his orders. All Italy expects to see them bombarded. I would fain have a Doge and

Senate travel to St. James's as they did once to Versailles, but our Monarchs are not in that *gout.* I receive letters from Captain Cooper to acquaint me that he shall immediately proceed to hostilities against the Genoese. . . . These letters of Mr. Cooper have really put me into a panick for those poor Genoese, who have to share in their Governor's follies; these wretches' houses will be demolished and many of them perish. I am quite *agité,* nor can talk to you of my Conversations nor any thing else.'

August 10th.—'Captain Cooper who commands the Squadron on the coast of Genoa, tells me, in a letter, that being persuaded if Mr. Rowley had been in these seas he would have commenced hostilities against the Genoese; therefore, believing such a step would be agreeable to our Ministry, he had undertaken it; the authority he went on seems very *mince,* and I should have rather waited for better orders. He bombarded Savona a little,—just enough to convince the world that he could do nothing. Of above a hundred shells he threw, but three reached the town. He then was forced to desist, and came to Leghorn to refit the Bomb vessels which were much shattered by their own fire. Captain Cooper says the fault was in their materials, but I am persuaded it was not only in them but that they themselves are *troppo materiali* and know not what they are about (excuse that vile conundrum) The Governor of Savona sunk a bark laden with powder, for fear of accidents, which was all the harm they suffered.'

Of other doings of the English fleet, Mann states:—'Advice was brought to Mahon that Captain Edge-

cumbe had taken a register ship with 600,000 pieces of Eight, and had carried her into Gibraltar; that the Jersey had fought a French ship of 74 guns, the St. Esprit, for four hours in the Straights; the Jersey lost five men, and was much damaged in her cordage; the night separated them; a report afterwards prevailed that the St. Esprit sunk in the Bay of Tangier. . . . Our Squadron here is not so lucky. Every one of the transports from Naples with artillery has escaped, though I gave the Captains previous notice of their departure. They have indeed taken many barks on a suspicion of the effects belonging to the enemy, but have been forced to deliver them all up on proofs to the contrary, though not without great vexation to the owners. Yesterday, indeed, I received advice that a ship had brought in six large vessels which sailed lately from Leghorn with corn and provisions for Genoa, of which I gave them notice about ten days ago; this was bravely done; the same ships brought in with them three Genoese barks from the same place. The Sardinian Gallies are now at Leghorn and will cruize with our ships, which will be of great use.

'I must add another half sheet to tell you of the violent alarms we are in, on account of a Courier that arrived at Rome last Thursday. After the strictest business of spies, it has been discovered that the Courier was despatched by the late Duke of Ormond, from Avignon, to the Pretender, with a letter enclosed from his son to acquaint him that he was to leave France, without mentioning, it is said, for what place, and to desire his father not to be uneasy if he should not receive his letters for some posts; to desire his

blessing and that of the Pope immediately on the receipt of this Courier. There were violent conferences at the Pretender's, between him, Acquaviva, Cardinal Riviera, and the French ambassador; and a thousand reports have been spread; but what alarms me most is an Express that Mr. Whithed heard from the mouth of a certain Don Giuseppe, a Spaniard at Rome,—to Cardinal Riviera at Count Petroni's Assembly: "We shall make an invasion into Scotland as soon as England is deprived of troops."' (The latter were going to Flanders). 'This Mr. Whithed heard himself. The joy of the Palazzo dei S.S. Apostoli is insolent already to a degree.

'I own I am greatly alarmed, though I don't see that he can venture to go into Scotland without troops and a considerable fleet. Surely, his friends there cannot be so numerous as to do anything alone. They say we have a large fleet in the Downs or on the Coasts, but the name of an Invasion frightens me. I send accounts of all this and an original second letter by an Estafette from the Cardinal to Hanover and to England, but I thought it useless to send a Courier.

'I have received a very gracious letter from my Lord Harrington, by order of the King, to acquaint me that my conduct has been approved in my little negotiations with Silvi, and that my answers to his letters have been to his Majesty's approbation. You love me too well, not to take part in the satisfaction this gives me.'

'Letters from England,' writes Mann, August 17th, 'alarm me extremely, though I still expect worse, and

dread to hear the confusion which the notice of the Pretender's son's arrival in Scotland will add. . . . I can only be informed of what accounts arrive at Rome, and of those very imperfectly. Since the arrival of the last French courier there, the whole town tells of the boy's arrival in Scotland. Prince Craon has received advice from Paris of it, and Richecourt has sent me an extract of one he likewise received, the substance of which is that the 12th of last month the boy embarked on board a small ship of 12 canons, at St. Lazare in Normandy, which conducted him to Bell Isle, from whence he was escorted by a large French ship of 60 guns. It is said he had $\frac{m}{10}$ (10,000) muskets and a company of 150 Volunteers, which was formed the last winter at Paris. Prince Craon's accounts from Paris, as well as those Count Lorenzi has from Maillebois, add that the french ship of 60 guns was met by one of ours, and that they fought for a long time, during which, the smaller with the Pretender's son escaped and landed, and that he despatched Lord *Temple* (who this can be I can't conceive) with notice of it to the Pretender, and that he was to march to Edingborough. All this seems to be making too much haste, nor can I comprehend that he would venture to march to Edingborugh, with his 150 Volunteers; or that if it is really so, that it should not be known in England before the departure of the last letter. However, as there seems to be no doubt of the scheme in general, you may easily judge of the consternation I am in; nothing else is talked of here, and with an assurance that astonishes me.'

'. . . I can neither think or write about anything but the invasion, for I hear of nothing else. There is, however, so much inconsistence in the french accounts, and such affectation of publicity, contrary to their usual custom that I know not what to make of it. I have seen a letter from Brest with a long account of the late engagement between one of our ships, which is therein called the Maria Louisa of 74 guns, and the 60 gun ship of France, which happened on the 20th (N. S.) of last month; the small ship with the Pretender's boy escaped to Scotland, but the $\frac{m}{10}$ muskets and the 150 Volunteers (the half of which, that account says, was killed in the engagement) were on board the large ship, which was so disabled that it was obliged to return to Brest. Now, how is it possible that from the 20th N. S. of last month, supposing the boy got to Scotland the same day, that he should have had time to despatch my Lord Temple from Scotland to Rome with the news that arrived the 5th Inst. N. S. ? Again, is it probable that the boy would venture to land without his company of Knights and the arms he had provided, which were said possitively to be on board the ship that returned to Brest; the account of the engagement with this circumstance is wrote by the second Captain who took the command of the ship in lieu of the first who was killed in the fight; so that it appears he must, if he landed, be gone alone. The french accounts say that he was on march to Edingborugh, of which they did not doubt he was master of. Maillebois writes to Count Lorenzi: "Voila une nouvelle qui consternera beaucoup les amis et alliés de la Reine d'Hongrie;

c'est pourquoi je la rendray aussi publique que je pourray." Count Lorenzi does the same, so that there is not a boy in the streets who does not talk of it . . . A second Courier arrived a few days ago at Rome, supposed to be to the Pretender, though he dismounted at the Post and affected to walk about the streets of Rome, nor publickly went to anybody's house.

'The boy's letter to his father is made to contain no more than this: "fatigué enfin d'un long exil, j'ai pris ma resolution d'aller chercher en Ecosse ou une vie ou une mort digne de mon sang"; this seems too concise; however, this and no more, but asking his father's and the Pope's blessing, is published at Rome with great affectation. The Cardinal (friendly Albani) writes that he knows the Pretender has been in person to ask the Pope for money for this holy undertaking. The accounts are too exact and prove too much, but I hope it will be found that the Pretender endeavours to make a private utility from a scheme they lend their name to, and which otherwise France alone could draw any profit from. The affectation in publishing all this, I hope will end in a scheme of France to cause an alarm in the Kingdom with a view of preventing any more troops being sent to Flanders. I cannot write myself, however, out of the anxiety I am under.'

August 24th.—'The Pretender's people stick to it that the boy is gone to Scotland, and Murray is violently angry with those that make any doubt of the reality of anything they have been pleased to publish. They say the Pretender himself is to leave Rome soon, to go either to France or Avignon to be near at hand to direct his son's steps. The Cardinal, who believes

this, says that the only thing that retards his journey is the want of money, for which he has applied to the Pope, and that after many conferences on this head, as if they doubted his credit, it had been agreed that he should have $\frac{m}{100}$ crowns, on his depositing jewels for that value in the Monte di Pieta. If it be true, and that he should depart, I must send a Courier to Hanover with the notice, from whence it will be sent to England. Whilst I am writing to you about the father, I am expecting with the utmost impatience, news from you about the son.'

Mr. Chute, in a letter from Rome (August 28th), speaks of reports abounding there as they did at Florence. 'The Pretendentino was landed in Scotland, was met by 20, by 40,000 Highlanders on the shore, was marched to Edinburgh, was master of it; on his march to London,—"caro Fratello Duchino non iscrivo piu—a rivederci a St. Giams!" Abbé Grant has letters in his Pockett from seventy Lords who would live and die with the boy. My *Lord* Dunbar had sent a Monsignore to school me for my neglect of him. I was to expect all the punishments our dying Laws stretch'd by a future Chancellor could bequeathe me. . . . What could I do? I had once almost resolved to turn Abbate and address a Sonnet to the Pope's great Dog.'

'They tell us, when the Election' (of Emperor of Germany) 'is done, we are to have a vast army in Flanders, and besides that, we are to have peace with the King of Prussia. These are very pleasing Dreams, if one was asleep enough to enjoy them. I own, my fears disturb my rest.

'I blush more for Commodore Cooper's Bombs at Savona,—which did not do what they might,—than for the poor Duke' (of Cumberland) 'who was so near doing more than he could at Fontenoy. We must wait with patience for the arrival of Admiral Vernon who, they face me down here, is to bring our Government's answer to the Genoese remonstrance. In the meantime we content ourselves with plundering poor harmless Merchant Vessels, and brag of the Miglione di Scudi which our Captains run away with; this keeps one in Countenance, for riches are respectable.

'Mr. Whithed makes you his Compliments. He would have been charmed with putting an argument on foot with the Princess Borghese, which she is so well skill'd in the Handling of, but she has done with the Subject, and exhibits herself no more to the English.'

August 31*st.*—'The French,' writes Mann, at this date, 'begin to be ashamed of the accounts they have published. . . . Letters which have this instant come in from Rome, inform me that even these people begin to depart from their first credulity about the Pretender's son, yet there is great motion in the family. The Pretender has certainly received $\frac{m}{80}$ crowns from the Monte di Pieta, on a supposed deposit of Jewels; and they assert that he has received $\frac{m}{80}$ more from the Pope, and that preparations are making for either his or the second son's departure; some servants have been turned off, and several horses sold. The Cardinal believes that the Pretender himself has had permission to go into France or Avignon; if so, he will carry his son with him.'

There was growing uncertainty by the 7th September, on which day Mann wrote of the Pretender's partizans in Florence, 'they affirm he is in Scotland *incog.*—The Second Son departed from Rome, the 29th, at night, with as much mystery as his Demetrius did last year; for some days before, he pretended to be ill with a swelled face, with which he exhibited himself, but the morning of his departure, it was said he had a fever which carried symptoms of the small pox, so nobody was admitted. At three hours in the night, he set out with the same Valet de Chambre of Bal. Tencin, who attended his brother, whom some believe that he has gone to join; others, that he goes to Don Phillip's army only. An opinion prevails that the Pretender himself will set out soon.'

Mann took infinite pains in sending accounts of what was passing around him, to the Duke of Newcastle, also to the King,—in England, or in Hanover, or to meet him in Holland, if he were travelling that way, on his road to his British dominions. '*From* Hanover, Mr. Blair wrote to me,' says Mann, 'that the Earl of Kildare, when the news arrived at Hanover of the Pretender's sons being embarked for Scotland, offered the King to go to Ireland instantly, to raise, mount, and cloathe a regiment of Dragoons at his own expense, for the King's service.' Our Minister in Tuscany had other troubles on his mind. He tells Walpole that he 'bullied' the Captains of the fleet in vain, to do their duty in intercepting hostile vessels of war. 'They let everything,' he writes, 'pass into Genoa, which would be starved if proper dispositions were made to prevent it.

I write continually about it; they tell me they do all they can, but I don't believe them, and it makes me mad to hear everybody, both friends and enemies abuse us on this account, and laugh at our Dominion of the Seas. The Captains are too rich with prises already taken, to run the risk of being killed for artillery or ammunition!'

October 5th.—'By the reports of our enemies things are so magnified that I am daily terrified. One has nobody to speak to or to receive comfort from; nay, one's very friends are taught by their confessors to pray for the Pretender's son's success; you know what Religion can do on weak minds. . . . The behaviour of some English at Rome was as impudent as they dared, for under pretence of the prohibition being only for the father,' (against visiting him), 'they paid great court to the sons, and were caressed by them, and you know how many arts are put in practise there, to debauch our young travellers of late. Then, most of their Governors are Jacobites. It is incredible what mischief this circumstance occasions. Holdsworth has done more harm in this way than can be conceived. I have too much reason to believe that Ramsay, who was with my Lord Eglington, was of the same stamp, and his Lord was strangely tinctured. . . . You may easily guess what uneasy hours I pass. Mr. Chute is at Rome, and sends me accounts of the insolences that are broached there, and as both he and Mr. Whithed are enraged at them, they cannot keep their tempers, I fear they will be insulted on this account. The Cardinal seems sincere at present. The Austrian interest and ours are too nearly united to permit him

to neglect giving me any notice. My private correspondents do the same, but they only come to alarm me, for the assurance of the Pretender's party is so great, that one would think they were sure of success.'

October 19th.—'All possible means, I hope, will be used to take the boy; he should be made a sacrifice of, it would cure them from making any more attempts, and would discredit France in the greatest degree. The Pope would make a Martyr, and in time, a Saint of him; but I had rather he should be prayed to, by these fools, in Heaven, than adored in Scotland or England, where, in time, he would make Martyrs of us all.

'The Pope is such a *Coglione*, that I can't bear him, nor the insolence of his Court. I think really England ought not to suffer such to declare themselves our enemies, and not chastize them. If their religion teaches them to be such and obliges them to give us all the disturbance they can, they ought to expect we should resent it; nay, make a merit with Heaven for being chastized on that account. Seriously, their insolence is too great.'

October 26th.—'We are in daily expectation to hear of the Pretender's departure from Rome. Everything is prepared; a new Berline on springs, and a chaise, are ready near his house at Albano. I have been most delightfully well informed of all his motions. A back door has been made at his villa, to go to a neighbouring little one, where all his things are ready; and by the help of that private door, he can go to it, without being seen by any of his servants.

'Poor Mr. Chute and Whithed have been at Rome,

at a most shocking time; but have most heroically kept up their spirits, and contradicted all the lies the Jacobites spread; by which means, they insensibly became the head of quite a new party in Rome. I say quite new, for really hitherto our English have either laboured secretly or scandalously. Those who have abstained from going to the Pretender's people, have paid profound court to his sons, or to Dunbar, in company. The latter, not being used to the contempt the Chutes have shewn him, has done all he can to discredit them, seeing they were well introduced, by telling everybody they were of the meanest extraction, and that Mr. Chute was Mr. Whithed's governor. This has made a very disadvantageous impression where they had even been vastly well received before. I have wrote such letters to the Cardinal about it that the Jacobites would poison me if they were to see them. Murray says publickly that the King his Master is highly offended at Chute and Whithed, not so much for what they have said as for their insolence in not going to court, since they must know how things go now. Was ever such insolence?'

On November the 9th, Mann writes at great length that at the news from England, his spirits were rising, 'which the clamours from Rome had quite sunk, for there the Rebellion goes on much more prosperously than in Scotland.' At still greater length, in his most wordy manner, he proceeds to express his belief that Prince Charles Edward, 'the boy,' is not in Scotland at all, but in Spain; a belief founded on the report of a drunken courier who had been to Avignon with Henry, the younger son of the Pretender, and

also affirmed in his cups, that the two brothers had there met, and that, on their parting, the elder brother had set out for Spain! Mann had 'a little friend' who served him as a spy. This lad's father was in the Pretender's household at Albano, and the son affected to be as much of a Jacobite as his sire, and so picked up many a gossiping item which was not intended to be repeated. The courier's story was one; and Mann was inclined to believe it. 'Mr. Chute,' he writes on the 9th, 'says that he has had great opportunities of being informed, that the Pretender never showed that anxiety that was natural, had such an enterprize been undertaken by his son in person, though looked upon in the most advantageous light consistent with the nature of it. On the contrary, the Pretender has been considerably more gay and cheerfull. You know what a Pusillanimous being it is; even a person of the greatest firmness of mind must have been uneasy, and discovered it at sometime.' At immense length, Mann justifies his opinion that Charles Edward was not in Scotland, but he does not venture to guess who was playing his part there.

November 20th.—'The foreign papers say that the King offered the command of the troops going to Scotland, to Lord Stair, but that he answered, that as he was thought too old to command in Flanders, he was not grown younger since. Another paragraph in the papers is credited by all the Italians,—that the King, speaking to his Council of the Rebellion, asked the Bishop of Canterbury what was to be done and what could be undertaken for his safety. The Bishop replied that he would order prayers to be said for him

in all the Churches, from which they conclude all was gone.'

The body of English Merchants at Leghorn did not think so. Those gentlemen were stout Hanoverians, and Mann suggested that they would do themselves honour by sending a loyal address to the King.

'They seemed,' he says, 'overjoyed at the opportunity.' Goldworthy invited them to dinner last Wednesday, which was the King's birthday; and there the Address was proposed. Their joy in toasting healths was vastly pompous. I send you the list for your diversion. The address you will probably see printed. I do not approve of the distribution of their *Chambers* which were fired at the healths. I would very willingly have given half of mine to add to the number of the Duke's, and have divided the rest between their Imperial Majesties and the King of Sardinia.

'The following is a copy of the List of Healths.

Public Healths drank at Leghorn Dinner.

1. To His Majesty . . . . . Chambers 100
2. To the Prince, Princess, and Royal Family . 60
3. To the Duke (of Cumberland) 40
4. To their Imperial Majesties 40
5. To the King of Sardinia 40
6. To Marshal Wade and success to the King's Forces under his Command 30
7. To Success to the Allies 30
8. Confusion to the Pretender and his Adherents 50
9. To the Nobility and Gentry who are arming at their own Expense in defence of our Religion and Libertys 50

10. To a Peace with the King of Prussia our Ally 30
11. To the Admirals and all His Majesty's Fleet. 30
12. To His Majesty's Resident, Mr. Mann, at Florence 50
13. To the Pious and Immortal Memory of King William the Third for the Glorious Legacy he left us 50
14. To the Success of the British Factory and Trades 50

Chambers Nrs 650

November 23rd.—The Pope was as anxious for the success of the Pretender as he was reluctant to acknowledge the new Emperor of Germany, Francis. 'He still finds pretences,' says Mann, 'to put off acknowledging the Emperor. He had fixed a Consistory for that purpose, on the 22nd, but lately sent for the Ambassador and made objections to the terms of the Emperor's letter. In short the french and Spanish Cabals, united with those of the Pretender, so terrify the *coglione* Pope, that he does not dare do what he promised. Couriers have been sent to Vienna on this account, and the Marquis de (*illegible*) only waits for their return, and will then probably leave Rome without carrying his acknowledgment to Vienna. How I long to see the Pope punished for the contempt with which he treats everybody but France, Spain, and the Pretender. Valenti is the villain that governs him under the tuition of Acquaviva. Accounts have been printed at Rome of the Rebels' success in Scotland. I send one to the Duke of Newcastle by this post. Some-

thing contemptible and mortifying to Rome ought to be printed in England and dispersed in a foreign language.'

December 7th.—'I can hear nothing from England about the Pretender's son, so I'll tell you what they say at Rome. He gives out that all goes well, and they print accounts of his progress, and his speeches to his Highlanders. They say that France had sent an Irish regiment into Scotland, and that thousands more are to follow. The last thing that has been printed is a letter from Colonel Olimphant (*sic*) to a friend of his in the King's service in Flanders; a most simple composition, but it is too bad.

'The Pope has given the Pretender $\frac{m}{80}$ crowns, and $\frac{m}{100}$ indulgences to as many as will pray for his success. Publick devotions have been performed in the Church of St. Francis and at Sto. Spirito there has been a Triduo, and the Exposition of their Sacrament, with all the solemn nonsence they can invent. I don't wonder at this, but I own I am surprised the Pope parted with the $\frac{m}{80}$ crowns; half the expense of making a Saint, in the creation of which that old coglione so much delights.

'. . . A person here has received a letter from a friend of his in Lancashire, a man of an Estate, who acquaints him the Papists were grown to that Insolence that, among others, he had received a letter to tell him if he offered to stir in favour of the Government, that he should certainly be murthered and his house burnt down; which, he tells his friend here, has so alarmed him that he never ventured out after it was dark, nor could venture to do anything till the troops they ex-

pected came into that country. It seems to me astonishing that nobody is taken up. I announced Holdsworth's return to England, loaden I daresay, with treasonable letters, and the boy's pictures which I know he carried—but no notice was taken of these informations.'

December 27th.—'The contents of your letter are like Sal volatile to my drooping spirits. You cannot think how the insolent Jacobites at Rome deject one, I have often made a resolution not to believe a word they say, but they come upon one so many ways that it is impossible to be quite indifferent to their reports.

'The Pope has at last acknowledged the Emperor, in spite of the French and Spanish Cabals, strengthened by those of the Pretender, who all shew the utmost mortification. The first is important and threatens every body with the displeasure du Roy. The second will have every body's bones broken who offers to rejoice; and forbids all the Neapolitan Cardinals and dependents lighting up a single torch on the occasion; but they all ventured to disobey, except Cardinal Borghese. It was not the same with the nobility who have Feuds in Naples, which were to be confiscated had they disobeyed. As to the Pretender, who used on all publick occasions to rejoice with every body, on this he has shown his attachment to his allies, France and Spain, and by that means saved his wax torches. Nay, his anxiety is so great, that I dare say he has taken a resolution to employ all his future naval forces against the new Emperor and any one that calls him so.

CHAPTER IX.

1745.

THE other side of the picture, in which social *traits* are almost exclusively dealt with, presents these sketches to the 'Curious.'

January 5th.—'Our Carnival is begun with two of the worst Operas that was ever known; that in the great theater, after the first night's representation, was suspended for a week in hopes of mending it, but all that has been done is to shorten it, so that there is only not so much bad. Most of the Lorainers are the Impresarii, and amongst them the learned Lady Walpole. A droll scene happened lately between her and General Andrasi, a very learned man for a hussar; she put him on the topick of *Metaphygists*, as usual; and on his not being confounded on her mention of Newton, she cried out; "forse Signor General a letto Voltaire." —"No, my Lady, ho letto Newton, e l'intendo molto bene"; but as they could not agree, she would not allow that.'

'. . . I am resolved,' says Mr. Chute, writing to Walpole, under Mann's cover, 'my letter shall begin with something new, and therefore date it at this end. I dare say this is the first 1745 you have ever seen in

your life; and I swear 'tis an odd thing to look a new year thus in the Face. 'If I were to live to write 1800, a new Century! Jesus! how it would make one stare, if one was not to be blind first. I wonder what sort of a world it will be then! Will there be a Bruin of Brandenburg to roar and ravage and suck his bloody paws, as he does now; or will the Queen of Hungary lead one muzzled in a cord and make him leap over her Scepter for the Emperor Joseph? Will the King of France bestow his favours on a Duc or a Duchesse? or send both to the Devil and turn Saint again? Who will be Czar of Muscovy? who King of England in those days?'

January 12th.—After expressions of grief at Lord Orford's serious illness, Mann says:—'There is an exercise much in fashion in the fleet, and said to be vastly wholesome, that of swinging. I have a great notion my Lord might bear it; they are made so easy and secure that there is no danger of falling. I have had one sent me and intend to use it every day. This is all the diversion this winter will afford. A courier arrived two days ago, with the notice of Madame Royale's death' (the mother of the Great Duke of Tuscany) 'and with orders to suspend all diversions, to which a mourning of nine months succeeds. All the Great Duke's ministers are to *drapper*, and they say we must follow their example. My brother Mini Lorenzi is preparing for joy and mourning; he has received a remittance from his court of 500 crowns, to make rejoicing for the Dauphin's wedding, and is consulting all his acquaintance how to spend them with most *eclat*, a Festino in his own house will be

but indifferent for want of room; and it's not likely they'll give him the theaters now they are shut up.'

January 28th.—On a sheet of paper with very narrow mourning border, Mann directs attention to that outward and visible sign of grief and says:—'I believe you never saw any like it before; here everybody uses it but myself. I begged a sheet for this occasion only, and another to keep for a curiosity. Madame Royale was very unpolite to dye just at the beginning of Carnival to deprive us of all its diversions. . . . I have prevailed on the Regency to let the Livorneans divert themselves; their Opera has been restored, for which I am in high favour with that little town; but by this I have drawn the Fiorentini upon me, who are angry to see Leghorn preferred, and that I would not make representations in their favour too. It was impossible to succeed, therefore I did not attempt it.

'Prince and Princess Craon whine for the loss of this good Princess as if they were really sorry for her! —and then they were so nearly related and loved each other so perfectly.' (Madame Royale went over to Paris to complain to her father, the Regent Duke of Orleans, of her husband's amour with the Princess de Craon.) 'Have you heard of Prince Beauvau's' (son of the Craons) 'good fortune? besides being made Grand d'Espagne, the King of France complimented him publickly on his future marriage with Mdlle. de Bouillon before anything was agreed upon; but that has fixed it. The Craons are in great joy; they won't accept compliments, but don't refuse them.

'General Braitwitz has wrote again to the Great

Duke to insist on having his congé, which he called the *permission de mon conge.* He had composed the strangest letter that was ever seen, except those the Great Duke writes to him; for example: *"Ille ne pare letem pur un ofisie di quitter le service"*—(Il n'est pas le tems pour un officier de quitter le service)—I don't know whether you ever heard a wise saying of the Great Duke's, that, give him but five Saints' (his first minister was named Toussaint) 'and he would engage to govern all Europe, *"mais ille ne pas posible de le trove!"*'

February 16th.—'I have not been able to go out to day to make my compliment on the birth of the second Arch-Duke which has produced the Ghost of our Carnival, a permission to mask and be merry for three days only. People were in hopes that this event would have restored the remainder of their Carnival, but the Count' (Richecourt) 'keeps his word. He told them last St. John when he would have had them mask without an Opera and when nobody but Sbirri of his own employing did, that they would find it more difficult to obtain leave when they should desire it. There has been gala, sunday, monday, and to day, for the last, which is to be concluded with a ball in the great theater, and to-morrow we are to weep again for the Arch-Duke's grandmother, of whom the Florentines say, "non ci fecero mai ridere!" and indeed neither her birthday nor nameday were ever taken notice of here. Many assert and all the town believes that the Great Duke has given leave for the Carnival but that the Count won't produce the order. You may judge of the clamour against him.'

March 9th.—'I must tell you a coup de politique of our wise Regent here. Count Lorenzi, before the death of the Duchess of Lorraine, received 500 pezzi from his court to make rejoicings for the marriage of the Dauphin; he was preparing with the greatest eclat, and had announced his balls and tournaments; the mourning intervened, on which (I thing (*sic*) very officiously) he wrote a fine letter to the Regency, to acquaint them with his design, hoping the melancholly accident might not make the execution of it improper. On which he received for answer that *in these melancholy circumstances of so deep a mourning they have left it to his discretion;* mine, I must have confessed, would have been to obey the orders of my Court, but he suspended, and gave notice, I suppose, of what had passed, to his. The result has been that instead of a Ball he caused the Te Deum to be sung at the french Convent, and did not invite anybody, which has offended highly. Poor Prince Craon is afraid the Court of France will be angry with him. He spoke to me of it the other day, complaining that he was not invited, I said, no doubt Lorenzi had orders, and that from the answer the Regency gave, he had little reason to suppose they wished to rejoice on the occasion, and what might confirm him or his court in that opinion was that three days after they had put in as strong a caveat as they could do against his rejoicing, they had caused the mourning to be laid aside for three days, for the birth of the Arch-Duke, during which all publick diversions were not only allowed but encouraged. Don't wonder that I give you the whole detail of this affair, it has been the subject of

discourse and discontent out of pique to the person who was the occasion of their being deprived of a diversion the town expected. Count Lorenzi, besides his Te Deum, illuminated his three windows with wax torches for three nights, and gave some bread to the poor, so that neither the Court of France, nor the *Court* of Florence has acquired great honour.'

April 6th.—'I must tell you they have made a demand on Prince Craon of the *Gabella*' (tax or duty) 'of his new daughter-in-law's fortune, which is 7½ per cent. though they signified to him they intended to make him a present of it. They exact with rigour the Gabella on all the legacies the Electress left, and everything is valued; but what is most extraordinary, they insist on being paid for the pensions she left to those who are since dead; for example, Siristori and Mme. Uguccioni died about a year after, consequently their pensions cease, but they had fixed their lives in their own accounts, for five years, which they still demand; it has been answered that they are dead; well, but they ought to have lived five years. . . . Again, the living servants had 5 or 6 crowns per month for their lives; these are esteemed according to their ages, and they are obliged to pay the whole down as if they were arrived at the end of their calculation—and all this is suffered!'

April 20th.—'For this week past, the Holy Week, the Count' (Richecourt) 'has retired to the country, for devotion; during which my Lady' (Walpole) 'had a prohibition to interrupt his confessions. She had permission to go last Saturday. You will admire her economy of time; she took the advantage of that

sequester, to blister for her complexion, as she often does (for the return of the Count). Judge, after such an absence, how fair she must appear in his eyes; and as it is said that Religion is a great provocative, it is to be hoped she was no loser by the pause.'

On the death of the Earl of Orford, and the accession of Lord Walpole to his father's dignity, the court of Florence caused the English minister to be overwhelmed with visits or messages of condolence. 'Among the first,' Mann says (May 4th), 'was Count Richecourt.' Mann adds, 'My Lady brags that she shall now be extremely rich. I consider that she designs to go into mourning. I believe that she expects to be wrote to by my Lord; but whether then she would go into mourning I can't tell. To people that have applied to me, to know what change this event would make in her affairs, I have answered that I could not foresee that it would make any but in her name.'

Among the Mann letters is a note from the Prince de Craon himself to Horace Walpole, expressive of his sympathy with the latter on account of Lord Orford's death. It is to this effect, and is in a bold hand for an Octogenarian.

'Monsieur, je suis trop Sensible a tous les Evenements qui vous interressent pour vous laisser ignorer la part que je prends a la perte que vous venez de faire de Monsieur votre pere; nous connaissons Made. de Craon et moy la bonté de votre coeur, et nous ressentons vivement ceque luy en a couté dans cette occasion, nous ne pouvons Monsieur vous rien

offrir de plus propre a servir a votre consolation que ces Sentiments dont nous sommes penetrez, qui sont si conformes aux votres.

jay L'honneur detre avec
l'attachement le plus inviolable
et le plus fidel

votre tres humble
et tres obeissant Serviteur
Le prince de Craon.

florence,
le 1 de May 1745.

Le prince de Beauvau est marié depuis un mois avec Mlle. D'auvergne, que jay l'honneur Monsieur de vous en donner part persuadé que vous luy continuerez l'amitie dont vous lavez honoré icy.

May 18th.—'I hear that my Lady Orford is not in mourning because she has received no notice from your family. She tells people she will go to England as the obstacle towards her recovering her right is removed, and will be attended by an Abbé Nicoli, an under-secretary of the Count's, but I don't believe she will go. . . . I have lately had a little correspondence with two of your relations; your Uncle's eldest son who is coming to Florence (I think you called him pig wigging), he has refused living with me. The other is George Townshend, Captain of a ship, one of those under my directions. . . . The Abbé Nicoli has made cloathes, to appear in England, where his short cloak and band won't do.'

June 1st.—'I am inconsolable for the loss of the Chutes who departed last Thursday; this makes so great a change in my way of life that I don't know

what to betake myself to. I think there is no danger of my becoming a Cicisbeo, though there is no other society in this country; after having been four years constantly with people, one is very awkward without them; he was vastly good to me and bore with me in all my epuisements and headachs. I have now no resource. Mr. Chute went away vastly afflicted for the death of his favourite brother, a confirmation of which he received the night before he set out. I am in great hopes the journey will divert his melancholy. They have taken the road of Bologna, Ravenna, Loretto, etc., and will be at Rome in about ten days, where they proposed to stay most part of the summer and then hasten to England.'

On the 26th of June, Mr. Chute seems to have considerably recovered. 'Rome, June 26, 1745,' is written in the uppermost corner of the sheet of foolscap, and the comment on this text is 'I write to you now because you are the only person in the world who can enter freely into the distress which stares you in the face, at the Top of my Letter. Do but think, I am no longer at Florence. I have left Mr. Mann. I need say no more to entitle me to your compassion. You know what I have left, and 'tis my only comfort to think you will love me and write to me because you pity me. . . . I may permit myself to do justice to his Goodness for me, which has as much exceeded all I could expect, as it really does what I pretend to deserve. I know I owe the beginning of his Friendship to you. . . . The unwearied continuance of it for four years together, I can give no account of at all, except I can suppose he has looked into my heart,

which of all others is undoubtedly the best part of me. This I ought not to say to you, because you are capable of thinking it a real merit which I ascribe to myself; do so, and censure me as vain, provided you believe me sincerely so. My dear Sir, can you forgive me not writing to you when all mankind did. Mr. Mann promised me to mention me, and I know he did. The reason that I did not mention myself was that I despaired of saying anything you could hear in the way of consolation' (for Lord Orford's death) 'Twas folly even to think my letter could do you any good, and I found the great melancholly occasion much too serious for me to compliment about. . . . I must thank you ten thousand times for a kind paragraph in your last to Mr. Mann which he would not let me read. My loss is inexpressible on all accounts, nor am I able to find the least comfort in being an horrid step nearer to a mould'ring Estate which has lost the only chance of ever being repaired.

'I would never have believed some few years ago that it was possible for me to look with such an eye of indifference upon Rome as I do; hitherto nothing has made any impression upon me; all statues appear like those at High Park Corner' (from Apsley House, then an ale house, to Park Lane, was occupied by the stone-mason statuaries for gardens and graveyards, who afterwards removed to the New Road) 'and a Raphael or a Domenichino is no more than Queen Anne's head at an ale house door. I have indeed seen very few as yet, and though I am in the lodging which you had last, which is close by the Villa Medici, I have passed but five minutes there, and when it was too

dark to enjoy anything but the solitude of the place, which reduced all the charming people there to downright gothick sprights.

'. . . There is just arrived a new french minister here. The Pope despised the former so much, they were forced to recall him; on his pressing too importunately for an audience some time ago, the Pope came out at last in a passion and said: "Coglioncello! non sai che quando non voglio sentire, non voglio sentire?"

'. . . Poor M. Beauvau, Prince Craon's youngest son, is in the dreadful list' (of killed at the siege of Ypres) 'he writes me in answer to my compliment on the occasion, "Ma consolation ne peut être que l'ouvrage du Temps; il emousse la pointe de tous les sentiments, et il detruit enfin la plus vive douleur que les evénements dont il est le pere auroient fait naître," —'tis very true, but I should never have thought of saying it so finely.' Horace Walpole has written at the foot of this letter in which a man speaks of trusting to time to cure his grief: 'Prince Craon is fourscore!'

June 29th.—'Prince Craon thanks you for your letter, and says you write "le plus joliment du monde." You had no time to condole with him for his son, so I suppose you won't venture renovare dolorem . . . I have introduced the Chutes to my friend Cardinal Albani who has introduced them to every body, so that they are in all the high Roman world.'

It was in that world Mr. Chute made the discovery of a work of art which became one of the highest prized ornaments of Strawberry. Mann thus describes it in a letter dated July 13th:—

'Mr. Chute has pressed me to mention to you, a most beautiful antique Eagle that has lately been found at Rome in the highest preservation and as far superior to that of Benvenuto Cellini as that is to the worst made at Hide Park Corner. Cardinal Albani is in love with it, and says it would be a fine present for the new Emperor, but that he would not know its value. He thinks it too dear. The demand is 250 crowns, but Mr. Chute believes, in case the Cardinal will not have it (as it was he brought him acquainted with it) that he could get it for 100 zecchini (fifty pounds). It stands on a sepulchral stone with its inscriptions and bassi rilievi entire. Mr. Chute thinks you might indulge your taste for antiquities at such an expense; all I am assured is that your orders will come late in case you would have it. I have not time to say half Mr. Chute writes in its praise, but by his accounts, both the Eagle and the pedestal are compleat.'

'I don't know what to say to Mr. Chute's Eagle,' wrote Walpole to Mann (July 28), 'I would fain have it. I can depend upon his taste; but wouldn't it be folly to be buying curiosities, now? how can I tell that I shall have anything in the world to pay for it, by the time it is bought? You may present these reasons to Mr. Chute, and if he laughs at them, why then he will buy the Eagle for me; if he thinks them of weight, not.' Chute laughed, and he bought the famous Eagle which had been recently discovered in the Gardens of Boccapadregli, within the precincts of Caracalla's Baths, at Rome. For a century it stood on its altar in the Gallery at Strawberry Hill. At the

scattering of Strawberry, by sale, the Earl of Leicester purchased the work of art, for £210. Earl Fitzwilliam subsequently became its possessor, at a much higher price; and, at the present moment, the grand weird-looking bird is in the mansion of the Earl of Wemyss in Stratford Place, London.

August 10th.—'I am become à la mode; the Lorainers even frequent me, but they are most of them, Anti-Richecourtiani. The last time I was there he took an opportunity to talk of Hanover. . . . He said my Lady Orford had wrote to him from thence, to acquaint him that she had been most graciously received by the King and Princess of Hesse, and that she never failed a day going to Herrnhausen. I replied that the name she wore *exigeait toujours des marques de bonté de Sa Majesté*, but I was resolved not to seem to understand the idea he wanted to convey, and which is the same with all her admirers, who fancy this royal favour is gaining a great point. They are ignorant of our laws, and fancy that our Royal family condescend to interfere in family affairs as Giovanni Gaston (the last of the Medici Dukes of Tuscany) used to do. De Sade told me in a large company, speaking of this subject, that "l'Esprit etoit dangereux." I told him I did not understand him, but that it was necessary he should distinguish between France and England. I don't think it impossible that my Lady has so far forgot that distinction as to have hopes and a view in this jaunt to Herrnhausen.'

'The Count sees Richmond, Lady Orford's gentlewoman, often; he goes to her, and she to him, and

carries her with him in his coach, to his country house, where they say he is fitting up an appartment for my Lady. . . . I cannot help wishing with many others that she may take a fancy to any place but this, for the country is better without her. . . . It is not my Lord's business to wish to prove anything against her, which might authorize him to demand a separation, or a divorce, either of which would prejudice his interests. . . . She can have no pretence to demand either, as her absence has been voluntary. She certainly has undertaken this step by advice from England.'

This family history is pursued in a letter of the 17th August:—'I cannot help repeating my fears that my Lord may take a wrong course; surely it cannot be his business to produce proofs that might authorize a divorce or separation. She would not scruple to own anything that he suspects, provided that she could bring it to that issue. In case she begins a process, in my opinion my Lord should only prove that he never gave cause to her absence; the consent he gave to her going abroad for her health and the allowance he first continued to her are proofs of his former care of her; her persistence in staying abroad against his consent, is a sufficient motive for having lessened the first allowance; though in its diminution of 1000 per. annum, it will be always considered as fully sufficient for a rambling lady.

'My conversations are very *brillantes* and very numerous. Pig wiggin delights in them much, though he does not produce himself much. Mme Suares, you know, is easy of access, so he takes most to her. The Vittorina is to be married in October. They put

it off as long as possible, in hopes of something coming forth for the Teresa, but there seems no likelihood of it. . . . You have heard me speak of Mr. St. John the madman; his madness has now quite changed its situation. He has a demand on Carducci for 1000 crowns, which the latter refuses to pay, as being under age when he contracted the obligation, and the laws here are on his side. St. John thinks he is in honour bound to pay it, and besides is persuaded if he does not, his marriage will turn out a nullity. St. John says that his sister has often told him so from heaven; she has been dead these three years, and some miracles were attributed to her, so that she is, with some, *in odore di Santita.* St. John finished a long letter to me on the subject of Caducci with a singular message from this deceased sister referring to the marriage, which he says, "She prays me to tell you."'

August 31st.—'The Countess's stay at Hanover convinces me she has some scheme. . . . Richecourt constantly receives letters from her, which he does not conceal; . . . he goes publickly to Richmond and makes his coach wait at the door for hours. She has been with him all last week in the country at his Villa. . . . The publicity with which he carries her about is quite affected, though the old creature can hardly speak a word of anything but English.' September 7th.—Mr. Blair, who was at Hanover, in the King's suite, wrote thus to Mann:—'My Lady Orford has been here, on her way to England, and I think, does you great honour in setting forth that you have always been a faithful friend and servant to the late and present Earls of Orford.' 'I cannot think,'

says Mann, 'that my Lady meant this as any commendation of me.'

October 5th.—'I write to you instead of going to a great ball in the Via del Popolo which the officers give in honour of the Election' (of Francis, Great Duke of Tuscany, as Emperor of Germany). 'Two were given by the Accademy. To-day is the Emperor's name (-day; St. Francis' day is on October 4th), and we suppose, his coronation. I am very little of a humour to participate of their rejoicings, and yet must be at them, not to be particular. The first day of joy happened to be my Thursday, and the Regency, after the Te Deum, which ended at 24 hours, appointed nothing, depending on everybody's coming here;—so they did; the Prince and Princess, near 200 ladies and too many men to be counted. You may imagine I was crowded, but I had *practic'd* a Gallery in the Garden, out of which my ground-rooms enter; my Garden and all was well lighted; it made a very good appearance. With that Assembly, I put an end to my Thursdays for this summer; and this evening puts an end to all our festivals, which, on the part of the Government, have been equal to their extreme poverty, for the Court carried away all the money.'

Rome was not so glad, nor disposed to allow others to be so glad at the accession of the new Emperor, as the Florentines were, or would have been, if the Grand Duke before he was elected to the dignity, had not taken 'all the money' he could, from Florence to Vienna. In the above letter Mann says:—

'A circumstance has lately happened at Rome that makes me fear greatly for the Chutes, who

are strongly in the Austrian party, which Aquaviva piques himself to persecute. On the last Election of the Great Duke of Tuscany to be Emperor of Germany (Francis) the mob to show their joy, as well as, I suppose, to get money, made a figure in wood adorned with Imperial Robes; this they carried in triumph about the town, not meaning I believe to give any offence, and last week went in great numbers to Franchini's house, that is the Palazzo Medici, on the Trinita del Monte; this joy was soon disturbed by Aquaviva's whole guard of 100 people, armed with guns, sabres, pistols, etc. and headed by the person in his livery who is called *Capitano della Piazza di Spagna.* They fired on the above mob and then fell on them, with the utmost inhumanity, with their other weapons. Some were killed and many wounded, and had not the gates of the Palazzo Medici been opened to receive the mob, much more mischief would have been done.

'Cardinal Albani and Franchini immediately made complaints to the Pope, but at the departure of an Express they sent with this notice, no answer had been returned. Those in Aquaviva's party commend him and say he did well by doing what the Government of Rome ought to have done, since any one should be so insolent as to rejoice for an Emperor the Pope had not acknowledged! In short, little satisfaction is to be expected from the Imbecility of the Pope, guided by Cardinal Valenti (who is as much a Spaniard as Aquaviva) and totally directed by him. I am surprized however that the Pope is not afraid of the consequences of such tumults, for was Cardinal Albani

to encourage the Transteverini and the mob of Rome, which is all Austrian, Rome would be in a flame. Aquaviva's guard permits nobody to go over the Place d'Espagne (which he calls his jurisdiction) with green cockades. They tear them from them, and abuse them; and our friends acquainted me some time ago that they and their servants wear them.

'Cardinal Albani was waiting to see what satisfaction the Court of Rome would give, and then, designed to despatch a Courier to Vienna. Poor Franchini is daily exposed to insults by his neighbourhood to Aquaviva who governs all there with the greatest insolence. The Pope is a beast and a *coglione* of whom everybody complains. If I was the Emperor, I would threaten him, if he won't govern better, to apply to the Colledge of Cardinals, this would mortify him strangely. Whilst these things are going forward, he amuses himself with making Saints, and a little while ago held a publick dispute with a Colonna, a boy of 19; the Pope himself harangued in the presence of a vast audience. What can be expected from him?'

Aquaviva was soon in a condition which Mann bore with cheerful resignation. On the 19th October he writes: 'The villain is in a fair way of going, as the common people at Rome say, a Casa del Diavolo! He is vastly ill with a paralytick dangerous disorder, which has already cost him one of his eyes, and the other is in danger. His surgeon says it is all over with him. I wish indeed it may happen soon. Some of his own fools would be persuaded it was a judgement from Heaven for the murders he lately ordered to be committed.'

'. . . The Teresina is a Sposa to young Count Peccori, the very man for whom the Pepi would have killed the Parigi. It is a good match, and they all thank Heaven for so much good luck at a time she was in danger of getting nobody. The Vittorina is to be wedded next Monday to Carducci at their villa, with all privacy.'

The Vittorina was married on the following Wednesday, and began keeping house with her husband the day after. 'I am afraid,' writes Mann (9th Nov.), 'they will soon be unhappy, they are so poor, and she is so lively, and he will be so jealous. The Teresina's match goes on with Count Peccori. He is a fool but good natured, and in very good circumstances. They will certainly be very happy, and have the prettiest children in the world.

'I carried Mme. Antinori last week to (*illegible*) to dine with the Princess, who was vastly gracious; but she is still fond of a shape, for which she laces so tight, that she is always sick. The Duke and Duchess Salviati dined there. Her Grace of Salviati is infinitely *devote* and has a great deal of humour.'

November 20th.—Under this date, Mann refers to the recent death of Lady Granville (formerly Carteret, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Pomfret). 'I don't write to my Lady on this melancholy occasion,' he says, 'I did on her daughter's marriage with Carteret but she never took any notice of it. She had a little before been offended at my lending Mr. Fermor, her son, money to buy absolute necessaries on his being appointed Captain of a ship, and without which he would have been obliged to eat with the sailors, for

want of a plate to eat off, or of a napkin. I inconvenienced myself by lending him that money and incurred his Lady mother's displeasure for my pains, and my Brother was used uncivilly, though she afterwards sent to ask his pardon.'

December 7th.— . . . . Mann gives another illustration of the character of our naval captains at this period. 'If Mr. Townshend,' he says, 'was not your cousin, I would tell you that he is not at all better than many of the bears I have had to deal with. I declare to you, I wonder how any of our affairs succeed in the hands of such unexperienced things. How could my Lord Townshend let the education of any son of his be neglected so? You cannot conceive the pains I have taken with him; nobody can unless they were to see the letters I have daily wrote to him, and he is not, I dare say, sensible of it by them.'

CHAPTER X.

1746.

THE year 1746 opened upon Mann and the English Colony at Florence with troubled and uncertain light. On January 4th he writes:—'We are ignorant what the Rebels in Scotland are doing. None but French and Spanish Couriers pass, and they turn one's brains. By the letters of the former, the Rebels have beat Wade and marched to London. Then Wade is in disgrace and mistrusted; in short, there is no kind of absurdity that they do not invent and publish; and all is credited. I am very sorry for the affair at Carlisle which has furnished them with a large quantity of arms, but I trust they will be taken from them with their lives. On the whole, however, it seems strange that a body of rabble of 9, 10, or $\frac{m}{is}$ men should be permitted to insult the whole Kingdom, by the slowness used on our side to disperse them. We gave them all possible advantage and a chance of receiving succours from abroad. Some of our travellers have so good an opinion of their success, that they are gone to Rome, to pay homage among the first. Bouverie does not act publickly as to the Pretender, but has all his people constantly to dine

with him. His three companions, Holt, Phelps, and Munroe the mad doctor's son went last fryday to the Portico of the S^ti^ Apostoli, to wait for the Pretender's coming out, to compliment him upon his Son's birth-day, and went afterwards to dine at his house,—it is said, with him, but I suppose with his people. Mr. St. John is outrageous and rebelliously mad. He curses the King in all companies and he wrote me a strange treasonable letter: he is quite mad and so not worth any notice.'

January 18th.—'All I can say to you is that we have four posts wanting from England. You will easily imagine the cruel situation I am in, since our Enemies take advantage of this accident to publish the most violent accounts of the Rebels who, according to them, are masters of London. I do not believe one word they say; but still, I wish to be assured from you, my dear child, that they are liars . . .

'. . . I was most agreeably surprized last fryday by the arrival of the Chutes from Rome, which place they could bear no longer. None but villains are well received there. Had it not been for good Cardinal Albani they must have decamped long ago; but he supported them, and they their spirits, till the last when, to shew their contempt for those that had used them ill, though they had been civil at first, they came away without taking leave. They have left Bouverie, Phelps, Holt, and Munroe in high favour, because they pay their court publickly to mock-Majesty, with whom they have dined. The first was a worthy disciple of Holdsworth; the second is a Fellow at Oxford, and flaming. He has nothing to

lose, but travels at Bouverie's expense; but, because he is of the right idea, is thought a great Cavalier. Holt is of Suffolk and has, they say, a good Estate. Munroe is the mad Physician's son and is himself a travelling Physician. They are all persuaded things will go as they wish; for, as I told you, they publickly frequent the Pretender and his people. Surely, the Government will take notice at last of this behaviour.

'The Chutes keep up my spirits and we endeavour to convince each other that things cannot be as they tell us; but even here we have so many Enemies! and many good Catholick friends are taught by their Confessors to wish against us. The poor Prince and Princess are so strangely out when I go there that they don't know how to talk to me about it. They are so embarassed to name the names different to what they have talked of them all day before; for they believe all the dirty stuff that comes from Paris more than anything I can say to them.'

January 25th.—'Your two letters of Nov. 29th and 9th of Dec. which both came together have raised our drooping spirits extremely. The Chutes and I had almost been quite cast down by the villainous reports the day before of a Courier who had passed by for Rome. The Rascal gave out that everything went on victoriously for the Rebels; in short that they were masters of almost all England; that thousands had rose in their favour, and that the King was retired from London. Judge you how it is possible to exist when such stories were spread and believed by most. I don't tell you *we* believed him,

but we dreaded that some accident had happened, that the Rebels had escaped the Duke's army, and that some risings might have been in their favour. Part or all of this we dreaded, when your dear letters came, and as we had been expecting the post for a long time, my house was crowded that morning; some in hopes of hearing good, and others bad news. Our friends were fully satisfied and the Orsi' (faction in favour of Spanish interests) 'and the Jacobites would not be discomfited "because I am a Minister and obliged to tell lies to serve my Court." The most sensible, however, knowing that such is not my custom, began to tremble. Cospetto! se lo dice Mr. Mann, bisogna che sia cosi perche l' è troppo honesto e non dice bugie. Povero Principino!'

February 15th.—'The contents of your letter of January 3rd, which arrived yesterday, were so charming, as well as the Gazette which accompanied it, that by the advice of many, and to be revenged of the vile Gazetteers of Bologna, etc., I have translated the Taking of Carlisle into Italian and dated my Gazette from Bologna, with this introduction; "Essendoci pervenute da mano sicura le sequente notizie, si crede far cosa grata al Publico con renderle palesa;" and so many of them are to go slyly to Rome where, no doubt, they will be surprised to see my paper dated from Bologna with any other title for the King than that of Elector of Hanover; for the Pretender's son, that of Real Principe di Galles. Indeed, I have not had any occasion to name him, but I speak of the Rebels in general. The Italians say already, "Povero Principino! e che le Inglesacci have betrayed him."

Still, my dear, the Pretender does not show that concern which would be natural were his son in so much danger. I hope the Duke will go into Scotland and finish what he has so well begun. The soldiers will certainly like nobody so well to conduct them.'

March 15*th*.—'How is it possible not to be continually uneasy? We always receive the first accounts from France, which are echoed to us from Rome, with all the additions the Jacobites please to add; and all this is credited by every body, and crammed upon us till we receive letters from England; but in the interval, it is impossible to have courage enough to be quite tranquil. Hawley's affair, for example, frightened us out of our senses. The French accounts magnified it a hundred-fold, and they said positively the King of France had given a Mr. Brown the Cross of St. Louis, for bringing him such great news. In this belief I remained for above a week, and received many letters of condolence, which confirmed my alarm. Cardinal Albani was as much frightened, for Dunbar harangued the Patroni's Assembly with all the particulars and advantages he wished, and our English Jacobite travellers made *junkets*, and got drunk with rejoicing with the Pretender's servants for that success. We were cast down till your dear letter of the 28th January revived us by showing the affair was not of much consequence, if the not having extinguished the Rebellion may be allowed to be so, when the opportunity was so fair. But we are really now in spirits, believing that the terror the Duke has struck into those villains will put an end to it. . . . A Courier passed by yesterday from France to Rome,

who, as we suppose, carried news to the Pretender that will quite disconcert him; but we cannot hear the effect till next week.'

April 26th.—'How terrible it is we cannot put the Rebellion out! The Jacobites are in high spirits and boast of their conquests. Inverness is represented to be of as much importance as Edinburgh Castle!' Mann found some consolation for the Jacobite boasting, in certain little successes which he had brought about in the Mediterranean, by advice and orders which he was authorized to give to our naval commanders. Mr. Townshend received instructions from home to conquer Corsica, then in possession of the Genoese; Mann advised him not to attempt a perfectly hopeless undertaking, but to harass the Genoese at sea. Townshend followed the Minister's counsel. 'I must not omit to tell you of my success while I commanded. Lord Colvil, whom I sent to the coasts of Genoa, took a french ship and destroyed eight barks with provisions, five of which had the Pope's colours; the other three, Genoese. I expect to be doubly excommunicated, and then poisoned by the Genoese.'

May 24th.—'I am much obliged by your good news, which makes me hope that by this time, the Rebellion is quite at an end. The Jacobites won't believe it, but still talk of their advantages. A Courier passed by from france to Rome a few days ago, and though I don't hear he said anything, yet presently it was reported that he carried to the Pretender, the news of his Son's victory over the Duke, who was retired with difficulty to the mountains, having

lost his whole army! Can anything be so absurd? I promise you never to be alarmed by their accounts again.'

On the 31st of May Mann is finally at ease. 'Your Victory,' he says, 'was most welcome, and gave me great joy. I was on the point of relapsing into my fears. The french and jacobites tell lies so confidently and stick to them so strongly that they stagger me. I told you a Courier passed by this place lately from france to Rome. Immediately, all Italy was imposed upon by the false accounts from that centre of falsehood. All the french letters, nay, those to poor Prince Craon, confirmed a violent victory of the Rebels, and such an encrease of their force as was able to do every thing. Do but see by the enclosed scrap of a Gazette, a specimen of their impudence. At Rome all was joy and insolence, and the Pretender's people caused an account to be printed, which my friends did not send me, thinking it was unnecessary after the news of our real victory, which they received sooner than I did. Pucci was the first to announce it here. I was at Prince Craon's when the letter came last Wednesday, the 29th, and I have received yours only to-day, the 31st. This is owing to the bad method the office is in by sending the packets to a man at Leyden, by which means they are retarded. I have been ordered to send mine the same way, which consequently retards mine too.

'Well! the Duke is a glorious little hero. I am glad the nation is obliged to him for such noble exploits. I hope, before he leaves Scotland, that he will extirpate even the seeds of Rebellion, though the task I fear is too hard even for him.'

The scrap from the Bologna Gazette, sent by Mann to Walpole is (in English) to this effect:—'Versailles, 6th May. On the 30th of April, an officer arrived here, who had been despatched to the King by the Prince Stuart, with the news that the Duke of Perth, having under his command Signor Stappleton, Marechal de Camp in the French service, had passed over an arm of the sea, in front of the position held by the Earl of Loudon, with about 2000 men divided into three bodies. This Duke animated, by his own example, his soldiers to make this passage with the water up to their waists, as their boats could not reach the landing place. . . . As soon as they set feet on the shore, he attacked and dispersed two of the above-mentioned corps under the Earl of Loudon; whereupon, the third, seeing the defeat of the other two, flung their arms on the ground, and shouting "Prince Stuart for ever!" put themselves under the banner of the Duke of Perth; who had witnessed the defeat or surrender of the whole force commanded by the Earl of Loudon, wanting only the Earl himself and two or three other fugitives, to make the Duke's victory complete. The army of Prince Stuart, in consequence of this advantage, found itself increased by fifteen hundred soldiers, so many prisoners having joined his party. The Irish officer who was selected to carry this news was accompanied by four officers, prisoners of war. The assailants who had attempted to attack a post of the royal Scottish army were repulsed with very great loss; and at the same time, a Captain of a royal Scottish regiment, at the head of an ambuscade, attacked the

vanguard of the English army and succeeded in capturing 2 officers and murdering. The Swiss officers who had desired to enter the French service had disembarked and been incorporated with the Stuart army, which now numbers 21,000 fighting men. One of their detachments contrived to get possession of 4 English merchant ships, driven a-shore by the waves; after these vessels had been entirely stript of their rich cargoes, preparation was made to set them on fire, so as to prevent their re-capture by the English.'

With such fictitious details Italy and France were amused. The audacity with which a certain Cardinal writes contemporary history does not exceed that of the partizan historians of the last century. Even after the struggle was all but closed for ever, Rome invented and Florence repeated the most lying legends. 'The Jacobites and French,' says Mann, (June 14th), 'are still such fools as to think to frighten us with their accounts of a victory on their side, since that of Culloden, and that the Duke was wounded. Nobody believes them, but still the French persist in their lies. . . . Is the young Italian' (Charles Edward) 'taken? or will he be able to collect his scattered forces? Prince Craon asked me t'other day what they could do with the young Pretender, in case of his being taken? "He would be beheaded!"—"Fie! fie! a King's Grandson!"—"Well, Prince, it is just that fact that would cause his destruction."—You know, the Craons affect to be related to them by the means of Prince Beauvau's wife.'

In return for the news of the victory at Culloden,

Mann, on the 21st of June, sent notice of that gained on the 17th by the Austrians and Sardinians, near Placentia, under Prince Lichtenstein, over the French and Spanish armies, commanded by Don Philip. This saved the Italian possessions of the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa; or, as Prince Lichtenstein put it:—'It pleased His divine Majesty to give Her Imperial Majesty a compleat victory.' Mann thought that divine Majesty was tardy in manifesting equally satisfactory pleasure in another direction. 'Why should the boy escape?' he asks, of the errant Stuart. 'It has been reported at Rome that he was dead; and his father accidently hearing of it, fainted away for half an hour, to the great alarm of his courtiers who had little to say to comfort him, but they sent for the French Ambassador and (*illegible*) who have assured him that the Brest squadron will debark such a number of troops as will remedy the little *échec* they have suffered, *et retablira ses affaires*, and his son in his kingdom.'

'Tout peut se rétablir!' is less a sentiment of hope than a cry of despair. While Mann was announcing the victory of the Austro-Sardians near Placentia, the defeated Franco-Spanish were not only denying the fact but singing a Te Deum! 'I suppose,' says Mann, 'because their army was not totally ruined.'

Under the same date, Mann who complained that his official despatches had become each a volume instead of a letter, that he was kept writing through the night, that his industry was not slackened by the circumstances of his salary being five years in arrear, and that after all, his post day for writing was never com-

plete without a letter to Walpole,—makes record: —'that the Lightening Bomb was overset yesterday near the Gorgona and was sunk immediately. The Captain, Martin, and some of his officers were saved by swimming, with 23 men only. Two of them supported the Captain, who could not swim at all, till he was taken up by the other ships' boats; by this unfortunate accident 45 men were drowned. I am extremely sorry for it, but could not help laughing soon after at a letter your cousin' (Townshend) 'has sent in for Prince Lichtenstein to wish him joy of his noble feats. On the tip-top of the page is "My Lord," and then quite at the bottom, "I beg leave to acquaint your Highness that I have heard of your victory, from H. Mann, Esqr." all in English. Pray don't mention this; (I disapprove of his language, stile, and speling) but he would hear of it, by some means or other.'

Florence was still in doubt as to the whereabouts of Charles Edward. 'The letters from France,' says Mann, who disapproved of Townshend's spelling, 'possitively say the Pretender's son has escaped into France. Still, many will not believe,' adds Mann (who was not pleased with 'the Commander's stile'), 'that he was there in original, and applaud his substitute Perkin for saving his principal's character. Two ships arrived some time ago, at Nantes, with several of his dependants on board, many in number. The Duke of Perth and his son are mentioned, but the first is said to have died in his passage. The account says they were attacked by three of our frigates and lost 30 of their men, but escaped. Mons^r Jean Drummond is

likewise named, "et autres officiers;" and nobody douts' (writes Mann) 'that the Pretender's son is there, though they won't own it. They all debarked the 7th inst. The french ships are called the Mars and the Bellona. It is monstrous our three ships should let two escape, but perhaps some folks may be as well pleased.'

All Italy was eager to know what had become of the 'boy.' 'It is strange methinks,' (9th of August) 'that we can have no certainty about the existence of the Young Pretender. We have had reports of his having been taken, killed, and sunk in a french ship on the Coast of Scotland, as he attempted to get off. Others say, he is hidden in some of the Islands, and that he cannot escape, while others believe him very safe in France. . . . The father is certainly unhappy; but not so much as to indicate that he thinks him in danger of his life.'

August 30th.—'I expect to hear by your next letter that the Rebel Lords have been executed. I want to write that news to Rome, and would add that of the Son's being taken. 'Tis wondrous strange there is no news of him.'

When Walpole described the trial of the Jacobite Lords and the verdict to Mann, the natural good feeling of the latter returned. Irritated as he was by the Jacobites around him, he wrote: 'If the king shews mercy, I shall be glad, so that he deprives them of the power of even making an ill use of it.' When Walpole's account of the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino arrived, Mann (September 27th) pronounced that of the first Lord to be

'certainly very decent;' Balmerino's 'much overdone.' 'The executions,' he said, 'seem to make no impression at Rome. They are as insolent as ever and say that the boy is still in Scotland, on a full assurance that France is determined to put him in a situation to punish effectually his father's rebel subjects, for which purpose, Sweden and the King of Prussia would lend all their assistance. Dunbar talks this nonsense daily. The letters from france say that the boy is absolutely arrived at Ostend, but in a miserable situation as to his health. Cardinal Albani has informed me that the valet de chambre of the young Pretender had arrived in Rome but had departed instantly for Albano, so that time had not permitted him to learn anything about him.'

The death of Philip V. of Spain crushed all the influence of his terrible consort, Elizabeth Farnese, and the new King Ferdinand VI., guided by his wife, Barbara of Portugal, abandoned the old Spanish policy. The new course led to the cruel desertion, on the part of France and Spain, of their late allies, the Genoese, and to the further consequence of the capture of Genoa by the Austrians. Their cruelty and rapacity were without bounds; but a full account is to be read in Coxe's 'House of Austria.' Mann refers to one of the articles of the treaty of submission by which the Doge and two (Coxe says 'six') senators were compelled to repair to Vienna, to implore the clemency of the Empress Queen, and he compares this humiliation with that inflicted by Louis XIV., 'on which occasion two medals were struck, one representing the bombarding of Genoa, with the legend

"Vibrata in superbos fulmina!" and at the bottom "Genoa Emendata!" The other on the submission at Versailles, with "Genoa Obsequens!" It is remarkable that the Doge of that time, as well as now, was of the Brignoli family.'

On the 22nd of November, Mann announces the apparently imminent death of the chief enemy of England, in Rome, Cardinal Aquaviva, whom Mr. Chute thinks 'the great, nay the only, cause of the insolences that are committed at Rome.' Mr. Chute 'will be horridly provoked if Aquaviva recovers from the Articulo Mortis in which the Pope gave him his blessing on the 18th. I really believe the Pope himself was glad to perform that function, as he was always in the greatest awe of him; and, they say, would be an Austrian if he dared. Valenti still sticks by him, however, and is as much a Spaniard as Aquaviva was. Mr. Chute will tell you stories of them both as will amaze you.'

On December 13th, there is this further intelligence of the Cardinal,—the enemy alike of Maria Theresa and of King George—'Mr. Chute will be sorry to hear that Aquaviva is recovering. Pray tell him that B—— sent to ask my pardon for having assured me he must die. Everybody and he himself thought so, otherwise he would never have confessed his villanies in publick. The Pope who, I am sure, was glad of it, said the next day to a Monsignore who had been present: "Eh, Monsignore, si fece un bel piangere jieri!" At which the whole room burst out in laughter.'

Rome, at this time, was still weighing the pos-

sibility of dethroning King George. 'The sly folks there pretend,' says Mann, 'to have discovered that something is possitively in agitation again for the young Pretender, which is to be executed this winter, and that Spain has strongly engaged in it. I don't see how it can be, but I own to you the very notion of it alarms me much. Cardinal Albani says positively that the Pretender's eldest Son is to be married to a second daughter of Modena, to whom the Duke is to give the Dutchy of Novellara for a portion.'

The first of the personal traits of this year refers to Lady Walpole, Countess Orford:—

April 19th.—'I intend to scold you for sending us back the Countess so rich and so saucy that there will be no living in the same town. Her Richmond (her maid) has had Richecourt's advice to quit the house she lives in, and which the laws of the country might have obliged her to do, long ago, but they were so complaisant as not to exert their power. . . . I remember well that Knight of the United families, as he called himself, the Bouchiers and the Wreys. He lived with his cousin Countess *nata* Rolles, here in Florence, and was too wise and solemn for anybody there. I can easily judge what he must be in the act of making his own terms. I wish they would make the little Abbé Secretary marry the chambermaid. She would pass for a Dama Inglese, under my Lady's tuition here, and be admitted to the learned conversation.'

May 24th.—'I am in the most disagreeable situation imaginable; in the midst of preparations for the Chutes' departure. They set out the day after tomorrow. They were to have gone last Thursday, but

we walked too late together in the Garden. He caught the gout again, and I a fever, with which I was very bad all last week. Well! it signifies nothing to whine; we must part. I shall never find anybody again that is so comfortable in all my requirements.'

Then follows a notice of the travelling English in general, and of a fashionable sample, in particular :—

'Your recommendé Mr. Hobart is come at last, and is so unlike all the English, that I adore him. His regard and esteem for you is motive enough; but besides, he is extremely well bred, introduces himself vastly well to all your acquaintances, and is by them as well received. He is the only Englishman that, for a long time, has thought it necessary to speak to a Dama. They go about with their jemmy frocks and frightful staring hats, and exhibit themselves for brutes everywhere. Whilst they despise all the best company, Mr. Hobart seeks it, and is contented to be laughed at by the rest. You will be surprized to hear he is lodged at Lady Orford's, and is so intimate with me. When he met her in Holland, she pressed him to accept of her house, which he did, but expects soon to be turned out by her arrival. . . . I cannot think my Lady will be sorry to have so pretty a young man in the house with her. I told him the other day that, on my Lady's return he would hear such strange stories of me that, as fond as he now seemed, he would then hate me; he promised he would not, and I really believe him. . . . The old acquaintances you esteemed have not forgot you. I introduced Mr. Hobart to them all, in your name, and he was witness to the

many obliging things they said of you. The Princess in particular was most gracious, and said no recommendation could be so acceptable, which I assured her I would tell you.'

This English gentleman was a supreme favourite with the Florentines. 'Mr. Hobart,' Mann writes on the 14th of June, 'is frequently witness to my épuisements and embarras. He supplies the place of the Chutes, by coming to me after he has set all the *Dame* in a twitter. You can't think how they admire him;—how he admires them. How he will resist, I can't tell, but he has much business upon his hands; hitherto, he supports it very well. He often asks for Cypress wine which, he says, is the best restorative in the world. He contents himself to eat gooseberry tarts every night with me, after having been so long used to the elegant suppers with you at White's,—what a change!'

There was, however, compensation. 'I have begun,' says Mann, on the 19th July, 'my assemblies in the garden which are vastly resorted to. Indeed they are pretty. I intend to surprize them with a little musick next Thursday, in bob-cherry walk. I cannot announce it, as it would make the crowd too great.'

News of the victory at Culloden, and of that gained by the troops of Maria Theresa and the King of Sardinia hardly gave Mann more pleasure than the assurance that Lady Orford was *not* about to return to Florence, and there make social war against the minister. 'Last week,' he says (August 23rd), 'arrived, quite à l'improviste, the Abate Niccoli. He left the Italian maid he brought from England at a villa the

first night not to alarm the town, as he said. I know nobody that was alarmed, but the Richmond' (Lady Orford's English maid), 'she indeed was in violent fuss, and in great hurry to execute the orders she received to return. . . . My Lady's furniture is put into the hands of the famous Gavi. . . . She has wrote to a person here' (Richecourt) 'to tell him that when she was on the point of settling affairs with my Lord, he broke off, which would oblige her to stay longer in England than she designed; but as the Florentine world has proofs enough of her amorous constitution, the change of her resolution is attributed to some new passion to which she has sacrificed the Count. . . . I fancy he will be better without her.'

'Mr. Hobart has not been at all considered. You know he lodged at her house. I have told him he deserves it, for his little delicacy in staying in a place where he was received so ill; for after the first week, the Richmond strip'd the house of almost all the necessary furniture, under pretence of fitting up a villa for my Lady, whom she said she daily expected; so that he was forced to hire what he wanted.'

But none knew better than Mann the advantages of living in Italy. On a day in September (27th) he bursts out with the remark, 'You will agree with me that Italy is a charming place. I wish indeed there was a little more *society*. There is a vast deal of company and crowd, but nothing of the former, and unless one has a Cicisbea, one grows tired of their great assemblies. The frequent Operas we have are a great resource. One sits at home in one's box, to receive company, which one leaves when it is not

agreeable, and makes visits, or one attends to the musick. The newly married daughters of Madame Suares, the Piccori and Carducci, do not turn out so well as might have been expected; but people attribute it to the extreme jealousy of their husbands, who permit none but such as they chuse to be about them, so that upon the whole they make a bad figure.'

There were among the Florentines a few who visited England, and depended on Mann's introduction of them to Walpole, and on Walpole's remembrance of kindnesses rendered to him in Florence. Walpole was not flattered by the introductions, nor was his memory burthened by much gratitude. Mann smoothed his ruffled plumes. 'You know, my dear child,' he says (Oct. 27th), 'the necessity I am under on such occasions' (being asked for letters of introduction) 'of appearing something by shewing such attention to the Florentine nobility, and that I have nobody but you to address them to. None of my own folks would do on these occasions.' This was written in reference to Marchese Folco (son of the Marchese Rinuncini who had been the representative in England of Giovanni Gaston, the last of the Medici Grand Dukes of Tuscany), whom Mann had sent to Walpole, who remarks thereupon: 'I was glad to see him—after I had got over being sorry to see him. . . . and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival. . . . He told me some passages that I don't forgive you for not telling. Your Cicisbeatura, Sir, with the Antinori; and Manelli's marriage and jealousy. Who consoles my illustrious mistress?'

Mann assures Walpole, at considerable length,

that his politeness to Folco was highly appreciated by his illustrious mistress, Griffoni, who was in grief at the marriage of her Cicisbeo, Marchese Manelli. Folco's father thanked Mann with great solemnity: '"En verité, Monsieur le Chevalier, nous sommes tous au dernier point sensibles à toutes les graces et bontés que vous avez procuré à mon fils." He has wrote to me in the same stile.' In reference to Folco's gossip, Mann asks: 'What has he been telling you about me? I assure you I am not quite a Cicisbeo. Sisistori keeps close there. I go too, but not constantly; neither do I believe that I will be more assidueous when he marries the Lena Guadagni. A rigorous Cicisbeatura would be too much for me. I have neither time nor spirits to go through with it; ne potrei servirla secondo il suo merito.

'I forgot to tell you of the cruel separation which caused your Princess so many tears. Manelli promised to return, but has not kept his word. Perhaps she still stays for him, and will not accept of any other to supply his place.'

Mann was constantly applied to, to execute commissions for friends in England, where at this time a new scent was in favour. 'I have of late had so great a demand' (Nov. 22nd) 'for orange-flower water from England that I must conclude it is greatly esteemed. Your uncle never thought he could have enough, and then he desired some for Lady Catherine Pelham. This has put it into my head to send you a supply of it, and if you should not know what to do with it, you may distribute it about to all the females you have so lately praised.'

Mann was too amiable to find trouble in anything, now that the Rebellion was suppressed, the chief rebels in their graves, the old Chevalier a helpless gentleman at Rome, and 'bonny Prince Charlie,' a wanderer on the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XI.

1747.

THE chronicle of this year opens with a domestic story which excited much attention at the time. In a letter dated January 10th, Mann informs his 'dear child'—'A terrible fracas has happened in Casa Strozzi at Rome by the dispersion of her famous Museum. Whilst the Princess was here last summer, to marry her second son to another Strozzi, grand-daughter of old Riccardi, her Cabinet at Rome was broke open, and hundreds of rings, both Intaglios and Cameos as well as some Medals taken away. The poor old woman did not discover it for some time, as there were no outward marks of force either to the doors of the rooms or the Cabinets. Judge of her amazement and affliction when she opened them; for she both understood and valued them. The thief must have had at least twelve false keys. The whole assortment was doubly locked and the Sanctum Sanctorum well guarded; but all was not sufficient to keep out the sacrilegious hands of the villain whom all the family and all the world calls Duke Strozzi, her son! The Madonna escaped, as it is believed he thought it too remarkable a jewel to dispose of. She has sent to

desire me to enquire of all the *Giojellieri* and *Orefici* upon the Ponte Vecchio of London, and to order the Barghello to make diligent search in the Ghetto among the Jews. Many of the things may indeed be known as they are printed in the "Florentine Museum." One pities her extremely, not only for the value of the things, but as the loss is irreparable. They say the good old Princess pines about it extremely, and so much the more as by busily making known her misfortune, she has totally discredited her oldest son.'

On the last day of January, Mann's periodical letter is full of the record of public gaiety:—'You know,' he says, 'what a busy time the Carnival is. I partake none of its amusements but the Opera, and yet *that* deranges my whole system. The show at the Via della Pergola is really magnificent. The Tesi has been taken from her involuntary retirement, to act Achilles; and appears with great *eclat*, though she trembled much the first night, believing that her whole future reputation as an Actress was at stake; but she does extremely well and has the *Gloria*, as she calls it, of having restored the Via della Pergola Theater which indeed, by the first Opera produced there, was quite sunk. She rants a little too much whilst she is in woman's cloaths; but, they say, the part requires it; and, as all the Cavalieri Accademici are *Impresarii*, the *Ladies*, who don't love her, are forced to applaud Putello, who does the part of Ulysses, does it very well, too. He formerly, they say, sung much better; but he lost much of his voice at Naples, so that in his Airs, he is not heard. The Fumagalli,

who acts Deidamia, is a good figure and well drest: the rest are not worth naming. The Opera begins with Dances and a numerous Chorus *alla Francese*, and the whole is conducted with great pomp. There is in particular a great supper, during which the whole theater is vastly illuminated, and it remains so for the Dances which follow; here, the unfortunate Saufterre, natural son of the Regent and La Mar, gains great applause. Hitherto, in Italy, the Dances were only Dances. The scene opened and discovered the Dancers, who began to dance, but now they are called *Contrascene*, or Balli Significanti. The first is a *Retour de Chasse Royale*. They are seen at a great distance, marching over mountains in procession, followed by crowds with all proper and improper implements; and then they descend and dance. Upon the whole it is not called a good Opera, but the most *splendid* entertainment over seen in the Via della Pergola. They act every night but Saturday, in opposition to the Via di Cucumero, where there is a most vile Burletta; but then there is Denis and Pantateonina whom many prefer to Saufterre and "Sparecchiata Tavola," so that parties run very high. I dare not take mine. Twenty English that are now here, have decided boisterously for Denis, with all the Gens d'Armes and Cittadinanza, in opposition to all the Nobility. Judge then, if it is not prudent to be neutral, which however is no easy task!

'Those twenty English embarrass me much. It is vastly the mode to entertain. They have separate lodgings and french cooks, and one is tormented to death. Some indeed entertain vastly well, and have

their *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets*, in great order. Others who won't give ten zecchins, (about 5*l.*) a month to a Cook, do not succeed quite so well, but yet will imitate the fine way. Lord Hobart and I were ready to burst with laughter t'other day, at a noble table, where ten people were set down to a first course of a soup and two hors d'œuvres literally consisting of a Mustard pot in a small dish and, opposite to it, a plate of the vile white Radishes. The mustard was to serve for the Bouilli which was to relieve the Soup. I have escaped many dinners by a fever which seized me last Tuesday whilst I was in the hight of my Despatches. . . . I was blooded the next day, and went to the Opera, with the Princess' (Craon) 'last night, which unfortunately has exposed me to a great dinner to day. I wish I could give you a description of her setting forth, for it was her first *sortie* after an *epuisement* and an *accablement* of a fortnight. When we thought all was ready to march, she sent Tozzoni into her room for twenty things. Amongst others, he brought her half a hood to hang over her whole face, to keep the air from striking it, and a monstrous fan, or little screen, made of linnen, with a long handle, for a servant to carry at some distance before her, to prevent the air coming with too much force against the covering to her face. I was put into the Coach with her, and was vastly afraid of hurting her, or squeezing her. I was heartily glad when we got to the Theater where, you know, she takes great precautions to arrive as the curtain draws up, as she pleases herself with the notion that it is done to do her honour;—just as she attributed

the whole Corso at Rome, when she made her entry, as coming there to make that magnificent.'

'Did I ever tell you that your Princess Griffoni (who often enquires after you) has been abandoned by Manelli. He took the opportunity of his marrying, on a promise to return again, but has not kept his word, and she was sometime without, quite *sconsolata*, till (of very late) Bernardino Riccardi has left his black Frescobaldi, to take to her. Jesus! here is mad Mr. St. John and Baron Stosch. The first is come to persuade me to unite the Churches of England and Rome; and the latter to thank me for having sent the corpse of his Brother to be buried at Leghorn.

'. . . It was just as I said; Mr. St. John has been preaching to me for above an hour, to make it clear that nothing is so proper or so easy as to bring about this union; and he is sure if I would but write to King, Lords, and Commons, that they would all agree as to the force of his arguments, and give their consents to put all Dominion under the one or three glorious crowns, so plain a symbol of the Trinity. On his part he will engage to make the Pope accept the laws of England and to prove to him that they are Jesus Christ and the twelve Jurymen his Apostles! Poor man!'

On February 14th, Mann announces the close of the Carnival for the morrow, 'the ashes of Wednesday imbitter the pleasures of the last days; but the last days were rendered lively by a very curious English display. On the night of the 13th, there was a great ball in the Via della Pergola, at which many of the English represented Free Masonry. Their habits were

pretty, and Denis, the first dancer, who is a Master Mason, composed a dance on purpose, which succeeded very well. The Italians liked it as a masquerade, which was all they knew of it. They danced it twice, with great applause; but the third time the people were offended that their Tresconi was interrupted, which occasioned some bustle, and had not General Salvi threatened to put all the Fidlers into prison, the Tresconi would have got the better. The Impresarij, I hear, are all offended (for I was not there so late), and Lord March was so angry with them that he proposed that each of the nine Free Masons should fight an Impresario. They intended to appear in the same habits, at the Ball, on Tuesday night, but the fracas has made them alter their minds.'

In the same letter, Mann refers to the course adopted by the Jacobites in Rome and Florence. 'They are making use of the non-arrival of as many as five posts, to publish their villanous reports. It is supposed that Couriers can fly thro' the air to them, or that the holy people at Rome are instructed of what passes in the remote parts of Europe, by their tutelar Saints. Santa Sobieska' (the Princess Clementina Maria Sobieska, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, was the clever and ill-requited wife of the Pretender) 'no doubt has taken the province of England, and wispers in her Lord's ear everything that passes at the English Court. I can give you no better account for the assertions lately given at the Palazzo dei Sti. Apostoli of the King of England's sudden death. It was by the first post from thence whispered as a secret, and the next wrote

publickly, and though not supported by any one circumstance, yet by the vulgar it is credited; the prudent even are astonished at such a report, and in vain endeavour to destroy it. Nothing but the arrival of letters will be able to do that, which you will imagine I wait for with the most cruel impatience.'

The five posts arrived altogether, and on February 28th, Mann was replying to one letter of Walpole's, which was written on the previous Christmas day. The chief incident or, as Mann says, 'a grand affair,' was, that 'a Lorrain Officer insulted M. Langlois in the Theater of Leghorn. Upon the latter returning the same language, the officer made up to him to strike him, which Langlois prevented his doing, by retiring some steps and drawing his sword. This is represented by the Corps Militaire as an affront to every one who wears a uniform, and likewise a more heinous affront to the Emperor and his Theater. Unluckily for the officers, the Regency and all prudent people look upon the necessity Langlois was in to defend himself against a person who was the first aggressor, as a great mitigation of his fault; and on the contrary they look upon the officer's proceeding as so irregular that they have represented the whole affair to Vienna, knowing very well that the Militaire would not submit to their decision, unless it were to order Langlois' head to be cut off for an example. The Factory of Leghorn have made a representation, and I have wrote such a letter to the Regency as has pleased much. The Regency, all the Town, and many even of the Officers are on my side. I expect Langlois

this evening from Leghorn. His arrest in his house there is to be changed to the City of Florence, for his confinement, and the officer is not to stir from Leghorn. This I obtained with some art, and it is the only shadow of satisfaction the Regency can give me.'

Mann wanted even such shadows when he thought of the affairs of the Pretender and the whereabouts of Charles Edward. 'Letters from Rome say, he' (the young Chevalier) 'disappeared on a sudden; those from Lions say he passed there on his way to Avignon, but the Vice Legate there has assured the Pope that he was not arrived nor expected. . . . At the same time, my sly friends at Rome assure me that they are persuaded something is in the air, and desire me to be attentive. . . . They think that France will make a descent on Ireland. . . . I am not without anxiety on that score.'

A postscript referring to a Norfolk Squire named Davis, who had copied so perfectly the famous Domenichino as to deceive Mr. Chute, who was familiar with the original, says:—'I am afraid that neither your Brother nor Cousin, who I hear are turned painters, will make such a progress. I have a Commission to send the first some *Terra gialla di Siena*, and to the latter a load of Pastelli, which your Unkle has wrote to me for, and which I can luckily send him in the greatest perfection from hence, as Messina is famous for making them.'

On March 14th, Mann refers to the remarkable Court Martial recently held on Commodore Townshend. In April 1746, Townshend had informed the

Lords of the Admiralty that he had fallen in with a squadron of the enemy's ships, to which he gave chase till discovering them to be French men-of-war from Toulon, commanded he believed by M. de Lages, he did not think proper to speak with them. The Lords of the Admiralty, not approving of English naval commanders ruling the waves after this fashion, ordered Townshend to be placed under arrest, and to be tried by court martial, at Port Mahon, as soon as convenient. The trial did not take place till March, 1747. It then appeared that if Townshend had been capable of writing an intelligible letter in his own language, he would not have found himself suspected of cowardice. He had omitted to state that he had only one ship besides his own, which he must have lost had he engaged with de Lages, who had four ships. Mann says 'he was honourably acquitted . . . he was censured only for his carelessness in writing, and ordered to ask their Lordships' pardon; after which he was reinstated in the command of his ship in which he had been a prisoner for so many months.'

A singular circumstance in connection with this matter is to be found in Mann's letter of the 14th March. Townshend's negligently written despatch to the Admiralty passed through Mann's hands, to be forwarded to its destination. On which the British Minister at Florence, says: 'It was horridly unlucky that he did not send me his fatal letter open' (as most of them used to do) 'in which case I certainly should not have forwarded it.' From which it is to be inferred that the Minister used to read all unsealed letters.

From private sympathy for Townshend, Mann turns to expressions of fear for the public weal. 'I am alarmed,' he says, 'since I received notice of the preparations which Murray, (or the Roman Lord Dunbar) is making to set out for france. . . . Do you think the Pretender would part with the only one in whom he confides unless of some scheme of devilish importance?'

'I can't think what view the people of Rome have in persisting to say the King is in a bad state of health. You can't imagine their insolence on this head; nay, many of our friends believe it. They wish the contrary they say, but still the assertions from so many parts stagger them.'

The Minister's fears had increased before he wrote his letter of the 21st. 'We hear that the Pretender's son made a short stay at Avignon and, as all his father's people and friends say, is gone to Spain. The extraordinary pains they take to persuade people of this would make one doubt the truth of it, especially as they add, as the motive of this journey, his having left France in great disgust. . . . Whether he be gone to Spain or to some Port in France, it seems highly probable that something is in agitation in his favour. If he be gone to Spain, perhaps it may be a contrivance of France to raise a jealousy between England and that Court, to prevent what they so much fear, our separate accommodation. Murray's departure from Rome at this juncture adds to my suspicions; . . . He says he will depart about (our) Easter,—on account of his health; that he shall stay some time at Avignon and then proceed to France; though those

who believe the young Pretender is gone to Spain are persuaded that Murray will follow him. . . . Lord George Murray arrived at the Pretender's, the 17th. from Venice, where he left Lord Elcho' (whom Mann more than once stigmatizes as a 'fool') 'and other rebels, and I believe Lord Marechal.'

The letter ends with a sad incident. 'As Captain Vanbrugh was returning from Mr. Townshend's Court Martial to his ship, his boat overset, and he and all his men were drowned, which has vastly afflicted M. Goldworthy who was his brother-in-law.' Thus Townshend's carelessness in writing led to the sacrifice of several lives.

While brave men lost their lives, others of little worth were loaded with honours. 'The Count' (Richecourt) 'is coming to ferret us. He is become an Imperial Marquis, by the name of Traschiato' (if he chuses to wear it). 'The Emperor has lately given him a fief. . . . I am vastly afraid my Lady may come to Florence too; pray watch her motions and her degree of ardour for Mr. Shirley, that one may know if she has any for the Florentine Earl—Marquis di Traschiato and Grand Prior di Perugia.'

From a long rambling letter of the 25th April, we catch a breath of a last century Italian Spring. 'I am sitting snugly by a good fire, on this 25th April, which I would leave, however, to go to the Opera, was it not for my letters. A week ago it was hot and I left off my furs, and stopt up the chimney, I have been forced to supply the first by a good warm waistcoat, and shall continue the latter till all the snow that is now on the hills round Florence be melted into the Arno.'

In a passage on old Fraser of Lovat's coming execution (a mere echo of Walpole's account), Mann says of the Popish Pretender's captured followers generally: 'The Florentines have sent' (to them) 'pompous accounts of the ceremony. The reflections on condemning people for what their religion teaches them to approve *was not read to me.*'

May 16th.—'The Nuncio at Paris has wrote to Rome that the young Pretender is in the neighbourhood of that place, and that the Court will make use of him again to raise confusion in some part of Great Britain, when the troops are in flanders, in order to oblige the King to recall them. I have seen people who pretend that the severity which was practised in Scotland last year has exasperated the whole country, and that greater numbers would rise on a second invasion than did then, tho' I cannot suppose nor can I understand what they mean by severity when, in all other countries hundreds of them would have been hung up as soon as taken. I wish that the really not using severity there may not make it absolutely necessary hereafter. So soon as the present danger is over, people seem to forget the cruelties that the Rebels committed, and those which they would commit again as soon as an occasion offered.

'I assure you that the Jacobites abroad, both English and foreign, flatter themselves still that something may and will be done. Holt and Munroe are returned here from Rome, on the way 'tis said to England. I should think some notice would be taken of them, as their behaviour at Rome has been so publickly insolent. They have not been with me or

any of the English, but take the opportunity of masking to go to the Theater. It was said here that Bouverie, who was formerly with them, at Rome, and constantly with the Pretender's people, was forced, on his return to England, to give bail for his behaviour, and that Munroe's pension as a traveling Physician, had been taken from him, Pray tell me if these circumstances are true.'

June 6th.—'We have two English here whom I can't understand, Mr. Mills and Mr. Davison. The first introduced himself into the town with the title of Colonel in the Empress's service, and then concealed that title; he came from Vienna with strong recommendations from Mr. Toussaint, and they say he is to command a Batallion of Marines lately raised here. He appears to have been much about London and knows everybody. He appears to be rich by the number of servants he keeps. Both he and Davison, who formerly travelled with Lord March, and was at the Accademy at Turin, have made up laced uniforms, blue and red. The former speaks no language but English, and the other very little french and italian. They make continual jaunts to Leghorn and Pisa. Mr. Mills has lost one of his forefingers.'

The Empress's Colonel, who knew every body in England, was not known there. Walpole could learn nothing of him. If he ever made a noise in England, he, like Projectors generally, was forgotten, as soon as out of sight. 'Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm, and old Marlborough,' says Walpole, 'are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren, who had never heard of them. What would last Pannoni's'

(coffee house at Florence) 'a twelvemonth is forgotten here in twelve hours.' Walpole says of the doctor, 'that Monro you mention was made travelling physician, by my father's interest, who had great regard for the old doctor. If he has any skill in quacking madmen, his art may perhaps be of service now in the Pretender's Court.'—The travelling Englishmen in Italy were not all in the Chevalier's service. 'Lord Hobart,' says Mann, 'is still at Naples, but proposes to be here the end of the month. His resolution, however, does not I believe depend upon him, but with some body there with whom he is vastly smitten.' The same letter affords the following illustration of the lady who was at the head of the Court at Florence :—'The Princesse is gone to the Petraja. I must tell you a most delicate expression she made use of. I asked her if she would be at the Procession of Corpus Domini.—"Non, monsieur, mais je vous assure que je suis fatiguée de l'idée que j'avais d'y aller." Which may be very true, for with that idea, she waked sooner than usual, and then determined not to go.' Walpole replies with an illustration of English *bizarrerie.* A Fleming, at Rome, one Verskovis, an artist in ivory, had moved from Rome to England, where Walpole employed and recommended him, 'but he is starving,' writes Walpole, 'and returning to Rome, to carve for —the English, for whom, when he was there before, he could not work fast enough!' The Bouverie who figured at the Pretender's Court in Rome, was thought none the worse for it, in England, if he was akin to the person alluded to by Walpole (June 26th). 'Sir Jacob Bouverie, a considerable Jacobite, who is made

Viscount Folkestone, bought his ermine at twelve thousand pounds a yard, from the *Duchess of Kendal d'aujourd'hui'* (Lady Yarmouth, the King's mistress). —But a more important question of ermine had to be noticed by Mann.

June 27th.—'The Pretender's second son is to be made a Cardinal. The ceremony is fixt for the 3rd of next month; but violent quarrels have happened about the Ceremonial, on this occasion. He pretends to wear Ermine on his Cappa as a sign of Royalty, and consequently to take place of Cardinal Ruffo and all the other Cardinals, by whom he insists on being visited. All this and much more has alarmed the Eminences. Cardinal Ruffo went to Castle Gandolfo, to expostulate with the Pope upon it. He as usual turned everything into ridicule, but the Cardinal continued with great warmth, and in the name of all the Cardinals, to support their rights. Nothing has yet been decided, but a Congregation is to be held on purpose as soon as the Pope returns to Rome.

'The future Young Cardinal's family is settled; he is to have a Monsignore Leigh for a Maestro di Camera, a very noble Irishman born at Cadiz of a little merchant there; two Sicilian Marquises for his Major Domo and Cup-bearer; and an Abbé Folingieri for Segretario dell' Embasciate. You know the Cardinals have people about them with these titles, but as all the above are supposed to be vastly noble, the other Cardinals grumble at it. They say he is to be Legate of Avignon, for life, and that he is to have the Archbishoprick Monte Reale, which Aquaviva had, and which they say is worth near 100,000 Ducats a year,

Is not he vastly in the right to become Cardinal? The eldest brother, they say, is certainly to marry soon, but people now differ about the person.'

July 11th.—'Lord Hobart, who has left for awhile his loves at Rome, is here. He tells me he has sent you the Pope's famous speech on creating the youngest Pretender a Cardinal. It is to be sure, very ridiculous, but I don't see what the Pope could say on the occasion. I send it this evening to his Grace. They were so difficult to be got that I have been forced to keep a copy only for myself.

'. . . The Queen of Naples has lately produced a son, for which the King gave her $\frac{m}{100}$ Ducats, and $\frac{m}{10}$ more yearly for her pin money. I think it was paying too dear for an heir to such a crown, that may be taken so easily from him. The Austrians abuse us constantly for having prevented them making that conquest instead of going to ruin their army in Provence which, and all their misfortunes after, they attribute to us. . . .'

August 1st.—'The Pope seems vain of his new little Cardinal and, to show him great honour, ordered that the Roman Senate should make him a visit in great ceremony, which was performed last week, but not in the manner it was designed. The intention was that that august Assembly, represented by four Conservatori, should mount an antient Char drawn by four horses in front. Prince Borbonini had an old one which was furbished up for the occasion. Prince Colonna was to furnish horses, but unluckily the very morning of the function a dispute arose between them, each pretending that the Cocchio should depart from

his palace to go to the Capitol to take the Senator, and each being too obstinate to give up that honour, the Conservatori were forced to go in coaches, followed by many Prelates and noble Romans to the young Cardinal's house (whom they call Cardinal d' Orco)' (York) 'to whom they made a pompous Latin speech which he answered in the same language. I have been promised them both, and if they are ridiculous enough, I will send them to you.'

'. . . Prince Craon and the others tell me that the letters from Paris are full of grief on this occasion' (the almost fruitless victory gained at Laffeldt, by the French, under Saxe, over the Duke of Cumberland) 'as most of the principal families have lost some relation. Young Beauvau, to his joy, has lost a M. de Richelieu, an Unkle, I think, of his wife, by which she inherits something considerable; on which occasion, I made my compliments to the Princesse, last night; which she, for decency thought herself obliged to receive with an *Hélas!* that sighed through the whole Gallery. Everybody allows that the Duke behaved as bravely as possible, that the English troops did wonders, and that if the Dutch had done as well, and the Austrians could have fought, that our victory would have been compleat. It is horridly unlucky that something should always happen to prevent it being so, and to deprive us of what we were so near obtaining.'

Referring to the war which Spain had been so long carrying on,—latterly, on the Spanish King's part, in order to provide for his brother, Don Philip!—Mann says, 'Surely the King of Spain will be con-

vinced, at least of the impossibility of making a settlement for his Brother by such means. The Court of Spain has spent five times as much (without being at all the nearer) as would have purchased more than it ever had a view to conquer.'—Then, turning to the subject of a settlement for Cardinal York, Mann writes :—

August 22nd.—'An odd Phenomenon has happened at Rome, a Bankrupt Cardinal ! by name Borghese. Neither the Pope, for the honour of his Purpurea, or his family would assist him, so that he lately took the resolution to retire from Rome, and ordered his family' (household) 'to be dismissed, and all he had to be sold, to pay his creditors, who must be contented with a very small matter *per cento.* Cardinal Guadagni, hearing his situation, would have resigned to him, on very generous terms, his Badia di Grotta Terrata, but the Pope would not give his approbation, and now presses Guadagni to resign it, on the same terms, to the new Cardinal *Di Orco,* for whom they seem resolved to make a revenue suitable to his Royal and Eminent dignity.'

September 19th.—'The Great Duke, as such, has made a treaty with the Grand Signor, in consequence of which a commerce is to be opened with the Levant, from which the Ministers (but nobody else) think great advantages are to come to Tuscany. A present is preparing to be sent to Constantinople, worth about £5000 ; silks, watches, snuff-boxes, and other toys of John Gaston' (the last of the Medicean Dukes) 'who little thought when he bought them that they would fall into the hands of the Turks. Louis is making six

gold Razors which it is thought may induce the Sultan to shave his beard, or his favourite's, à l'uso Italiano.

'Caffarelli sings most divinely well. The Viconti is strangely fallen. Our second Opera begins on Sunday and will be acted in a hurry, to give time to Caffarelli to get to Naples by the latter end of October, to prepare for the great Cantata which is to be performed among the proposed rejoicings for the birth of the Duke of Calabria, which are to last from the 4th to the 19th of November. Most of the English now here will return thither; the Cantata is to be a Duo by Caffarelli and Egiziello, and a trio, by adding Babi. Caffarelli swears he will make Egiziello sing out of tune. He did so by the Astrua, and then publickly beat time to her, for which he was sent to Prison. He has been very good here, and says that in this place, insignificant as it is, he has observed that there are people who know what good singing is, and has promised to give them something fine for the next Opera. I must tell you a *bon mot* of his. He asked the Zippoli, a very bad singer, who was her Protector? She answered that she had none but Gesu e la Musica! To which he replied, "I advise you my dear to make much of the first, for you can expect but little from the second."'

Caffarelli, who insulted that excellent singer, the Astrua, as well as the less distinguished vocalist, the Zippoli, was a pupil (with Farinelli) of Porpora. He made a great fortune, and took care of it. He built a superb palace, on which was inscribed, 'Amphion Thebas, Ego Domum!' He bought the estate, which carried with it the ducal title of Santo Dorato; and

in 1783, at the age of fourscore, the Sol Fa Duke of Santo Dorato left land and territorial title to his nephew. As a contrast with the liberally spending Caffarelli, Mann thus depicts a noted Prince of that time :—

November 7th.—'We have lately had here the rich Prince Pamfili, the heir of his brother's monstrous estate of $\frac{m}{150}$ crowns per annum, and 1,700,000 crowns in ready money. I assure you I have taken care not to put a figure too much; and this creature who has lived upon love and, at most, 10 pauls a day, at Pisa, is now become more covetous since his brother's death. One instance will be sufficient. He was here with his love, a Pisan Dama, and all her family, on the Emperor's day, (St. Francis) and being in deep mourning, was under necessity to make a coat, to dine at Prince Craon's. He had, he said, long determined to make up a plain beaver coat, for the winter; he therefore took that opportunity to execute it, plain buttons, etc., and in order to make it Gala, he actually bought of the Jews some old silver lace, a stripe of which he put down behind all the button-holes for that day only, and borrowed an old silver waistcoat of somebody, to wear with it, which he was obliged to open on both sides, to make big enough; for though he starves himself, he has a big belly.'

On the 10th October Mann describes characters of another sort. 'We have,' he says, 'a Spectacle which, for the oddity of it, everybody goes to, once;—a deep, horrible tragedy, represented by Maynards (*sic*). The actors and actresses and the whole troop have most enormous natural humps, and the Impresario designed

to dedicate the piece to Gobbo (hump-backed) Dati, but was afraid for his own. The Craons were there last night; she promised to carry me but forgot it, and I preferred the Opera. The last time the Princess was there, her dignity was doubly hurt. When the boxes applauded Saufterre (the dancer) the Pit hissed, to impose silence to show their regard to Denis (ballet-master) who, after having danced in the first Opera, went to Naples. The Princess thought her presence ought to have imposed more respect, and attributed the little riot, as "faute d'attention à certaines personnes." Then a soldier came into the box, to tell Châtelet the Venice Post had arrived, which he would not (according to their rules) pronounce, without first shouldering and presenting his musket. The Princess, who had never seen such a sight in a room,—an impudent fellow to come in with his hat on, and gun in his hand, thought he was come to arrest somebody, and declared she was never so shocked in her life. Neither the Prince or the General could pacify her or make her sensible that it was not a direct affront to her, "mais qu'elle ne s'exposerait plus à des telles surprises!"'

Mann complains of the dullness of Florence at this time, and that even as Minister, he has little to do, but he was vigilant: 'Mr. Mill,' he says, 'will soon be in England to take care of the prizes which the three great Privateers have taken, which, according to our papers (the Evening Post, No. 240) and his letters, as well as those from Vienna, are of an immense value. They say the Emperor's share is £100,000, and that of Mill £40,000, besides $\frac{m}{20}$ more which, he says, he shall

get upon the agency of the whole prise. All this, and that the ships belong to the Emperor, Richecourt and Mill suppose I know nothing of.'

Mann reiterates his complaint (Dec. 19th) over the dullness of the Tuscan city, but one portion of his four-paged letter is lively enough: 'Everybody is still in the country, so that one does not know where to pass the evenings in the week. I have somehow fallen into a new set, merely for want of other company; Lorraine Dames, who receive each other by turns, because they cannot get on with those of the country, *chi non le vogliono*. Among them, however, is a daughter of old Mme. Sarasin, whose wig you must remember. This new comer is Comtesse Giovecourt, a mighty good sort of woman, and extremely intimate with Richecourt, whose favour I lost by a Lady' (Orford), 'and have a chance of regaining it by another; so whimsically things turn out.

'Your friend the Albizzi has been long ill and still in danger of falling into a consumption. The cause of her malady is said to be jealousy of Marquis Corsi, of whom she is excessively fond; but he is too pretty, too young, and too rich to be constant. He has had loves with a famous dancer, and has taken an honour which an English Lord of our acquaintance has a greater right to (but you must not say a word of this to Lord Hobart); but what hurt Mme. Albizzi most, they say, was jealousy of her mother, Madame Dini, with Corsi, with whom he passed some days alone in the country; therefore you must not be surprised at anything of this nature.

'You have heard of the great doings at Naples, and the rivalship between Caffarelli and Egiziello, which luckily did not, as was expected, disturb the festa. Upon Caffarelli's arrival at Naples, Egiziello went to make him a visit, and was received by that saucy creature upon a stool, where he sat during the whole visit. The affair was made up by mediators, and afterwards they appeared good friends.'

CHAPTER XII.

1748.

MANN opens the year 1748 with a sketch of an eccentric English peer, Lord Ashburnham; the second Earl (1737–1812). 'He despised the nobility here because they did not adore him, and naturally was rampant to the lower rank, to obtain homage. I never saw his pride so much hurt as when he saw the court that was paid to a son of M. D'Argenson. His peerage was ready to burst. Clark continually tickled him with dissertations on the differences between an English Peer and a little frenchman. You know to be sure that he did not go to Rome, for fear of being seized as a hostage for the Pretender's son who was then in England; though the real secret was that Clark, whose brother was a footman to the Pretender, did not choose to go to be claimed by him. Basta! We have no English here now; and so much the better. We have indeed an amphibious creature who causes great speculation. It is the famous Mr. Mill, who is known, I am told, in England, by the name of Mill the Projector. Well does he deserve that name here; for he has filled their heads with such projects that will either ruin them, or hurt as

much, if they are put in practice. Hitherto, I believe by the notices I have sent, they have been stopt, but not abandoned. He went from hence lately to proceed to England, but on his arrival at Vienna, they reflected on the dangers he might be exposed to, and sent O'Kelly in his stead. Mill, however, is very civil and, what I believe you call, a very jolly fellow.'

Eccentric as many of the English were who sojourned in Florence for a time, the Florentines themselves furnished some strange samples. In a long letter of the 6th February, in which Mann speaks at great length of his illness, he passes from that topic to announce the death of the Marchese Rinuncini, 'who, from being tollerably, was seized with an appoplexy, after which he was never perfectly in his senses, and died a few days after, not to the great regret of his son (Folco) who, however, during his illness, behaved extremely well and distributed great charities, as is the custom in like cases here. He gave a large quantity of bread to all the poor of the quarter, 60 beds, and released many poor prisoners for debt, besides many things of the like nature. The body was exposed with great state the afternoon before it was buried, which was the day after his death; and the procession from his house to Santa Croce was very great. His will was soon opened, but it was made so judiciously that people cannot judge what he died worth. Some of his legacies were extraordinary:—to his daughter in law a piece of plate worth 50 crowns, and the choice of a jewel; to his two sisters, the Baronessa del Nero, and Mme. Buondelmonte 50 crowns each, which his son, out of extraordinary generosity, doubled; so that

they have £26, 5 shillings sterling each; to his dear wife, an exhortation, at the death of her mother, to relinquish the 300 crowns a year which Casa Rinuncini has always allowed her for pin money. The only thing handsome is that, besides a small sum to all his servants, he obliges his son to pay them their wages for life!

'The young heir has not yet had time to show himself, nor can we judge yet whether his excessive riches will make him as good an œconomist as his father.'

It was of similar samples that Boccacio said, 'Vo ragionar d'un Marchese, non cosa magnifica!'

February 27th.—'We have but very few hours more of Carnival; to make the most of them, there has been an Opera this morning in the Via della Pergola, and there is now a ball in the same place which will last till morning; many suppers over the town, to lay in as much grease as they can to support the *maigre* of Lent. To-morrow will be a vile day, everybody sleepy and fatigued with the past pleasures, though they cannot bear the thoughts of their being over, and of the dull doings of Lent. It is indeed a disagreeable time, but I comfort myself with the approaching of the Spring; how many thousands there are who dread it! What a good work the Ministers at Aix would do to prevent the slaughter that must otherwise ensue.

'The weather is extravagant; some few fine days we have had and the sun hot; but this morning it snowed plentifully in the town, and it is excessive cold. . . .'

March 5th.—'I got as far as this last tuesday, but was interrupted by visitors who, having a strong motive for not appearing at the theater, made a merit of passing their evening here. O the Seccatori! (bores) and, would you believe it? no sooner were these words out of my pen than I receive a message from the Generale and Generalessa Salin, to tell me they will come here to prevent me writing too much, which they know must hurt me. . . . You wonder at my taking to Lorrainers; they took to me; but really they are more sensible than the Italians. The latter will come to a festa in crowds, but you must remember there is no Society among them.'

'. . . I can tell you a secret, that the Princess will certainly carry the Prince soon to his native country (France), after which they both sigh, "Nescio quâ natale solum" etc.—and besides the many motives of disgust they have here, King Stanislaus' (the ex-King of Poland, residing at Nancy) 'courts them extremely. The Abbess of some place, a daughter of this Prince, died lately of the small pox, and K. Stanislaus of his own motion ferreted out a very distant cousin to give that post to. He wrote to the Prince about it with his own hand: "Faites moy la confiance; si vous avez quelque Bâtard dans ce pais afin que je lui puisse faire du bien. Venez, venez, nous vivrons ensemble." But how will the Princess bear his horrid pipe?—which he must smoak to the end of his life.'

Walpole used to mock our English Summer as setting in with its usual severity. The Spring in Italy was equally severe. On the 25th March, Mann

tells him: 'It snows almost every day in the neighbourhood of Florence; and, on the mountains; to get to us, they talk of the mountains being many *braces* high (*sic*). This makes it impossible for some English, as Mr. Brownlow, etc., to venture that way, though they are in haste to get to England. Tell Mr. Chute this, as he loves that harmonious little man, and will be glad to see and hear him play in England.'

'. . . A horrid accident happened at Leghorn by an English merchant ship taking fire in the Mole amidst above 200 other ships. The consternation was equal to the dreadful consequences that were expected. Mr. Harvey was the lucky instrument to prevent them by a resolution, as judicious as it was courageous, and the only one that could succeed. He returned immediately to his ship, manned his boats, and whilst he himself was cutting the cables of the ship that was burning, the powder room took fire, but luckily the quantity of powder was not great, neither did the cannons (16), which fired as they grew hot, do any harm, so that he towed the ship out to sea. He, by this gallant action, merited the thanks of everybody. Every one pressed to him to express their acknowledgments; the Governor went in person, and yesterday I read a message from the Council to desire me to convey their thanks to him, and to tell me they would acquaint the Emperor with the signal service he had done.'

'The Emperor has lately sent orders to continue the Process against the Signori that embezzled the corn of the publick granary, and who have been ever since in the Fortress; their vast Parentado expected a milder

fate; poor Madame Borgherini whose father and husband are both equally concerned, fainted t'other day when this notice was given her, though the last had employed a Jesuit to carry her the news with all the precautions imaginable.'

In the letter of April 9th, Mann enters into extensive details as to his fruitless applications for his arrears of pay. The receipt of each application is acknowledged, and its justice allowed, but nothing further is done, he says,—not even by 'the person' whom Mann evidently remunerated in order to keep his grievance before the Foreign Secretary. 'Basta! I can do no more!'—and he then chronicles the doings at Rome and in Florence:—'I cannot in the least tell why, but the Pretender is retiring; if this means anything, it does him honour.

'Cardinal Albani has been honourably dismissed from meddling with the Queen's affairs at Rome. She wrote to him to thank him for his past services and accompanied it with a rich cross of Malta set with Diamonds, and to soften the matter still more, the Emperor has declared him Corn-Protector (*sic*) of the Empire and of the Hereditary States of the Queen. Cardinal Mellini has been appointed her Minister Plenipotentiary with, I believe, all the Salary. The Cardinal (Albani) is excessively mortified, though he does not own it in his letters to me. He is vastly employed about his nephew's marriage with the second Princess of Massa and pleases himself with the prospect of that Estate coming to his family. The Sposa passed by here last week. Princess Craon made a mighty fuss with her puzza di Altezza, as they say here; but

as she had no pretensions to deny the pas to our Princess, everything passed off mighty well and she had an *epuisement*, neither before or after, such as your Princess of Modena gave her by refusing her the right hand.'

May 7th.—'Every body is grown stupid here. . . . Even scandal seems to be banished from Pannoni's (coffee house) which was the only thing diverting that I ever heard it produce. . . . Unless there be a theatre open Florence is, to be sure, the most unsociable place in the world. One must either be alone or in a crowd. Casa Craon is no longer any resource. It is so eclypsed that one never meets any body there but an odd set of folks who resort there merely for the convenience of Cards, and Candles to play at Minchiate, for scratches; though, at the Old Palace, there are crowds on publick days.

'We are expecting the famous Mrs. Morehead' (one of the ladies who congratulated him in England, on the appointment which established him at Florence). 'It is possible she may cause some diversion. Her history you may have heard, and how she got into a great Estate that belonged to a Mr. Hunt who died in her company at Paris, and for whom she put on weeds on her return. . . . She travels, I hear, with great magnificence, and is thought a great lady, which I must not contradict.'

For five weeks Mann was at the Baths of Pisa. He thought his 'dear child' must be as interested as himself in his ailments, and he never fails to describe the most minute particulars. However, at the Baths, Mann recovered health and strength: 'I found only

one inconvenience there,' he writes (July 2nd), 'which was the number of visits I received daily from Leghorn, so that should I have it in my power to return them next season, I am resolved to fix some rule with regard to that article, and appoint two days in the week to receive the Leghorn Gentry.' Richecourt had some stake at Pisa, and thinking the English Minister's visit and recovery would give a fashion to the waters and the place, 'he has promised,' says Mann, 'to put me into the book which Doctor Cocchi is, by order, writing about them. Next to the Pope's Neice, a Nun who went there last season, I expect to make the best figure.'

'We have the famous Mrs. Morehead here,' (Florence) 'whom I must pass off for a Dama of condition, since she has passed in Lorraine and France on that foot; but some ill-natured people have whispered her story, and I wish it does not make an eclat. She dines here to-morrow with all the rest.'

On July 23rd, after a description of how he was repairing and beautifying his villa to the general admiration, Mann relates a very pretty quarrel between Pope, Priest, and Emperor:—'An odd affair has happened here, of which I must give you a little account, as it employs the attention of every body and may have consequences. About a year ago, the Abbé Dumesnil, brother to the Major of that name, an intimate friend and confidant of the Court, was, on that account, nominated to the Bishoprick of Volterra. He was, by accident, making a visit at the Archbishop of Pisa's, when he met Senator Ruccellaj, with whom some little dispute arose, and though by the insolence

of the Abbé some harsh words were interchanged, yet they separated in appearance with civility. Dumesnil, however, reflecting on his future grandeur in the Church, thought this was a good opportunity to give proofs of his zeal for it, and with this view began to accumulate accusations against Ruccellaj, as an enemy to the Church ; and he insisted with great haughtiness, that he should be removed from his employment as Auditor of the *Jurisdizione* (an employment which obliges him to defend the Great Duke's right against the encroachments of the Priests). The Regency did not think it at all necessary to comply with Dumesnil's demand . . . and the Archbishop of Pisa, and others present at the quarrel, were totally on the side of the Ruccellajs. Dumesnil therefore resolved to go to Vienna, to smash, as he said, that heretic and enemy of the Church of God. The Regency forbid him moving from Florence, but he escaped with the horses and servants of the Duke Salviati, who, it is supposed, likewise furnished him with money. The Emperor refused to listen to the angry Abbé who forthwith scattered maledictions and departed for Rome, where the Pope consecrated him Bishop of Volterra. Pope and Bishop soon fell out, and unclean words passed between them. The prelate made his escape on hearing that the Pontiff was about to lock him up, and he entered Volterra, preceded by his valet de chambre, who cried out, "Ecco ! il vostro vescovo !" and exhorted the people to receive him with respect. The Bishop followed, throwing money and benedictions to the crowd ; but no one did him honour, and nobody assisted at his installation but his valet. In his wrath

he excommunicated the town and galloped off to Florence, where he was at once seized and clapt into prison.'

Soon after this event, all Florence was in commotion at a scandal which had its source in Mann's pretty garden. 'A certain Countess Ubaldini,' (says Mann, August 23rd) 'who for her pranks had been banished the Pope's States, sauntering through one of the obscurely-illuminated side walks, discovered Signora Bocchaneri and Count Acciajuoli in such loving intercourse, that she not only watched the unconscious lovers herself, but beckoned others to draw near and be spectators. This indiscreet practicer of "pranks" that made her even too bad for Rome to tolerate, hired a Guardo Nobile to illustrate the incident in an impertinent sonnet.' Both were spoken of at an Assembly at Prince Craon's, and, the next morning, it was asserted that Mann had written the lines and repeated them aloud to the visitors. The fury of the Florentine husbands was only exceeded by that of their wives. They were not to be appeased till Mann explained and asserted the honour of his garden as a locality where no gentleman would presume to kiss a lady, in a side walk. For some time, the safety of ladies in the enchanted groves was not thought to be sufficiently warranted. 'Would you believe it, a very great Dama, who is Grandmother to children of 14, told me, with a languishing voice, that really, till some publick disapprobation was shown, she could not venture for fear they should say the same things of her!' Ultimately, the author and the disperser of copies of the sonnet were found out and banished for

six months. Both were in the Noble Guard. Mann then gave a concert in his garden, but insulting placards were affixed to his gates, to shame the nobili who allowed their wives to attend. The Minister resolved that he would cease to open his grounds to the world generally uninvited, and only receive guests there by private invitation.

On the above social trait Mann writes with even more than his usual profuseness, but after the serious triviality, there comes an interesting historic personage:—'The Cardinal D'Orco, either out of Devotion, or from a desire to get some rich bishoprick, has determined to take Priest's Orders, which the Pope has consented to with reluctance; fearing, I suppose, that there may be occasion for his getting heirs to the crown of England. He has already begun the progress of Sub-Deacon's Orders, and is to be a compleat Priest, the first of September, and is to say his first Mass, the 8th, in his own Chappel, being the Virgin's Birthday, when his father is to receive the body of her son from his hands.'

On September 3rd, Mann writes:—'The Cardinal D'Orck advances a-pace in Priesthood. He has received all the inferior orders, and is to be a compleat Priest in a few days. His brother is furious and declares he will never see him.' A passage in a subsequent long letter, crammed with mere political reports, tells us further of Henry Stuart:—'The Cardinal is all devotion. He fasts and prays as much as his mother used to do, and they say, has ruined his constitution already. Did you ever hear of a *bon mot* of the Duke de Richelieu's when he was at Dunkirk,

preparing for the embarkation. A Council was to be held, and they waited only for the second son who was at his prayers. On his coming, the Duke de Richelieu told him publickly that he might, perhaps, by prayers, gain the Kingdom of Heaven, but never the Kingdom of Great Britain.' The anger of Charles Edward at his brother becoming an ecclesiastic was not soon appeased. Some weeks after the above letter, Mann writes:—'We have heard of all the obstinacies of the Pretender's son, and the effects that they have produced. The next thing we expect to hear is his being arrived at Bologna, where it is believed he will fix, till he can get over his aversion to Rome and bear the sight of his Cardinal brother, by seeing the Legate. His arrest at Paris makes a great noise.—Adieu, here are all the English to be presented to your Princess.'

September 3rd.—'Mr. Forrester who travels with Lord Annandale convinced the Princess of the great love and regard his wife had for him, by the pains and troubles she took to correct him, whenever she thought he deserved it. "Comment vous corriger?"—"Oui, Madame, par des coups de bâton."—which were no equivocal proof of her affection and desire to amend him, and for which he always owned he was more sensibly obliged than if she had not thought him worth her resentment. . . .'

Thursday.—'I omitted to give my usual Assembly, and I had the satisfaction to hear that it displeased greatly. I was glad however of an opportunity that offered to give one to the Countess Acciajuoli for a foreign lady she serves. It was by invitation, with the exclusion of all those who deserved it. The

Ladies were exactly 80; the men out of all proportion even of three to one, which is the common calculation. It was really handsome, and I have finished with eclât for the season.'

September 5th.—'I had great company yesterday at dinner, Prince Craon, Prince Beauvau,' (his son) 'Count Richecourt, the Pandolfinis (the eldest son has become Count, and Secretary of State to the Regency). But besides this, with other great company, the Princesse elle-même honoured my table. So soon as I heard she was in town, I went to the Opera to her to invite her, when she told me she had already determined to surprize me. It was no small affair to adjust things for her, but everything succeeded very well; we were twelve at table; and I expect to see in the gazzettes that the Ministro d'Inghilterra diede tanto pranzo, as was mentioned some little time ago, on a much less occasion, to 8 English captains. The only secret is to add one or two of the country to make it talked of; and then they thank you so much for all favours that one would think one had saved them from starving.'

The Peace of Aix la Chapelle gave a little breathing time to Europe. Its terms formed a sort of Epigram on the folly, wickedness, and uselessness of war; for the contracting parties fell back nearly into the positions they occupied before war was declared. On Oct. 11th, Mann writes:—'They say the Peace is arrived at Genoa and in Lombardy, though that is all we have heard of it. The situation of the combatants seems to be like that of the Italian Limbo, which nobody understands and which at least is doubtful.'

'The Austrians and Piedmontese are endeavouring to make the most of the States they are to abandon. The Spaniards are doing the same in Savoy, by exacting vast contributions. The French are dancing and singing at Genoa, not much to the diversion of the inhabitants, who are for the most part excluded from the Opera they have made, act, sing, and dance themselves. Even the Orchestra is all of French officers; no mercenaries are admitted to this performance, except the woemen,—French, for the parts in the Opera, and Italian for the dances. I have read the Piece, but don't well know what it is about; there are so many Gods and Goddesses, Rivers, *Geniis*, etc., that interrupt the little story, that were it worth attending to, one should with difficulty follow it. Le Génie de la France says in the Prologue, "que Louis ne punit ses ennemis, qui tremblent, qu'en les condamnant au repos!" The French and Genoese are vastly tired of each other. Whenever the former retire it is highly probable that the populace of Genoa will rise again against the nobility and (though not with that view) revenge the Queen's (Maria Theresa's) quarrel better than her army has known how to do it.

'. . . An odd accident has happened here. In the last week a person arrived who announced himself at the Gates and to Marquis Riccardi, under the name and title of Milord Richard Onslow, fils de l'Orateur de la Chambre basse, Duke of Kingston, and as such introduced to all the Ladies. I did not see him for some days, as he avoided me, but Marquis Riccardi insisted upon it that he was exactly such as he had

announced himself. I made it plainly appear that it could not be; to which he answered "Certo! si, Signore!" but being resolved to see him, I went into Mme. Galli's box. The first thing he said was, that he was very much sorry that he had not met me at home. His accent was very foreign; he left me too soon to enquire into his family. I told the company, however, that he was not an Englishman, which they seemed to smile at and totally disbelieve. The next night I met him at Count Capponi's, whose daughter was marrying Marquis Torreziani. I then took him aside to question him, when he persisted in the same idle story of being the Speaker's son, who being a Lord, he would call himself so, too. I grew very angry, and he vastly confused, begging I would defer all further explanation till the next morning, when he would show me letters to justify himself. I told him that was quite unnecessary, as what he had said was sufficient to convince me, and that I would immediately tell Prince Craon and Count Richecourt, who were then present, that Marquis Riccardi had presented him to them, with a title he had no pretentions to. The thing soon made much noise, and he went away with Riccardi as soon as he could;—complained to him of me, and threatened that I should soon be brought to know the English Nobility better.

'I had a violent dispute with Riccardi at the Opera afterwards, as he persisted still to assert that he was a Lord, and said so many absurdities to support it, that in presence of many people I told him that I might have expected such a discourse from an Indian 'but not from one who had resided in

England in a publick character. In short, the whole company was vastly diverted, and I told him that if his Lord was wise he would run away that night.

'The next morning we heard he had set out on foot from his auberge, since which we have only heard that he is gone towards Rome, in order, as is most probable, to receive the money from Belloni, for which he had forged himself credit by imitating the hands of Pictet, Walthers and Mr. Salvini at Paris, as appears by his papers which the Fiscal has examined and brought to me. I have not seen then all, but shall to-morrow. He had four servants with laced liveries, who have been stripped this afternoon. His cloaths are to be sold to pay the few debts he has contracted here; but the Bankers at Marseilles, Lions, Geneva, etc., must lose all they have given him. We have found that his name is Daniel Bets, or something like it, and that he is either a Dutch man or flamand.'

In the letters of the 13th November there is a long narrative which refers to the Droit d'Aubaine, by which the goods of a foreigner, dying suddenly, were forfeited to the State. A young Englishman, unnamed, committed suicide at Leghorn. 'The young fellow,' says Mann, 'had been long enough in Italy to purge off the English spleen which made him cut his throat.' However, the English Consul took charge of his effects, and the Council of Regency at Florence laid loud and violent claim to them on behalf of the Emperor. Goldworthy, prompted by Mann, refused to surrender the property. Prince Craon had in Council asserted the Emperor's jurisdiction. Mann met the Prince at dinner, and explained his objections

to the assertion then made: 'Well, well!' replied the weak old Regent, 'reckon that I said nothing at all about it.' And the poor fellow's property was saved to his heirs.

By December 13th, there was a 'young fellow' of higher rank on his way to Italy, namely, Lord Walpole, the Earl of Orford's son. 'I shall be vastly glad to see him,' says Mann, 'but they write me that he is to fix for some time at Geneva. In some respects, I don't like that place for him. *There* are, I am told, many young girls who set up for conquests, and whom our young people think vastly genteel and amiable because they are the first foreign woemen they are permitted to be free with. . . . I should dread Lord Walpole's having any strong engagement there where there is not the bar of Religion to prevent the only bad consequences to one in his situation.' As Mann constantly remarks, the entertaining of English visitors to Florence, who came with letters of introduction, added greatly to his expenses, and he adds: 'I can hear nothing of my great arrears, nor would there, I believe, be any likelihood of their listening to me, if I was to apply for an encrease of character —from Minister to Ambassador.'

CHAPTER XIII.

1749.

THE new year opens with an old complaint. 'I am going to pay my Court to the Princess,' Mann writes on the 23rd January, 'going with most of the English, whom I am to present. Oh, the number of English! I am absolutely ruined in feasting them. Prince Craon has announced to me, that his son-in-law, M. de Mirepoix, is going Ambassadour to England, and Madame will accompany him. Her brother Prince Beauvau will certainly take that opportunity of gratifying his inclination to see England every year, as the Prince told me.'

January 31*st*.—'Our Italy has talked a great deal of the young Pretender's Imprisonment at Vincennes. The manner of his being seized displeased the Craons and Richecourt extremely. Rome talks now much of his being at Avignon, and would be glad to induce him to leave it. The Pope assembled his Cardinals last Tuesday,—Buffo, Passionei, Valenti, Riviera, and Lanti, to consult about it. They determined that soft insinuations and amiable remonstrances should be made to him, with the offer of the choice of any City in the Ecclesiastical States of Italy, for

his residence; but, in case this method failed, it was resolved at the same time, to expose the town of Avignon to any violence which the resentment of France might dictate rather than to use forcible means to drive him from thence. So we may probably see a new scene, as the young man's behaviour does not seem to denote that persuasions will operate much. May one suppose, however, that France will think itself obliged to trouble itself any further about him, or to quarrel with the Pope, for our sake?'

February 7th.—'Prince Craon has received his congé and withall so gracious that the poor man almost forgets the *angherie* that made him ask it. The Emperor invites him and the Princess to take Vienna in their way, has given him a thousand zecchins for his journey, and has assigned them a pension of as much, for their life. The Florentines are amazed at all this, and the Lorrainers think it a great deal. The Princess looks pleased indeed, but I dare say she thinks it a poor reward for the signal services she has rendered to the House of Lorraine for 70 years. I whisper this only, for really every one who sees her would abate 20 at least. She declares, however, that she must turn an old woman in Lorraine, in the midst of all her Grand-children. However, I think she may displace Madame de Boufflers, her daughter, who is the great favourite of King Stanislaus, if she will but take to smoaking a little; at least if she will bear his pipe.

'Adieu. It strikes 12 at night; for all our clocks, by order of the Court, have been put *alla francese*, which confounds the Florentines, extremely.'

March 8th.—'Rome makes a fuss about the Young Pretender at Avignon. Is he to remain there? . . . I think he is much more out of the way there than at Rome, where it is all chance if one discovers anything. Avignon is no passage, nor is there any call for strangers, a prohibition might even be given without prejudice, consequently, all who do go there might easily be known. He has lately sent a Mr. Lockart to Rome to sollicit money of the Pope, who swears he will give him none. That person, in appearance, has no commission to the father, from which one is to suppose they are still at variance. O'Brien, now called Lord Lechmere, has lately received the Grand Cordon Rouge, from France, and at the same time the news of his wife being banished to a certain distance from Paris. Tencin and others of that Cabal used to meet at her house, and she is supposed to have discovered their secrets to Spain during the Congress, with which she mixed their complaints of M. Sotto Mayor, by which means she has lost her pension, and the favour of the Court of France.'

March 21st.—'The Young Pretender left Avignon in a very misterious manner, on the night of the 25th, with only one person, after having feigned being ill, the better to conceal his departure. He took the route of Dauphiné which is all we know, hitherto. Do you think we shall hear of him from Berlin, or Scotland, first? I have seen in our papers that orders had been sent into Scotland for regulating the Patroles and Guards in the mountains. This was previous to his departure from Avignon, and looks as if they had been informed of it, or at least suspected some motion

there in his favour. At Rome, some say that he is gone to treat of a marriage for himself. Others that he is gone only to some private place, to treat with people who were afraid to go to him; consequently, that something of great importance is in agitation.'

April 18th.—'All the news I have to send you of Italy is, that the Pope is totally employed in cleansing his churches and making Bulls for the regulation of the Anno Santo, in order to draw as many strangers as he can to Rome. The King and Queen of Naples, they say, will be there, and some say that the King of Portugal will gratify his curiosity and devotion in the like manner. I can't however believe it yet.

'We are totally ignorant of the motions of the Pretender's son. So many reports are spread that one is totally at a loss what to believe. Most people agree that he has been privately to Paris to make a visit to the Princesse de Talmont (?) a Poland (*sic*) and one of the Queen's ladies who took his part when he was arrested and sent to Vincennes. They say that she has treated a match for him in Poland, where some suppose now he is gone; others say he is gone to Sweden, others to Berlin. Some believe that he will soon be again at Avignon, where his family equipages and even the table is kept, as if they expected him daily. Then they say he is to come into Italy, to Bologna or Ferrara. He has obliged his father to send away O'Brien (whom they call Lord Lechmere) who was to have left Rome a few days ago, because the son would have no confidence or communication with the father, so long as that person was entrusted

by him. O'Brien's wife is in France, but was sent from Paris, by order of the Court, some time ago.

'The new Duke of Parma has disgusted all his new subjects. He is so horribly French that they cannot please him; and he is so horribly poor that they are quite disappointed and disgusted. For want of money to feed his servants, he has quartered them on the principal families. His soldiers desert even his Gardes du Corps. The Duke of Modena is fortifying the Mirandola and intends to be very considerable. His vying with his neighbour of Parma, will probably be his ruin; both their Dutchesses are expected soon in Italy, which will probably make those places agreeable for some time at least to strangers.'

May 23rd.—'You may remember that upon Mons. de Mirepoix being named Ambassador to England, you desired that Prince de Craon would mention you in his letter to Madame. This he promised to do; but the day before his departure, he seemed to recollect as of a sudden, that he was to write to her about you. I did not contradict it, and he sat down then to do it, he did not show me the letter, but as he named Mr. St. Leger at the same time, I concluded he would name him in it, so that my curiosity, with the facility of doing it, engaged me to open the letter which I send you, that you may read it and judge whether you will deliver it. In which case it will be easy to seal by putting a large dab of hot wax under the arms.'

June 20th.—'I write to you in a Hurricane which is terrible and threatens great mischief. If your summer is as uncouth as ours, your diversions at

Ranelagh and Vauxhall must be greatly interrupted. We have not had one evening fit for my garden. I still live in my winter Appartments in a cloth coat. At Rome they have had a *turbine* which Paparini, in a pompous printed description, says; "si chiama in francese, *ouragan*," which has done great mischief. You will image the force of it, by its having rooted up, and what is still more extraordinary, carried off so as not to be found, the vast Pines and Cipresses in Villa Negrone. It grazed the town only, but destroyed everything in its way; had it gone through the city, it is thought it would have done the same. The heavens, I find, are more serene at Ranelagh, so as to permit the Jubilee Masquerade of which you have given me so charming a description. . . . Our Island will become as famous for Masquerades as for Methodism. You say I must prepare myself for it (Methodism), but among all the English here I can't get a definition of it.'

July 25th.—Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, the former an invalid, the latter a charming lady, with a leaning towards Methodism, were visiting Florence, and were, as friends of Mr. Chute, objects of cordial attention on the part of Mann. 'They have been vastly visited' (he writes), 'and have begun to go to some conversazioni. I am preparing one on purpose for Sunday; the Dames to be invited already amount to 150; judge what a number of men there must be. I wish I could invite them too' (the men went, uninvited) 'that I might exclude some hundreds who only come to scramble for sorbets and to pocket the glasses! But I *whisper* this, lest the nobility should be offended.

'The Duke of Modena is now at Venice—an uncouth figure with his white forehead and red cheeks: when I saw him many years ago at Bologna, he had a great wen between his eye-brows, on which he used to hang his wig: then the quantity of paint on the rest of his face, which trickled down mixed with sweat, made him full as ridiculous a figure as he can be. . . . He continued to be ridiculous in every part of his conduct during the war, both Publick and Domestick, and yet I am persuaded that the Dutchess and his family will be sorry that his country is restored to him, for which they must quit their more pleasing abodes to ennuyer themselves with him. He is at Venice with them, waiting, I suppose, for the erection of a triumphal arch, or some emblem of valour and prudence to celebrate his return to Modena.

'We have a Lockart here, who I believe was in the Guards when he deserted to the Rebels. He certainly is amongst them. He came here from Rome, recommended by Cardinal Carini, to his relations. He has not been with me.'

August 15th.—'It is plain our countrymen think that the approaching Jubilee will be far more pompous than the shows you have had. We hear of crowds being already as far as Paris on their way thither. Rome expects to be enriched by them, and probably will not be mistaken. Were there only one Jubilee in a century, one should not wonder, but the fathers of those who have such a mistaken notion of it could undeceive them, and tell them that there is no time so improper to see the real curiosities of Rome. There will be no Opera that year in all the Ecclesiastical

States; in short, you know that the whole is dedicated to the good of Catholick souls, the purging them of all past sins, and the furnishing them with Indulgences for the future. Hereticks are excluded from all sure benefits, and consequently will pass their time very ill there. I am convinced that if people had a true idea of this Jubilee, many would be prevented taking a trip thither. The Young Pretender is so hidden that nobody, not even the Pope or his father, knows where he is.'

November 7th.—'I don't like the old insipid Italian Conversations, where there is often a great crowd but not the best society. One must have a Cicisbea of one's own to be upon a foot with other people, but that would be infinitely too much trouble, and unless she were like Mrs. Barrett, I think I should not like her. She has the greatest sweetness of temper I ever met with, and has extreme good sense. . . . Marquis Costi's wedding is the only gayety stirring; he is to be married to-morrow to a Medici. Your friend, Mme. Albizzi, who is his Cicisbea, made him break off two matches before, and, not succeeding so well in this, is gone into the country upon a promise that she shall have all his attentions a week after the marriage. It is the fashion now for the favourite Cicisbea to wink at her lover's marrying, upon promise of return a few days after. Sisistori did so with the Antinori; his brother the Colonel, with the Riccardi; and many others I could name.'

November 28th.—'I live a strange life since the departure of the Barretts and some few English I was intimate with; who are all gone to Rome for this

Jubilee; not that I think it will take as much as the Pope expected. Do you know that he has wrote to all his Sons, the Catholick Princes, to desire them to keep good friends, not to disturb the peace and sanctity of this holy year. He has spent a good deal of money in furbishing up and decorating his theaters,—the churches, and if he has not a great deal of company, he will be a loser by it.'

It was at this time the ambition of Austria to make the German Empire,—or the Austrian portion of it,—a great maritime power. The government had abandoned the project of Mills (a Promoter,—perhaps the father of that unscrupulous and villainous race) for founding an Austro East Indian Company:—'All their views now,' says Mann, 'are directed to Trieste, which the Empress-Queen is resolved shall totally eclipse Venice, as Leghorn is to do all the Ports in the Mediterranean. Three old ships, bought in England some years ago, for Cormondel (*sic*) are to be turned into Imperial Men of War, and to lay the first foundation of a Puissance Maritime in this part of the world!'

1750.

January 2nd.—'Madame Antinori and others have formed their own opinion of my attentions to Mrs. Barrett. . . . I cannot agree with what you say with regard to her. What you call *prudery*, I attributed to the coldness of the English character. I own she is not *brillante*, but then I think she has great good sense, excessively quiet I own, and

susceptible of friendship though not of Love, which one does not always seek, though the Italians have no idea of any other affection. They judge of all women by themselves. . . . I own I was happy in a quiet family society, not very gay, but agreeable; perhaps this argues an unfitness for a more sprightly life. . . . Believe me that in Florence such a family (as the Barretts) is a great resource, and I most sincerely wish it was here at present. They are now at Naples, he vastly gay, and as novelty diverts him, he thinks himself better in his health, but I am persuaded that his opinion will last no longer than he is amused. There are crowds of English at the Jubilee. The first great function is over, and in a very little time people will forget they are in the holy year, but from the want of all amusements.'

February 13th.—'It is impossible to be in a country like this, at so mad a season, and not to be in some degree tainted with its madness. The first half of our Carnival was so dull that nobody knew it. Nothing but a bad Opera, and unfrequented, to distinguish it from the rest of the year. We did not even suspect that people reserved themselves for the latter part of it; but then, like all other passions suppressed for a time,—masking, intriguing, and jollity of all kinds broke out with greater fury, which has surpassed that of other Carnivals. I, as a spectator only, was so fatigued that I have not recovered it yet. The contrast now, however, is too great, and I do not wonder at people being out of humour. Devotion and the reflection on many of the sweets of past pleasures, make the scene compleatly

dull, at present. Florence is vastly altered since you was here, and it alters for the worse, every day. People grow poorer and consequently more discontented; and, not being able to vent their anger where it might be due, they squabble with each other. There is not the least society, except among the Lorrainers, who are chatty enough, but rather ignorant and insignificant; and yet, not to be always alone, I am forced to take to them. I go to their homes some evenings, and they come to me. Quadrille and Piquet make their amusement. Mr. Pelham, Milbanke, and one or two other English always sup here; but I am doing all I can to persuade the former to go to England, where he has long been expected to marry Miss Pelham. It is madness in him to neglect such an offer; but the Countess Acciajuoli has too great an ascendant over him, and has so often made him put off the day of his departure as he had fixed it. He is, with the consent of the whole family, to go with the Countess into the country for a few days, with the secret hopes undoubtedly that something may come of it, to make amends for her dislike to her husband. The family, which is extremely antient, and counts a lineal descent from the Counts of Athens, wants an heir, to prevent the Estate devolving to the Church; but I tell him daily that it imports him much more to hasten to make an heir to the Duke of Newcastle than to the Dukes of Athens. . . .'

'. . . The Craons were so poorly housed at and near Florence, that a change from one to the other villa, involved carrying the furniture. The Princess

is now much better off in Lorraine. Stanislaus' (says Mann) 'has obliged her to live with him at Nancy, and has allotted her the Queen's appartments which she was formerly so much used to in Leopold's time. They say even that after poor Prince Craon's death, she is to be Queen Leczinska. They expect Madame de Mirepoix, her daughter, when her husband attends the King (of England) to Hanover. P. Craon has wrote me the most kind and affectionate letter; he says he is vastly happy, and that nothing is wanting to make him compleatly so, but the birth of a boy, de la façon de son fils, which they hope for in April. M. de Mirepoix will certainly give a ball on the occasion, to have the pleasure of dancing at it, and to convince the heavy English that the French are as light at fifty as they are at twenty.'

The same letter, which is one of the longest of Mann's long epistles, contains one of the few references he makes to literary subjects. The following is of pleasant interest:—

'You bid me send you Dr. Cocchi's opinion of Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix." He has not read it, but I must tell you that many here pretend to find fault with it; unreasonably, I think. They tax him of having made use of other authors' sentiments as his own; though they don't pretend to deny that he has introduced them judiciously. They allow that it was not necessary to make notes every time, but at least that he ought to have made some declaration or apology, in the preface. They say besides, that in many places he is too concise, consequently obscure. For my own part, where I have not understood him

I have attributed it to my own fault; and upon the whole, I must own that I have never learnt so much from any other book; and hope still to learn more, by a second reading of it this Lent. I have not seen Heynault's *Abregé*, nor is it to be got here, though the French bookseller has promised to send for it.

'We have a new book here, called "Trattato della Publica Felicita," by Muratori, the Duke of Modena's Librarian; which made a great noise before it was seen here, but it was then found to be a very middling performance. The Abbé Buondelmonte has wrote a little dab, which has been most terribly criticized by Lami, in the "Novelle Litterarie." Senator Rucellaj has been writing plays, or rather, translating them, though he won't allow it. He has chosen Addison's "Drummer" which he had read in French only, translated or rather imitated by Destouches. Rucellaj calls his too, the "Tamburro Notturno." It was to have been acted this Carnival, but he quarrelled with the actors, and he keeps it still hidden till he finds proper people to do it justice, after Easter. If it is no better than his "Misantrope," it will be a most wretched performance. A propos to that. He was most terribly mortified last summer by Madame de Ligneville, Princess Craon's sister-in-law, who is allowed by everybody to have as much wit as judgement. She was talking in general with the Senatori about Italian comedies; and she engaged Rucellaj to lend her some;—among them he sent his own "Misantrope," which she read, and not knowing it was his, abused most justly and unmercifully. The next time she saw him in a great circle of Litterati,

who were all too well pleased with her saying what they all thought (but out of complaisance had concealed) to undeceive her as to the author; but it was too late, she was vastly confused for some time, but had gone too far to retract. The only way to mitigate it, was to say that, indeed she had read it over hastily, and that perhaps on reading it again should alter her opinions; but she never mentioned a word to him of it afterwards, and he, from being the greatest admirer of her judgement, wit, and understanding, had ever after the most contemptible opinion of them!'

From ruffled authors, our Minister proceeds to take note of man and beast. On March 13th, he says:—'We have been entertained with a most shabby Tripoline Ambassador whom people's curiosity led to see as much as it will the Rhinoceros which we expect from Rome, where it is gone to the Jubilee. This animal is to be recommended to me with its master, Vander Meer, whom the Emperor has made a Baron for the merit of the Beast. You must not be surprised that a Baron de l'Empire should follow this trade, when we are told that Augustus himself did not disdain to be a Rhinocerontajo, by shewing one publickly to the Romans; and this I believe is the only one that has been in Italy since that time though I have never heard that a medal of it was struck as has now been done in honour of this.

'The Tripoline Ambassador, as I have said, was followed by crowds whenever he stirred out, with which he was offended till Naziato Baldocci, the Master of the Ceremonies who attended him, told him it was to do him honour; so they persuaded him when, on

his arrival at the gates of Bologna and pressing through the streets, the people gave him a *solennissima fischiata* (a most solemn hissing and whistling) with which mark of their respect he was taught to be greatly pleased, and bristled his whiskers with joy.'

April 17th.—'We have now a Mr. Scrim here, the son of the great Apothecary of Bath, who is by much the finest and most delicate man here; he has the finest cloaths, always wears lace, has a fine equipage and gives great dinners. At one of these to many English, on every salver that was presented when people called for drink, there were two Caraffes; one with Burgundy, with a printed lay bill pasted on it, was taken up by one of the company, who said aloud that it looked like a dose from an Apothecary's shop, and he hoped it wasn't Physick, which he accompanied by putting it to his nose. He afterwards protested that he did not do it on purpose, and indeed he was as much disconcerted as now Mr. Schrim (*sic.* Query Skreane?) appeared to be. It cured him ever after of giving Burgundy in caraffes.'

May 8th.—'Madame Don Philip has brought the mode into Italy of dressing her head à la Rhinoceros, which all our ladies here follow; so that the preceding mode à la Commetta (*sic*) is only fit for Madame Suares and such antiquated beauties. . . . I have been a regular Courtier to the Marquis of Baden Durlach. . . . The late Queen' (Caroline, wife of George II.) 'was his great aunt, and he is nephew to the Prince of Orange. . . . Count Richecourt, observing that he hardly ever opens his mouth but to speak English, has engaged us in all his parties, and

entertains him at dinner every day. They tell me I should, but I am afraid of not doing it well for so large a company as I must invite with him. The two evenings that there was no burletta, he passed at the Count's; the first evening there was an elegant concert, at which Verroccini shone much and particularly in a Sonata, in which he brings in *Tweed's Side*, which he always plays when I am present. Only young ladies were invited, and were in the greatest Gala. Count Richecourt said the old ones might go to Chapel, for he would have none of them. . . I never saw anybody more smitten than the Marquis, but the Vernacci was as insensible as he was timorous, though she must have much more sense than she has to guess even that he has a liking for her. Richecourt shows him royal honours, goes to the coach door to meet him, and always waits upon him to it, and at the English Inn where he is lodged, attends two or three hours in his antechamber, whilst under Pretence of a cold, the Marquis laid in bed to read the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure, which Stosch lent him. I will send you by the first opportunity,—Ruccelai's translation of Addison's "Drummer, or Haunted House." It has been acted twice but makes a most woeful appearance on an Italian stage. I expected it would have been damned the first night; but the audience only groaned with impatience and ennuy. Few will go again, though the Burletta which is acted alternately in the same theater is always crouded.'

June 26th.—'We have had a most pitifull little Earthquake, too; not worth mentioning. It did not even alarm the old woemen, or furnish the priests with

an excuse to preach about judgements, though they would not have dared to attribute it to Electricity, gravitation or any natural cause. The Inquisition and priestly craft obliges them to pocket up all these for Judgements and miracles, as may best serve their turn; but nothing of this kind has been preached on this occasion; no old house has been thrown down, no China jar cracked to give the Priests a handle to be hung on to raise the price of such commodities; I shall not be surprised to hear that some fine Lady has given the full price for those jars, and that she should keep them with as much veneration as some Generals have done their Hats which a Musket ball has pierced. Some french officers in the war in Italy in the year '34 were accused of diverting themselves with shooting at their own hats to dance with at the Balls when Marshal Villars danced a minuet supported by two Aide de Camps (*sic*).'

'Did you ever hear what was allowed to be a bon mot of his? Being asked by somebody, how old he was, he answered: "J'auray bientôt Mil-an;" upon which town he had then a view.'

July 18*th.*—'Since my jaunt to Pisa I have taken such a *gout* for the country that I have been rambling abroad to some country houses. I staid three days at a very fine one of Marquis Acciajuoli's, situated most abominably among the mountains towards Volterra. If I could afford it, I really would take a Villa near Florence, but I am afraid of its becoming a cheesecake house for all the English, though the King's Arms is vastly frequented by them in town, so that I have not a moment to myself.'

(In those days, each Ambassador, or other representative of his sovereign, placed the shield of his country's arms in front of the house in which he dwelt; and Innkeepers considered it a favour to be allowed to put up the national arms of any Ambassador who had passed a night in their hostelry).

'I fancy I should be quieter there, and yet I am afraid to venture, for fear of their friendly visits in the morning to avoid the heat, and their lasting the whole day; here, I can be denied for some parts of it.

'We are to have crouds from Turin. A Colonel Shuckburgh and his wife are here, who in order to be very intimate with me, have showed me a letter from somebody who acquaints them that my Lord Orford is to recommend them to me, and they enquire every Post, if I have received his letters. They are eternal players at whist, which I pretend not to know, at the risk of being much despised by them for my ignorance of so fashionable a game.'

August 30th.—'In compliance to your Inclinations, I have invited the little Venetian Ambassadress to my Garden on Sunday evening. She takes it all upon her own account, though it literally is for Mrs. Barrett. The first day after her arrival, she laid in bed the whole day. The next, which was yesterday, she made an effort and got dressed by three to dine at Niccolini's, where 22 people were waiting for her. Of English, the Barretts folks, as Mrs. Davis calls them, Mr. Stanhope and myself were there. Rinuncini, one of her former lovers, was permitted to serve her the whole dinner-time. You liked her too, but it was in

the days of her beauty, which I think she has quite lost with the small pox, though she is as affected as ever. A Mr. Stephens, of whom she had said very impertinent things, and particularly about a black coat which he had worn some days, told her, upon her asking for whom he was in mourning, that it was for the beauty she had lost in England! She tells everybody how she diverted herself with the *povere Dame Inglese;*—that she invented every day some new extravagant dress, in which she appeared at Court in order to laugh the next day at the number that imitated it. In short, if it were not to offend you, I would say that in all her ways and behaviour she is exactly like a celebrated Cantarina whose head is turned by the self persuasion of her own perfections. She has said no good things here yet, though she was so famous for them in England.'

'My lists for Sunday have gone forth to the number of 164 Dame; twenty or thirty I must abate for illness or other impediments, Lady Caroline D . . . (*illegible*) who arrived here two days ago, won't come, being resolved never to go into any company, Italian I mean, for she seeks that of the English . . . What people do you send us! Mr. D . . . (*illegible*) raises my compassion to the utmost degree, to see a man who might in every respect be happy, resolve to be miserable, by fancying himself ill. He is ten times worse than Mr. Barrett. He told me last night that nobody ever was so unfortunate, and that he had been at Viterbo within an hour of his perfect recovery. He explained it by telling me that having gone through a salivation to drive out the Devil of a Fever he had

on his spirits, the injudicious Physician gave him some gentle medicine which struck inward the breaking-out which had begun to appear, and by that means destroyed all his hopes, by leaving him worse than ever. It is really a madness one cannot account for. He told me that he would take everything that everybody should recommend to him. "But, suppose," said I, "that any honest good Physician should recommend nothing to you, would you follow his prescription?" "Oh no!" said he, "that would be the same as to bid me dye." Don't mention these follies of him in England. He seems a very sensible man, except in this point.

'There has been a quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians, about the Patriarch of Aquilaija. They have recalled their Ambassador and turned the Nuncio out of Venice, notwithstanding the menaces of the Court of Vienna to consider any resentment shown by them to the Pope on this occasion, as done to that Court. The Venetians, however, are alarmed and, they say, have taken Waldeck into their service. . . . The haughtiness of the Queen' (Empress) 'on this occasion may probably give the French a fair pretence to raise a great combustion on this foolish account, in Italy. The Venetians have prepared a manifest to be sent to all the Courts of Europe, but the publication of it has been suspended perhaps till their Ambassador's return.'

August 21*st*.—'The Venetian Ambassador left Rome with eclat, without taking leave; and the Senate turned the Nuncio away, without any ceremony. They shut up the Nunciatura and the Dotaria, and

forbid any money being sent to Rome, for benefices, etc., all which money they have paid to the military case. The Empress threatened them violently, before; but has not since taken any step to resent those injuries done to the Pope. The latter repents extremely of what he has done, but it is too late to recall it; so that it is supposed that things must remain in this situation for this Pope's life.'

'We have Lord Poultney here who publickly declares against all parties. Somebody was recommending an antiquarian to him at Rome, when another advised him not to make use of him, being a known Jacobite. "Oh!" says he, "that's no reason at all. I have nothing to do with that, as I am of no party." Doesn't this prove that he is——' (*sic*).

Mann complains of the 'crouds' of English who mar his home enjoyments, but he makes special exception of the couple of young men, Messrs. Pelham and Milbanke, who, he writes on August 21st, 'run away this night. We have lived in the greatest intimacy. The former is a very good-natured little man; the latter has all the good qualities one would always wish to find in any one; and both have great partiality for me. I have made use of all the weight I have with Mr. Pelham to persuade him to make use of all the interest he may have with his relatives to do something genteel for Milbanke, who deserves everything from him, and more than he can expect from his own family. He is the youngest son of the late Sir Ralph Milbanke who died suddenly and had made no provision for his younger children; many of them are, however, employed. This one here, after a

school and university education, was designed for the Law, which he left, to come abroad with Mr. Pelham, who is of his own age, and with whom he was brought up. I never yet saw anybody who had known Mr. Milbanke, that did not interest himself for him. I shall miss them extremely. They were commonly both, but particularly Milbanke, of all my gentle riding parties. I called him my Cavelerizzo Maggiore, as he is vastly clever at all manly exercises and totally directed my Scuderia. In short, I don't know a more deserving young creature. . . . I have mentioned they are to run away to-night. Nobody yet knows of this design, but myself. The attachment Mr. Pelham has with the Countess Acciajuoli would make the separation too touching for either of them to bear; for I never saw any couple more wraped up (*sic*) in each other, than they are; the whole family is as fond of him as he is of them; but he must go. Colonel Pelham has conjured him to set out for Hanover, to meet his sister, Mrs. Temple, who has been sent abroad, he says, in hopes that exercise, the change of air, and amusements may prevent her falling into a consumption, from her immoderate grief for the loss of her husband and son. I have pressed him long to go, before he had this additional motive, as he is designed for the eldest Miss Pelham, now unmarried; and by that means he, most probably, will be considered as the Heir to the Pelham family; views too important to be neglected for any transient attachment.'

October 22nd.—'The quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians subsided for some time, and the

latter, by acting vigorously, have hitherto remained victorious on the side of honour, that is by shewing the greatest resentment to the Pope and abusing him publickly. That was not the only mortification the Pope was obliged to swallow. Pasquin treated him very ludicrously in his own capital. Marforio asks Pasquin, "Perche si triste?" "Perche!" replies he, "perche non avremo piu Commedia! Pantalone è partito, e il Dottore è impazzato!" The old Bolognese Doctor was excessively offended at this coarse wit, in which characters from the Italian Comedy were applied to the Venetian ambassador and to the Pope. ('We shall have no more comedy; Pantalone (The Venetians) is gone away, and the Doctor (Pope) is gone mad!')

'You are certainly right about the bad taste of the Florentine villas. That of Acciajuoli is a proof of it. One would think that their chief pride was to shew that they could prop up a house by vast walls and Intrenchments more expensive than the habitation itself. Palmieri's, very near Florence, is another proof of it. I had almost broke my neck in coming down from it yesterday on horseback. I had been about Fiesole, to take a pretty villa for about a month. The access to it in a coach is very good, and the plains below charming to ride about on horseback. Most of the villas on the hill of Fiesole look exactly like a Chinese Fan, with monstrous houses upon trees.

'There was expectation lately of a Grand Festino which has failed. If the Dauphiness had been brought to bed of a son, Count Lorenzi (French minister at

Florence) intended to have married for joy and given a Great Ball—which his court would have paid for; but as it was only a daughter, and that he was forbid making any rejoicing on that occasion, he intends to extend his respect to his Court by making none for his marriage, which he undertakes in a few days, with an Uglio, a great bouncing girl of about 19; how it will go with his weak constitution and game leg, I can't tell. I am invited to see him hop into this state, next Monday.'

'We were to have had another Festino upon a quite different occasion, that of old Count Riccardi's leaving the world. He had a sort of an apoplectick fit; but, before he would be blooded, he went round to all the Appartments of his house to announce it to his sons and daughters, so fond is he of telling news. Not being permitted to go out of his house, he meditated a great conversation by way of taking leave, and he thought the invitations had been made, but his people turned it into a Cioccolata for half a dozen ladies, which had almost made him dye of a pet.

'. . . They have just published a new Edict about the Tuscan nobility which is to be divided into two ranks, those that can prove 200 years are to be Patrizii; the others, Nobili only; by which distinction, as they have all been equal hitherto, the latter will be, as it were, degraded, and all will be at a vast expense and trouble to give in their proofs and quarters properly blazoned. Then animosities must ensue between the two ranks, and have an influence in their marriages, etc., etc., etc. Many of the chief families, I hear, intend to take no notice of this Edict, let the

consequence be what it will of their not being in the *Libro d' Oro.*'

Mann's letter of October 9th is written at 'Fiesole Hill.' 'Pray mark,' he says, 'where this letter is dated. You see I have a hill as well as you, and, I am sure, a much greater, if that be any merit. I will not however compare it with the beauties of Strawberry Hill, though mine is more beset with houses which afford, I believe, the most *Chinesque* prospect that any fan or sckreen-painter can imagine. Mine is situated rather low upon the hill, at a place called the Forbici, the ascent to which is so easy that to come with a pair of horses or even to walk up and down, is a diversion. The English have already found their way to it. Sir Matthew Featherstone, another sick husband, has this instant been here to make me his first visit. His Lady Featherstone and a pretty Miss ——, I really forget her name, are in town, to whom I must make a visit to-morrow, and I suppose invite them to this place for the next day. It will be less trouble than giving her a dinner in Town. You will wonder, perhaps, that after living so many years in Florence, I should now think of a Villa; but the reason is plain; the search of a little variety is the chief motive. I must however be honest enough to confess that had the Barretts been in Florence, or had they proposed to me to go with them to the Baths, this Villegiatura would never have come into my head. I dare say they will not be pleased at not finding me in Florence, on their return; but it is my turn to *fare il Prezzioso.* I shall perhaps invite them here. This will be another trial whether he will permit his wife to be under the same roof.

'. . . Rapin has recorded that the great great grandfather of my Lady Countess was a butcher. On which account, her Ladyship, seeing Rapin among my books, asked me how I could keep it, that it was the falsest lying history in the world! . . . Did you ever hear of a Count Aremberg (an ancestor of the present Duke), who insisted on being descended from Adam? A relation of his, to whom he was making it clear, answered: "Ma foi, mon cousin, nous avons de grandes obligations a Noé, pour avoir bien voulu garder les archives de notre famille dans son Arc!" During the time of the Mississipi scheme in France, a footman, who had got great wealth and an Equipage of his own, going hastily out of a house, he by distraction got up into his old place. His servants shewing their surprize, said: "mais, Monsieur!" He recovered himself by saying: "c'est que j'ai voulu voir combien de laquais je pourrois mettre derrière cette voiture!"' Other examples of silly people follow in a December letter.

Florence, December 4th.—'Doctor Cocchi has a pension for writing a book on the Baths of Pisa,—a mark of the Emperor's Imperial Munificence,—as many Florins as make about fifteen Pounds Sterling a year! the half of which is to be deducted the first year for the Patent and fees! such are the rewards for merit, learning, and infinite trouble in this country. He very prudently foresaw this, and therefore took the opportunity of securing to himself a much greater reward in the honour he hoped to obtain by that work, and which the publick had not deprived him of. A hint was given to him by order of Richecourt, that

he might be made *nobile* as a reward for that book; but that he declined as thinking it too insignificant. No wonder Richecourt should propose it, having nothing but nobility in his head.'

'A foolish vain Cavaliere, some years ago, making a merit of his affability or condenscenion (*sic*), before some strangers and in the presence of Dr. Cocchi, gave as an instance, that "benche Cavaliere, io non ho difficoltà di permettere alle gente inferiore come il Signor Dottor Cochi ed altre persone di merito di sedere con me" (although Cavalier, I have no difficulty in allowing inferior persons, like Dr. Cocchi and other people of merit, to be seated with me), and he appealed to Cocchi to confirm his gentle assertion, which Cocchi did by saying, "È vero, signor Cavaliere, ma Lei saprà forse che gli uomini *Illustri* sono da preferirsi agli *Illustrissimi.*" (Quite true, Signor Cavalier, but you are perhaps aware that men of merit take precedence of the mere Men of Quality.) This was allowed to be a very proper answer.'

Both the illustrious and most illustrious were curious as to the quality of Mann's 'blood,' and the Minister got his genealogical tree to show its descent in all its branches. 'I shall hang it up,' he says, 'in some inner room, though it is the custom as you know of this country to expose these Alberi Gentilizie in their Halls, or most publick parts of their house. Besides, I shall only take occasion accidently to let some few see it, who have made it necessary. This is all the revenge I design to take for their malice. . . .

'. . . I have frequent disputes about my priviledges, etc., but am always forced to yield; and at this very

instant I am forced to receive as a favour their not obliging me to go to Leghorn with all my servants to cloath them with English cloth, that being contraband, though there is no other in the country, and that no distinction was ever made with regard to us and the unlimited priviledges time out of mind to introduce whatever is for the use of ourselves and families. Richecourt owns this, but says he won't allow it for the future. He laughs at all the right I pretend to claim, and as no notice is taken of such sort of things, I can get no redress. He is the only one in the Regency that both starts and approves of these difficulties. . . .

'. . . I must tell you an extraordinary piece of heroism which was lately shewn in Corsica when M. Carsay (?), the French Commandant, had condemmed a Corsican to dye. During the interval of his sentence and the time for his execution, he escaped by the negligence of the sentinel, who was to be shot for it. The Corsican upon hearing of this, immediately produced himself, to submit to his sentence, saying that it was not just that an innocent man should dye on his account. Carsay, struck with his generosity, pardoned them both. Last week 142 galley slaves escaped from Pisa, and are now wandering about the country seeking whom they must destroy for their own subsistence.'

CHAPTER XIV.

1751.

January 1*st.*—'We are now at the entrance of our Carnival, and forced to be contented with the worst Opera and more wretched Intermezzi that ever was permitted in the Via della Pergola; but an accident has happened that has made the town think itself happy in the continuation of them,—the dread of a stop of all Carnavalesque diversions. The Empress-Dowager is dead. (Elizabeth, daughter of Louis Rhodolph, Duke of Brunswick.) The news of it arrived yesterday, and orders are expected by the next post relating to the tokens of Grief which the country must give. If the death of Madame Royale, the Emperor's mother, be any rule, a general and deep mourning must take place of all publick as well as private entertainments; for then, all domestick festins were forbid. The poor Empress Dowager whom nobody can acquit of voluntarily giving this displeasure to the town, is however not pardoned: "She might at least have put it off till Quadragesima! (they say). It would have been more polite not to force people's inclinations not to mourn out of season."

a year. . . . Richecourt has procured him this advantageous post, and he could not choose better, but surely it is a mauvais coup de politique for one here who has hitherto and still wishes to command and direct their deliberations from hence, to put it in the power of any one to weaken his command, and one whom he has reduced to beggary, a Tuscan whose whole country he has offended. Albati will become considerable from his own merit. Prince Craon, finding himself teazed with affairs which he could not understand, asked Richecourt to work for him. The Princess foretold how it would be, nor was she in the least mistaken. The Florentines look upon this as an Epoque worth observation.

'It has not ceased four days together raining since the middle of October. All Italy is under water, which will produce great misery. I am impatient for some good weather to go frequently to attend my workmen at Bracci's villa. What say you to that purchase?'

March 12*th.*—'On Wednesday, we had a pompous ceremony for the late Empress Dowager, whose obsequies were performed in the church of St. Laurence, a tedious function through which I was forced to sit, having been invited en ceremonie, and attended the whole time, by a person appointed by the Regency. Count Lorenzi made his excuses, the motive of which is believed to be his not wishing to give me place in publick, which he must have done if I had thought of taking it, though I certainly, through inadvertency, should have let him slip above me.

'À propos to place, we have here a Monsieur de Vandières, Madame de Pompadour's brother, with whom the Florentines make a great fuss. When he was made Marquis, the French called him le Marquis d'Avant-hier! One of his companions, coming into the church on Wednesday, asked a Lorraine officer: "Connoissez vous Monsieur de Vandières?"—"Ouy, Monsieur."—"Sçaurez vous me montrer la place qu'on luy a destiné ici?"—"La Place qu'on lui a destiné? Oh, Monsieur, croyez vous, parcequ'il est frère de la Concubine du Roy, qu'on lui a destiné une place ici?"—"Mais, Monsieur, je croyais peut-être par politique."—"Ma foy, Monsieur, ça serait le pousser bien loin!" Upon which the Frenchman mixed with the crowd, to look for this great man. You know his name is Poisson. It is said he addressed himself some time ago to Marquis d'Argenson to get him the Cordon Bleu. The Marquis received the proposal with surprise, and told him, "Ma foy, Monsieur, le Poisson est trop petit pour mettre *au bleu!*" You know it is a particular way of dressing fish, and especially a Sauce for large ones. He has with him the Abbé Blanc, who was in England some time, and has published some Letters, "Sur les Anglois."'

April 2nd.—'All that I can say about Beau Wortley and the Duchess of Queensberry is that the first is quite unaccountable, as I don't believe that Lady Mary supplies him with any Diamonds or money to buy them; she keeps them all for her Lover with whom she lives at Brescia. The Dutchess is very mad, and the answer about her house being like that of Socrates, savours much of the literature of Lady

Pomfret, who "would not be a Curtius to jump into a pit to save other 'women's' reputations."

'We have had a report, whilst M. de Vandières was gone to Leghorn, that his Sister, Mme. de Pompadour, had left the King of France. Others say that she retired only to the Capuchines to take the Jubilee, and that it was out of policy, knowing how much His Christian Majesty is afraid of the Devil, that he might not be tempted into doing anything that might displease his Confessor, to her disadvantage. How ridiculous is this farce, and so much the more as it is exhibited from a throne.

'You have heard of the Duke of Bouffler's death, by an overturn in his chair. This accident was not the only afflicting circumstance to poor Prince Craon, his father-in law. He (the Duke) had some employment at Court which gave occasion for his papers being sealed up, and afterwards examined; when lo! a box of letters came to light from his wife, who was as great a favourite with Stanislaus (the ex-King of Poland, at Nancy) as her mother, our Princess (de Craon), was formerly with Leopold. In these letters, wrote as we may imagine with the freedom of a wife to her husband, who had given leave to some familiar flippancies, she turned into ridicule and exposed the weaknesses of her royal lover. This shocked the poor old man vastly, and it is said that nothing but the favour Prince Craon is in, can make up the matter.'

April 30th.—'Dr. Cocchi's opinion of the report made by the Physicians and Surgeons' (of the fatal illness of the Prince of Wales) 'is that the cause of his

death was formed in the pleurisy he had had some time before; he says it is impossible it should be of a longer standing. Poor Mr. Whithed's seems to have been of the same nature, though more hasty in its effects. I have not courage yet to undertake to give this melancholy news to the poor girl, who will be in despair, for she really adored him, and lived upon the hopes of seeing him again, which he always encouraged. Their child is an extremely pretty girl, but is too young to be sensible of her loss. I lately sent him her picture, at his request, but I believe he could not have seen it.'

May 14th. —'I have been forced to act the part of a Comforter to the Lucchi' (Whithed's mistress) 'whose despair made me fear the worst of consequences, that of turning her brain. I could not conceal from her the care he had taken of her and the child, thinking it the properest method to calm her, and to be sure it must have been some consolation, though hitherto she seems only sensible to the loss; but I am impatient to receive a confirmation of her legacy, not that I think there can be any doubt of the authenticity of the copy of the Will, which Mr. Chute and my brother saw. I am sure Mr. Chute will take care of their interest as soon as he is capable of attending to any thing.

'The only thing that has interested the Court of Florence of late is a number of very low seditious billets that were dispersed in the night, they were manuscript, all by the same hand, and only contained words to this effect: "Coraggio! o Fiorentini, risvegliate vi! è tempo di farvi sentire! (Courage, Florentines! arise! It is time to make yourselves be felt!)—but they

had no effect, few people were even informed of them. . . .

'. . . The dread of misery would add great weight to the affliction' (of Whithed's Italian mistress) 'though she is as yet totally indifferent to every other passion; as she thinks of nothing else all day, so she dreams of him every night, which she calls seeing him, and, by his smiling upon her, is convinced that he is in Paradise, through her intercession! She made a whole Convent of Nuns receive the Sacrament for that purpose, and has ruined herself in Masses! "Si vedi," she says, "che li hanno fatto bene." (One sees they have been beneficial to him.) Was I to deprive her of this consolation, I really think she would run mad. Tell Mr. Chute of what importance it is to let them know that they will not be reduced to want.

'. . . Cardinal Tencin has retired to his Archbishoprick at Lyons. . . . Previous to his taking that resolution he wrote to the Pope to acquaint him with it, who lost not a moment to forbid him doing it, but his letter arrived too late. The Pretender too will be disappointed.'

July 2nd.—'I have lately bought a very fine picture for Lord Rockingham, a Guercino that he had seen at Siena, and which he and many others had offered money for. . . .

'. . . Never was any country so altered as this; no society, nor any amusement to keep off the Spleen. I sometimes stay at home for a week together for want of knowing where to go. . . . I made the Lucchi go into the country, and it has had the effect upon her health that I hoped. The different objects have in some

measure diverted her melancholy, though she lives as retired there as she always did in town. It is very uncommon to find so much attachment and gratitude in that rank of life.'

July 30th.—'I am almost engaged in a furious quarrel here with Richecourt and his Clerk Tornaquinei. . . . The motive of it is the revival of a strange pretention started about 3 years ago by the Count, not only to consider all the English at Leghorn as the Emperor's subjects, but to make them stile themselves so! The affair then surprized both our King and the Ministers and produced very strong orders to me to oppose so artfull and insiduous an insinuation. I obeyed them in more gentle terms, but strong, and thought I had put an end to the Dispute, which however they have now renewed with excessive ill menaces, all by letter with Abbé Tornaquinei, the Secretary of State, who unfortunately seems to have forgot how much he has abused to me the author of that pretention, as absurd and tending to the destruction of Leghorn, though he has now so servilely obeyed the dictates of him. Lorenzi having the same orders from his Court' (of France) 'that I have on this point, and further to act in conjunction with me, has received the same treatment, but however as yet we have the last word, or rather the last letter, which the Count and his Abbé will find very difficult to digest. We have both been obliged to determine not to treat with Count Richecourt about any business by word of mouth, not to expose ourselves to impertinences we could not bear. Do but imagine his telling me a little while ago, when I told him I had presented a Memorial

from the Consul and English Merchants at Leghorn to the Secretary of State, in order to be laid before the Council, relating to an affair of vast importance: "Oui, Monsieur, j'ai vu veritablement un papier qui m'a fait rire!"—"Vous a fait rire? C'est singulier qu'il eut produit un si drôle effet!"—Somebody coming in prevented the continuation of our discourse. Could anything be more insolent? A Florentine of good sense hearing of the changes' (in the Ministry) 'in England exclaimed: "It is only *our* Ministers that are eternal!" Here is an Epigram some Priest has made upon Richecourt:—

"Lex prima ulcisci, secunda est vivere raptu,
Tertia mœchari, quarta negare Deum."'

'Prince Craon used to say "C'est un malfaisant!" and the late Electress used to say, relating to the affairs she had with the Count: "Cet homme m'empoisonne tout!" . . .

'. . . We have crouds of English, and more daily expected, I wish I could contrive some way to run from them!'

August 20th.—'We have a larger flight of Woodcocks this year than has been seen for many years past; besides near thirty stareing boys, we have a large family of Lord Kilmurray and his lady, who is Aunt to your new Relation Mr. Shirley' (whom the dowager Lady Orford had recently married). 'There is besides, Mr. Nightingale, her brother, with his son and daughter. My Lady is almost a Methodist, though not quite a convert to his Sister, Lady Huntingdon. Miss Nightingale has lived most among

them, and says she knows all their misteries, their Hymns, their Canticles, and their nonsense. She is vastly lively, and though she has two essential defects in her person, she is rather pretty, but not enough to give the Florentines any idea of the beauties we hear so much talked of in England. I am impatient for Mr. Conway's arrival, to give them a better idea at least of our young men.'

September 24th.—'I concluded a strong Memorial I made a few days ago, by order, with the expression' (referring to the claim made by the Imperial Government at Vienna to reduce the British merchants at Leghorn to the status of Austrian subjects)—'"This pretension is contrary to ancient and universal usage, and opposed to all the rules of the rights of nations."

'The joy for the birth of the Duc de Bourgogne is not to be confined to France. Count Lorenzi has orders de faire une fête which he designs shall be a Ball, in which he may spend if he pleases more than the 4000 livres which have been allowed him on this occasion. His Countess will shine for the honour of the King her Master, which expression she has so much adopted that, at Cards, when she plays a King, she says, "Ecco! il Rè, mio Signore!"'

October 8th.—'We' (Mann and the Council at Florence) 'are upon very formal terms since the Memorial which I presented. Violent dispatches have been sent to Vienna with strong advices to the Emperor not to part with his English subjects, "because, to yield on this point would be the ruin of the commerce of Leghorn." You must know that the Emperor is fond of commerce, and they tickle his

ears with it upon all occasions. I told the person that mentioned the above expression to me, that there seemed to be a small mistake, for that if the Emperor did not yield, it would produce the ruin of the commerce of Leghorn; or that, if the English did, it would be their ruin; but there is no danger of their exposing themselves to that risk, assurances of which I am to send home by this post in their name, and that they are too sensible of the blessings they enjoy as the King's subjects ever to think of becoming those of the Great Duke, or to swerve in the least from their Duty and Allegiance to His Majesty.

'A Gentleman tells me that some time after Lady Mary' (Wortley Montagu) 'had been at Brescia, the opinion prevailed that she was kept in durance by her young officer; the Governor or Commissary there invited her to dinner, on purpose to enquire into it, with offers to free her; but she said her confinement was voluntary. Since, however, she wrote to Madame Micheli, with whom she had always been in correspondence, to take leave of her, alleging that her lover would not permit her to write or receive any letter without his seeing it.'

November 26th.—In this letter Mann describes the government at Florence as 'solely directed by Richecourt, whose servile colleagues never publickly oppose his decisions, however arbitrary or absurd; and though they frequently expose themselves to share the disapprobation which comes from Vienna . . . they rejoice with their intimates out of hatred to him;' but, says the writer, 'for the common transactions of the town they are all confined to the knowledge of

what Cicisbeos have been displaced and what new establishments have been made. The great news of this kind is that Madame Acciajuoli, who immediately after the departure of her joined Cicisbeos, Mr. Pelham and Milbank, took to Jacky Langlois, whom the town thought an unworthy successor, has now turned him off for a young Marquis. Pucci succeeded Lord Rockingham with the Siristori whom that Pucci has abandoned abruptly without a just cause, consequently has offended against *le Legge d' Amicizia*, as Madame Acciajuoli has done likewise with regard to her friend the young and handsome Siristori, by debauching her Cavaliere servente from her. These are the circumstances that employ the gay Florentine world. An English traveller frequently deranges the whole harmony of Cicisbeoship.'

'We have here two great admirers of England, Niccolini and your friend the Chevalier Lorenzi, who talk of nothing else . . . Lorenzi' (brother of the Count Lorenzi who represented France at the Tuscan Court) 'sticks to the degagée English mode of a frock in the morning. About Lady Mary Wortley, I will try to get other informations. Niccolini has promised to help me; his correspondence is universal, and he has a vanity in instructing me about the English and everything that relates to England.'

December 3rd.—'Notwithstanding all my precautions, Mr. Conway lay one night at the English Inn, where he was arrived before I knew he had left Leghorn. Next morning I brought him here, and he is now lodged in your Appartment. . . . He made some resistance, nor yielded till I threatened to complain to you.

'I am sorry that the season of the year admits of no diversion, and that everybody is still in the country to profit of the finest Autumn we have had for many years. Devotion only will bring them back, which will at the same time make them inaccessible, the nearer we approach to Christmas.'

December 26th.—'I am so happy with Mr. Conway, that I can almost figure to myself the happy time I passed with you here. He inhabits the same Appartment, and I the same I did then. By this means, since the great alterations I have made, we divide the whole house and are both at large His great Antechamber is the Assembly Room twice a week, to which he ushers forth when he is tired of translating, or other retired occupations in which nobody interrupts him. I leave him after breakfast, which commonly passes in Italian and, unless by accident we go out together in the morning, I seldom see him till three o'clock at dinner. Lord Stormont is frequently with us then, and we do not separate till about 5, for an hour or two, till it is time to go to some Conversation, after which we return to supper tête à tête, and seldom separate till one.

'He is vastly desirous of improving himself in Italian, which however he knows a good deal of and only wants practice for the common terms and phrases. . . . He will perhaps go as far as Turin to meet Lady Ailesbury, and I hope bring her hither. He is averse to carrying her to Mahon, though she seems to prefer that place to any other without him, and if he should be obliged to return hither, it will cause a little amorous contract (*sic*) between them, as he does not

think the air of that place good enough for her; and if she was to know that reason, she would pique herself upon sharing any danger with him. If she is as good as he is, they must be a happy couple.'

1752.

January 7th. —'Mr. Conway is to set out to-morrow for Rome and Naples. On his return, he will pass as much time here as circumstances then will admit of. I wish they may be such as to permit Lady Ailesbury to meet him here, as I think no place can be perfectly agreeable to him without her.' (Mr. Conway and Lord Stormont were, according to Mann, two of the most perfect gentlemen that ever came from England into Italy.)

January 28th.—'You ask me what an *Uomo nero* is. "Uomo nero" is a general term for all servants out of livery; what we call a gentleman servant, but you know the Italians won't allow the least tincture of *gentilizia* to those under the rank of Cavaliere; all others are at most *persone civili.* They are vastly astonished to hear Lady Kilmurray who (as Mr. Chute said of Mrs. Goldworthy) talks from hand to mouth, talk of *il Gentiluomo di My Lord*; but she translated backwards and forwards into all the languages she knew. Marquis Niccolini she called My Lord, in English, and by as literal a translation into French, called Count Salins, *Monseigneur,* and yet she lived in France with Lady Ferrers, her mother, great part of her younger days.

'Marquis Tempi died a few days ago of an

apoplexy; his family and relations are the more afflicted as it deprives them of the pleasures of the Carnival. You may remember him by the connection he had with your friend the Marchese Albizzi, whose mother's Cicisbeo he had been for 30 years. A death however much more important to the publick at the present season is that of our Impresario of the Opera, and husband to the first woman, which it was feared would interrupt it, at least till another had learnt her part; but the poor creature not only sung two hours after he died (though she then only knew that he was in agony) but continues. I luckily thought of proposing to make a benefit night for her, which has been accepted, and I hope will produce a good deal; for she is left with two children and is miserable.'

Among the swaggering young Englishmen, unlike the Conways, Stormonts, and some others who came under Mann's view in Florence, was a Mr. Vernon who, —Admiral Vernon being then in fashion,—passed himself off as the Admiral's nephew. 'We heard afterwards,' (says Mann, March 10th) 'that being in France with some company' (in 1740) 'the discourse did not please him, upon which he abruptly said, "Finissons, ce discours m'ennuie!" to which a French gentleman replied: "Eh bien! Monsieur, si ce discours vous ennuie, vous n'avez qu'à lever le siége comme a fait Monsieur votre Oncle"—the news of which' (the affair at Carthagena) 'had just reached Paris. . . .

'. . . Count Lorenzi did himself great honour by having a son within the year of his marriage; but

unluckily the child died a few days ago, by the carelessness of his nurse. The Count's disappointment was great. Richecourt, to console him, said "vous n'avez perdu que la façon." . . .' Soon after this joke, Mann, hearing of the death of his father, wrote thus :—'From a Villa near Florence, March 31st. I borrowed this little villa of Dr. Cocchi, both to avoid the troublesome ceremonies which are practised in this country, on the death of so near a relation, and to dissipate the melancholly reflections which naturally arise from the prospect of my future situation. The house is annexed to a Church, and the country people are vastly edified by my curiosity, by peeping through the windows of a closet, to see the ceremonies of the Holy Week, which they attributed to Devotion ; but were vastly scandalized to hear that the same day I had a chicken for my dinner, which all Florence soon knew, and which was echoed back to me as the news of the town, where people have nothing to employ themselves about, except the notions of Mr. St. Odil who is going Minister to Rome to give more power to the Priests and Inquisition. He was always the greatest antagonist at Vienna of Richecourt, who is vastly jealous of him here, and excludes everybody from him.'

May 5th.—Mann had early in the year sent his portrait, by Astley, to Walpole ; after praise of the painter, he writes :—'Astley has furnished my great room with some excellent copies, particularly one of Lord Rockingham's Guercino, which I purchased for him at Sienna. . . . Your old friend, Louis (?) came accidentally to me yesterday, to show me a

small picture of Correggio, for which he asks a thousand crowns, and casting his eye upon that copy, cried out with admiration: "hé! voila donc ce fameux Guercin!" which, by its reputation, he had been about formerly buying. I let him draw himself into the terrible scrape of praising it, for a quarter of an hour, for its preservation, etc., etc., and then mortified him vastly by gently hinting to him his mistake, which he excused by his not having had his spectacles, "Sans quoy, Monsieur, vous comprenez bien que je ne me serois point trompé!" Don't however raise Astley's vanity by mentioning this, or let my Lord know that I had his picture copied. I am not quite convinced it was right, without his leave, which there was no time to ask.'

June 31*st*.—'Our tranquility has been a little disturbed . . . there is actually a Rebellion in Tunis. . . . The old Bey has got possession of a fort towards the sea, which gives him an opportunity to block up the town that way, as he had done before by land. His Rebel Son is master of the chief fortress in the town, and has lately discovered a large quantity of nitre, with which he daily makes as much gunpowder as he wants, of which he had none before. He has carried all the provisions into his castle, for the maintenance of his troops, which has almost occasioned a famine in the town.

'The Tripolins, having offended the French Court, by seizing one of their vessels, a small Escadre was sent there to demand satisfaction and the head of a French Renegado, which was peremptorily refused; upon which the Commandant of their ships acquainted

the Bey that he would send for the ships that waited his orders at Malta, to joyn him and bombard the town. This threat had the proper effect. The Bey desired time to consider of it till the next morning, and then sent him a message that he would give him $\frac{m}{20}$ zecchins, as an indemnification for the French vessel that had been taken, and that as he had not authority to punish the Renegado, or give him up, he hoped the French King would, in lieu of him, accept six of his subjects who were slaves; and promised at the same time that the other should never be employed on board his ships, or permitted to go to sea, on pain of death. The French Commander accepted of those conditions (!) and immediately despatched notice to different ports that his countrymen might continue their trade to the Levant, which this accident had interrupted. Many of their vessels had taken refuge at Leghorn. I am afraid that our reparation was not so compleat for a much greater offence, in taking a rich paquet boat from Lisbon.

'. . . We are at the eve of some events that people pretend may produce others. It is said that the Empress has consented that a body of her troops, 10 Batallions and 6 Squadrons, should live in Tuscany, merely for the good of the country, and that they are actually assembling in Lombardy for that purpose.'

August 11*th.*—'We have now such crouds of English of both sexes that I have not a moment to myself. Upon a muster yesterday, I think there were four or five and thirty. The females are Mrs. Arbuthnot and her sister, who has not been used to

the world, and therefore "don't *chuse* to go into it, but prefer the society of their honest countrymen to all the Italians whatsomdever." The other is rather a fine Lady of Kentish breed, refined in France, from whence she has brought the newest modes. She is young and rather pretty. Her husband is a rich West Indian, Mr. Young by name, who, I hear, has made a great figure in England, which, I am told, makes travelling necessary, in point of economy. He makes a figure however here, and has a Concert once a week at his house. I have Danes and Saxons too recommended to me; in short, I never had so many people on my hands at once. It is quite ridiculous to see me at the head of a train, at Count Richecourt's, or marching into an Assembly. He takes no further notice of them, after a polite reception, but any Minister who would undertake all the English ought to have separate appointments. I cannot avoid ruining myself.'

In a letter of August 31st, Mann returns to his 'roaring, rich West Indian, Young, who talks of his money, and swaggers in his gate as if both his coat pockets were full of it. He buys pictures upon his own judgment, and declares it to be better than any body's. Hugford, the English painter, allows the assertion, since Young gave him two hundred zecchins for a Danae, which Hugford calls a Titian! The picture is allowed to have merit, but it has been so often washed and retouched that one does not know whose to call it. The great Mengs, whom Sir Hanbury Williams recommended to me, on Mengs' way to Rome, to work for his master, the King of

Poland, not only denys the originality of it, but said it was worth nothing. Mr. Young has heard of this, and says that Mengs must be the most D——d ignorant fellow in the world, for said he "I will assert and lay any man a thousand pounds that it is much better than the Venus in the Tribuna." You will certainly hear much talk of it when it arrives in England, and probably be tempted to go to see it. In the meantime, speak to Astley about it, who knows the picture extremely well. You may then see Mr. Young's Organ, which cost him three thousand pounds, and his electrical instruments which cost forty thousand pounds; but he must retrench, he says, because the late Hurricane did so much harm to his Sugar-canes, that he shan't receive above one third of his Estate; not above £$^{m}_{6}$ this year.

'Nobody enjoys this swaggerer more than the present Lord Bruce, whom I love extremely, for the great regard with which he speaks of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury. Young has heard of the report of the claim which the Duke of Somerset is to make to part of his Estate, but seems persuaded that nothing can come of it. Should it, however, go on, he intends to set out immediately for England.'

A great proportion of the remainder of this letter deals with more exalted individuals than swaggering West Indians. In Florence, for example:—

'. . . The Duke of Marlborough, I suppose, is very glad that Lord Somers's papers, which were in the hands of Mr. Yorke, have been burnt. Prince Craon assured me often that he had seen a pardon signed by the Pretender, for the late Duke. You know the

former lived in Craon's house, for some time, in Lorraine. There have been great embroils in the Pretender's house at Rome, which have produced, they say, a total separation of Cardinal York from his father, in spite of all the pains which the Pope took to bring about a reconciliation. He has now given that commission to Cardinal Doria, at Bologna, where the young Cardinal has fixt his Residence, with a firm resolution, it is said, not to return to Rome, but upon conditions of being permitted to live alone, and to have the sole and independent management of his own Revenues. Some people believe that Cardinal York will be made perpetual Legate of Bologna; but I own, I cannot think that the other Cardinals will permit the Pope to deprive some of them, York's successors, of so considerable a Government, to raise as it were a Principality for him. If this should ever happen, I shall be inclined to believe that the Chevalier and his Son have condescended to quarrel in appearance, and that they have more policy than the world has hitherto thought them capable of.

'The Report of the Eldest Son's having changed his religion is dropt, but not contradicted. Nothing was ever more publickly talked of at Rome, for some time, so that nothing less then a publick profession of his Faith will be sufficient to satisfy the scruples which that report has raised. Perhaps, he may now go to Rome to make it, as some Politicians pretend that the Cardinal's retreat to Bologna was on purpose to give his brother an opportunity to make a visit to his father, without breaking his oath of not meeting his brother in that habit. Stosch is still positively of opinion that

the young Pretender does not exist, though he is forced to write about him, every week.'

The letters which chronicle the incidents towards the close of the year are half mirthful, half melancholy. Among the sadder circumstances may be noted the deaths of Marquis Riccardi and his son, within four days of each other. 'The family is quite decayed, and the creditors in the greatest confusion. Marquis Rinuncini is now the great man of Florence. They say he has above $\frac{m}{50}$ crowns a year, which he spends chiefly in the country, where at the head of a hundred low dependants he makes the greatest figure. He has plays acted by his children, and great feastings continually for sycophants.'

The greatest 'feasting' however which Florence had witnessed or enjoyed for many years, was on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess Esterhazy 'to whom the whole town was by order of the emperor to show all possible attentions; he was received by a discharge of the cannons, and was permitted to lodge at the house Prince Craon lived in, this is all the Court has done for him, but it has roused the nobility, who vye with each other in giving him feasts of all kinds, of which I have partaken. The first was a great cold maigre dinner at the chevalier Antinori's, one of our Regents, at which the whole company, consisting of 24 people, were starved with cold and Hunger. Pandolfini gave a much better *en gras* a few days after, but the excessive cold of the Hall in which we dined gave me a head ach, that obliged me to keep in bed for 24 hours afterwards. My friend Madame Antinori, sister to your friend the

Griffoni, gave a very handsome ball; Marquis Corri gave a much finer and a supper to the whole company, which was the largest as well as the finest entertainment I ever saw; the table was served in his fine Gallery. The ladies and distinguished men only were seated, but above two hundred others stood behind in four rows, and all were fed. Most of the principal dishes were changed three times, the Prince and Princess were surprised at the magnificence and order of the whole entertainment, which broke up about 4 to give place again to the Ball, which lasted till seven in the morning. The company had hardly time to recover a sufficient stock of spirits to dance the next evening at the Neapolitan Minister's, who brought himself to great shame, by the vilest festin that was ever given. He is the same Viviani whom you may remember to have seen at Prince Craon's, and who deserted to the Spaniards on Montemar's arrival in Italy, for which he would have been confined in a fortress had they caught him--he afterwards went into Spain, and was employed at Court as a language Master, from thence he returned to Naples, and got some little employment, which not being sufficient to keep him, he contrived to be named a sort of Minister here only to live in Tuscany, without any appointments however and no other credentials than a letter from Marquis Toglieni to Count Richecourt, but the desire of figuring as a minister, engaged him, in spite of his ruined circumstances, and the want of the most common furniture in his house (all which he had sold some time ago), to give a fete to Prince Esterhazy, the most shattered ill composed matter you ever saw, and quite

the disgrace of ministerhood. The next morning they set out for Pisa and Leghorn, and at the former place received an invitation by a nobile Lucchese from the Republick to go there, where the greatest honours are to be shewn them. They are expected back to-morrow, and every day during their stay is to be distinguished by some great entertainment. The Princess is very unlike your favourite Princess Craon in person, having no pretence to beauty, though much younger, but is vastly obliging—she is originally of Milanese extraction, Lunati, but born in Loraine, her Father having been invited there by Leopold who would have given the preference to Madame Lunati, who they say was much handsomer, but her husband less complaisant. She seeing the inclination of the Duke, desired her husband to carry her immediately from his Court, telling him that she would not otherwise answer for her virtue; this shocked him immensely, and threw him into a melancholy which Leopold soon observed and asked the reason of. Mon^{r} Lunati hesitated for some time, and then told him that the motive was, the necessity he found himself under, after all the favors and honours he had received from his Highness, to ask his leave to retire. This excited his curiosity still more, which Mr. Lunati satisfied by protesting to him that his life and everything he possessed was at the Duke's disposition *except his wife.* "Je vous entends, restez; vous n'aurez pas lieu de vous plaindre de moy sur ce sujet." And immediately attached himself where he found no such scruples. This anecdote I think you will not be displeased to know.'

At a time when in English society 'there were

three who loved their neighbours' wives, and one who loved his own,' there was a scandalous affair in England, in which the name of Mr. Child, brother of Lord Tilney, was unpleasantly prominent. Mr. Child left England with some precipitation, 'but,' says Mann, 'this can be of no great consequence to him, if he had time to secure the money which he had in the funds.' Mann consoled Lord Tilney, who was then in Florence, by remarking that 'it would only be an obligation to his brother to live abroad till the affair could be made up.' He proceeds to say: 'The Italians are astonished that the laws in England punish so severely in cases of this kind. . . . They look upon the woman only to be in fault, and such an one here would be punished by confinement to a Villa, or be put into a convent at worst.' Then, addressing himself to the subject of the drama, he observes:—'Portici acts Tragedies and Comedies, but in the former he is far short of the encomiums which Garrick and others gave him in England. In short, he is *Signor Anselmo* or *Pancrazio* in every heroick character. His wife will not condescend to act plays, which she thinks are beneath a *burletta*, and says it would be turning *histrione*, under which denomination she stiles every performance not in musick. This difference in opinion has made a total separation between them. She sings at Leghorn; and he acts at Florence.' Signora Portici thought her husband was, to use Edmund Kean's words applied to Macready, 'not an actor, but a player.'

CHAPTER XV.

1753.

BEFORE the Spring, Mann was engaged in endeavours to stop the acting of a drama which might have proved a real tragedy. On March 23rd, he writes :— 'All the steps which the Regency and I were taking to prevent a duel' (between Captain Lee and 'a Lorraine Officer') 'were frustrated by the animosity of the military gentry, according to whose Ideas, the extinction of one of the parties is necessary, or at least a vast quantity of blood to wash off a slap on the face; but in this they have been disappointed in their turn, for though the two Heroes acted up to those notions, Fortune directed that just as much harm should be done and no more than was absolutely necessary to finish the affair. Lee was wounded in his arm with a sword, and near three hours afterwards disabled his antagonist with a pistol. The Lorraine officer returned to Florence to take refuge in a Church, where he still remains, to secure himself from the resentment of the Regency, for going out of the town contrary to their orders, and of which crime the Emperor himself is now to judge. Lee would have returned to Bologna, whence he proceeded

to fight, but the Cardinal Legate reflecting to be sure that an Excommunication which *ipso facto* he incurred was of little signification, would have nothing to do with an Heretick, therefore notified to him that he must not stay in the State which he had so highly insulted, so that Lee, who was then very ill, was obliged to proceed to Venice, where repose and proper care of his wound has almost put him in a position to proceed on his journey to England. It is quite ridiculous, but still quite agreeable to form, to see with what cordiality they enquire after each other's health, and how much they seem to interest themselves for each other's recovery. The family of the Lorraine Officer think their honour recovered; the Regency, as well as myself, is pleased that no more harm has happened, the Corps Militaire is satisfied, and nothing now remains but to see how the Emperor will take it.' Meanwhile, Mann, after long references to English politics and to Walpole's life at Strawberry, takes care to notify the fact, that 'Madame Richecourt is here greatly improved by wearing stays in England. I feasted her largely last Sunday, which has drawn on other entertainments.'

Among the more expensive of those entertainments are to be reckoned the banquets to Prince San Severino, who tarried in Florence when on his way as Ambassador from the King of Naples to the King of England. 'I have feasted him every day' (writes Mann, April 6th), 'and attended him to Conversations every night. He was recommended to me by Cardinal Albani, not out of form only but as his friend de tout son cœur. . . . After dinner yesterday, I carried the

Prince and Viviani (the Neapolitan Minister) to the Porta San Gallo where Viviani desired him to take particular notice of the triumphal arch, which, he assured him, was begun and finished in one day, or twenty-four hours, at most. I started at this, and only replied *non tanto presto,* but he stuck to his assertion and confirmed the Prince in the idea he had before given him of his absurdity. If in the political stile he writes such lies as these to his Court what must it think of him? The new Minister is of quite different stamp, very modest, civil, and, I believe, sensible, by much the most decent Neapolitan I have seen, and nothing at all of Corrello in him. I dare say he will please in England. He would attend on his sick companion to-day, a Cavaliere di Malta who goes with him into England, and to whom I had given an Indigestion. They dine however again here to-morrow, and I am to give them a Conversation at night. My friend, Madame Antinori, is to whisper to thirty *Dame* to come. This is the Method of inviting a small number without offending others. The Lorraine Ladies are to come as usual without the whisper, but they are so horribly ugly that I should have been quite ashamed of shewing them alone. I intend to put them into the dark room where your old Barni laid.

'. . . . We shall have the Prince of Anspach here soon, to whom I must pay great court. Lord and Lady Rochford are coming too, who will expect as much; then Sir James Gray will be passing to Naples, and I must give him Mr. Conway's appartment!'--(Gray gave trouble and was a *parvenu.*

Walpole says that his father was first a box-keeper, then footman to James the Second, 'and this is the man exchanged against Prince Severino!')

The Prince of Anspach was not thought much of in Florence. 'I have been employed' (May 4th) 'in paying my court to the Prince of Anspach, nobody else took the least notice of him. The members of the Regency have been so absurd as to say they expected the first visit, which the Prince I am sure never thought of. I waited on him the day after his arrival, with many English. He received us *en Prince, debout*, but vastly civil. I asked his Governor leave to propose any amusement to him; in short, I asked him to dine with me the next day, and in the mean time attended him to the Gallery Pitti, Boboli, etc. I received him at his coach, with many English whom I chose to distinguish on this occasion, Lord Tilney, Gwin, etc. The Prince did not bring his Pages, nor would permit my shewing him any distinctions, not so much as a fauteuil, that was placed at the head of the table. The company was numerous, and both the dinner and dessert tollerably well. In the afternoon I took him in my coach, and made the whole tour of the town to the Porta San Gallo, where there were vast crowds of ladies whom I afterwards carried him to visit in their boxes at the Theater, and the next morning he set out for Bologna, seemingly vastly satisfied with my attentions to him. He is to take Anspach in his way to Paris, from whence he is to go to England next winter.

'Adieu, my dear Sir, my nerves are in such a twitter that I can hardly hold my pen. I attribute

it to my having left off snuff for three days past, as I apprehended that the quantity, which was great, gave me head-ache. I think of nothing but snuff, sleeping and waking. If I am dry or hungry, it is only for snuff, and yet I have still resolution to resist, on hopes that this titillation of my nerves will go off, otherwise I must return to snuff again. I'll bathe this afternoon, to see what that will do. Doctor Cocchi bade me take a little, but that's more difficult than not to take any at all.'

On June 8th, Mann was still in grief on the same subject, but Walpole showed him no sympathy. After narrating his nervous sufferings when he gave up the luxury, and his 'headaches' when he yielded to it, he passes in the letter of the above date to the arrival of Lord and Lady Rochford, in Florence. 'I had great curiosity to know them. I studied her a good deal and think her very clever, but her person is so much altered from what I may suppose it was, that I think she must lay aside all thoughts of making any conquests. She is beyond measure dejected to find that she even can't confine the affections of her lord. There is a certain crisis in women's lives, which she has arrived at, that few have good sense enough to support, especially such as have lived in the gay world in their youths. English women have not the resource which women in other countries find in that age, in devotion, which is all gaiety, but with us so solemn that it heightens melancholy sometimes into despair. Mr. Chute, I remember, told me of a woman of a certain age, whose friend upbraided her for turning Roman Catholick, and, asking what

could induce her, was answered: "Why surely, dear Madam, you must allow that the Roman Catholick religion is much more entertaining."'

At this time, Theodore, King of Corsica, as he called himself, but really Baron Theodore Stephen de Neuhoff, a native of Lorraine, son of a Wesphalian father, was in a London prison, for debt. He had been in various continental services, and had taken advantage of troubled times to land in Corsica, where the people, to escape King Log, elected him,—King Stork (1739.) After reigning and rioting eight months, he left the Island, ostensibly to seek aid against his enemies, the Genoese. He never returned. Mann has already written of him as he appeared in Florence. The Minister now adds these further details:—

'Theodore made villainous use of the most insignificant letters he drew from me, when he sculked about Tuscany, under pretence of having the English newspapers, or by forwarding letters to me from his friends in England. He used to shew the greatest impatience to rescue the packet from me, then retire with great mistery, and return after a certain time to the people about him, and at a distance hold my letter in his hand and pretend to read out of it what he chose they should believe,—sometimes that a fleet of ships was coming to Leghorn for his service which, the next post, had been retarded by contrary winds. Thus he kept his hungry courtiers about him, and got everything they could pawn to feed him, by making my letter say that he was to have great sums of money for him. At last, the sum of $\frac{m}{c}$ pounds was actually

in my hands, but that I had been obliged to make use of it myself, to get my plate, jewels, and many valuable things out of pawn, for which I asked him ten thousand pardons, and which he was forced to grant, not to disgust me, as I was the channel by which he was to receive the necessary means to mount his throne! All this his own secretary believed and very inocently told me, after he had quitted him; upon which I desisted at once sending him any Gazettes or writing at all to him.'

On this 8th of June, Mann notices that Mr. West had gone to Reggio, to be warm. 'Indeed he has been too lavish of his natural heat, which will require a whole Florentine summer to restore. We have also had here for a little time, the good natured fat Mr. Parry who would do well to stay through that season, to melt his fat. What a terrible misfortune it is! He says he has diminished 6 inches since he left England. . . . What would you do with the croud of people I have to dine with me to-day, no less than 16, upon my word. I never willingly exceed 12, but the sudden arrival of my Lord Bolinbroke' (Frederick St. John, who succeeded his uncle the celebrated Viscount Bolingbroke in 1751) 'with three others, obliged me to add them to day, though I don't think I have dishes and plates for so many, but I find it very convenient of late to adopt a maxim of Prince Craon, who never had enough of anything for his dinners and Conversations, and always asked more company to the former than his table would hold. He used to say to his servants, *Ne vous embarrassez pas; tout ça s'arrangera de soy même*,—so it did by the complaisance

of his guests, who were forced to wait for drink till the Goblets were not employed by others—riotous Englishmen would not have so much civility.

'Here are the French lines you ask for:—

"Deux Henris immolés par nos braves ayeux,
L'un à la Liberté, et l'autre à nos Dieux,
Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entreprises.
Ils revivent en Toi, ces anciens Tyrans.
Crains notre Desespoir. La Noblesse a des Guises;
Paris des Ravaillacs, le Clergé des Clements."

'Such Ecclesiastic fury makes one shudder every time one repeats the above lines.'

At this period, there was living in Mann's house, Wilton, 'that ingineous, modest, sculptor who so well deserves the encomiums which were given him in The World' (it was in The Inspector) 'unsought most certainly, but justly his due,' so writes Mann, adding that, Wilton's father, who was originally a common workman, but had become a most successful executant of architectural ornaments in plaster, had sent to his son that especial number of The World (Inspector). The son had become celebrated by carrying off the Jubilee Gold Medal, given by the Pope in 1750. Till 1755, Wilton was busily occupied in Florence, as a sculptor, on copies and commissions. In that year he returned to London (where he ended his eminently successful career, in 1803), accompanied by Sir William Chambers, who married his daughter, and Cipriani, the latter a native of Florence, with both of whom Mann was intimate. It is a curious trait of this Florentine artist's life, that a painter so accomplished as Cipriani was the

pupil of such an undistinguished limner as Hugford, an Englishman who was settled in the Tuscan capital. Besides the above, there was John Astley, the son of a Shropshire village apothecary, of whose ability as a painter, Mann entertained a most favourable opinion. Astley lived to be very rich and very foolish; but before his extravagances in London obtained for him the designation he was proud of, namely, 'Beau Astley,' he lived in poor condition in Florence. He was the English painter there who, being one of a party of artists, spending in the neighbourhood a festive but sultry evening, followed the example of his heated fellows, by taking off his coat; whereby it was seen that the back of his waistcoat was made out of one of his canvas studies, representing a landscape with a waterfall! Of Wilton, Mann writes, November 9th, 1750:—

'A Statue he did at Rome, and a copy of the Venus which he made here for Lord Rockingham, gained him great applause. Swift's Bust (an original) and a most glorious one of Homer, with some others already in England, are proofs of his abilities. He has finished another Venus, which is admired by all the Professors (as well as Connoisseurs) here; a Bacchus for Lord Tilney, of his own invention, far advanced; with many other works which will be seen in England;—but is there really any taste for sculpture there, beyond a looking-glass-polished-chimney-piece? which taste, with regard to Sculpture, stands in the same proportion as a most laboriously finished Flemish picture does to a Raphael, or any great Italian hand. . . . Louis 14th, who really had as little know-

ledge of the Fine Arts as anybody, sacrificed vast sums, and made the finest Institutions, merely to gain the reputation of a Connoisseur; and yet they say that, in private, he made a joke of his own ignorance! . . .

'I send you the portrait you so often went to see at Casa Vitelli, of the Bianca Capello, by Vasari;—which, as your Proxy, I have made love to, a long while. I will now own to you that I have been in possession of it some little time; it has hung in my bed-chamber, and reproached me indeed of infidelity in depriving you of what I originally designed for you; but as I had determined to be honest at last, I could not part with it so hastily. I would willingly have sent it with its venerable rich frame of a foot broad, but it would have added to the weight and size of the case. . . . . You will observe one odd circumstance, which is that the heads seem (*sic*) not to have been finished. The portrait was certainly the last that was made of her, a very little time before she dyed, as appears by the age.' (Bianca Capello, noble and poor, eloped with Cavaliere Buonaventura, who was also so poor, that he was glad to be a Giovane di Banco, at Venice. A banker's clerk, in fact. Her family pursued her, and her husband carried her off to Florence), 'where,' says Mann, 'they lived for many years in the most private manner, till the Great Duke Francesco fell in love with her and at last consented that her husband should be murdered by the family of Ricci, that he might marry her.' (She had then a daughter living, by the first marriage, and she had not only been the Great Duke's mistress, but presented to him as his

son, a child, afterwards known as Antonio de' Medici, which child she bought, and then murdered those who were in the secret. On the day she was proclaimed Grand Duchess, her daughter was married to a Bentivoglio, of Bologna (1579.) As Grand Duchess she became execrable for her cruel and capricious tyranny.) 'Part of her story,' says Mann, 'is reckoned fabulous. The truth I believe is that both she and her husband were poisoned by his brother (Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici), who succeeded him. The late Great Duchess would never acknowledge her or permit her *ritratto* to be engraved with those of her ancestors, and would have cut her out of the hangings of Poggio Imperiale, had she ever been permitted, as she wished, to live there'—(The Grand Electress denied Bianca's title to the rank of Grand Duchess)—'though either before, or immediately after Francesco had married her, the Republick of Venice sent a Diploma declaring her to be a daughter of the Republick. I must still add, by way of history, that upon the death of Marquis Vitelli, his wife who, you know, followed old General Braitwitz to Naples, from whence, by way of parenthesis, Marquis Frescobaldi, her brother, had interest enough to cause her to be sent away by that Court, for the decorum of her family, she, as is the custom of the country, insisted upon the restitution of her *Dote*, which was $\frac{m}{16}$ crowns, to make up which sum, her son, the young Marquis Vitelli, was forced to sell a fine villa and all the furniture of a house in town, by which means this portrait fell into my hands. You will excuse this detail, when you reflect that the history of a picture

is the only sure proof of its originality. . . . Whilst the picture still hung in the dark at Casa Vitelli, it was always called a Bronzini'—(Agnolo Bronzini was a Florentine of great repute in the 16th century. He completed the Chapel of St. Lorenzo, which was left unfinished by his master, Panormo, and he painted the portraits of the most illustrious persons of the House of Medici)—'but all the Connoisseurs now have declared it to be of Vasari,—a master much less stiff and dry than the former.' (Vasari, contemporary with Bronzini, was introduced to the Medici family by Cardinal da Cortona. He found liberal patrons in the Dukes of Tuscany, but his celebrity chiefly rests on his well-known biographical and critical work, in which he gives the lives of Italian painters, down to and including those of his own time. Walpole, in a letter, dated December 6th, is warm in the expression of his thanks to Mann, 'who has so much obligingness and attention in his friendships that in the middle of public business, and teazed to death with all kinds of commissions, and overrun with cubs and cubaccionis of every kind, can, for twelve years together, remember any single picture, or bust, or morsel of virtu that a friend of his ever liked . . . and sends it to his friend in the manner in the world to make it the most agreeable.' Troubled as Mann was with English cubs and cubaccionis, he had contempt ever outspoken for the leading Florentines themselves.) 'All here is so servilely dull that Richecourt himself can I believe hardly have any pleasure in commanding them. Dante calls them "Gente avara, insidiosa, e falsa," since which time they have ac-

quired a just title to the additional epithet, *vile*, which makes a principal ingredient in their character.'

In this general estimate of the Florentines of the last century, Walpole agreed with almost ungenerous alacrity. In reference to the duel between Captain Lee and a Lorraine officer, previously mentioned, Walpole writes: 'I am glad you have got rid of your duel blood-guiltless. Captain Lee had ill luck in fighting with a Lorraine officer; he might have boxed the ears of the whole Florentine nobility (*con* rispetto si dice), and not have occasioned you half the trouble you have had in accommodating this quarrel.'

1754.

The new year found Mann depressed. The Minister, as Pope says, 'grew sick and damned the climate like a lord,' but Pope referred to the London atmosphere. It was not worse than that of Florence.

January 18th, 1754.—'I am sorry to perceive that I grow extremely indolent; I am afraid it is the English spleen that I have got, which however I am resolved to shake off as soon as the foggy, horrid, English weather will permit me to use any exercise.' (He had lost taste for the Carnival and its once dear delights). 'I have not been to the theater this week, and when I do go I am impatient till the second Act and Dance is over, that I may return home. I sometimes endeavour to persuade myself that the amusements are not what they used to be; but, when I see that all the young folks are as well pleased with them as I used to be, I am forced to confess

that my *degôut* is the effect of my being grown old, for which stage of life this is the very worst country in the world, as there is not the least society. . . . Everything here is in a state of languor not to be described, though indeed it agrees pretty much in that respect with other countrys, except France, where their disputes' (between the King and the Parliament) 'might come to something if there was anybody to lead them.' (There was, however, something stirring elsewhere.) 'Have you heard of the King of Naples' almost declaration of war with the Island of Malta against the Grand Master's refusal to admit of a Royal Visitation of the Bishoprick of Malta and its Cathedral, by the Bishop of Susiana (?) on the part of the King of Naples, who stiles himself on this occasion, *Patrone Sovrano e Legato Reale;* and for disobedience to him as such, he has prohibited all commerce with that Island, consequently intends to starve it, for it produces nothing; the most common necessaries are imported from Sicily; besides which he has sequestered everything that belongs to the Order of Malta within his Dominions, or to any Chevalier that does not reside in them. As to the main point about the right of Visitation or not, people differ. Most agree that it has been done perhaps 150 years ago; but they don't seem to allow that Charles the Fifth gave them (the Knights) the Island of Malta with that condition, or assumed to himself and his heirs, the titles which the King of Naples takes on this occasion; the last of which, Legato Reale, must mean from the Pope, who does not care to enter into the dispute. . . . It is probable

that many or most of the Courts will interfere in behalf of Malta, though France, the most interested of any, seems the most indifferent. That Court, not long ago, offered to the Order, Les Isles St. Marguerite, and perhaps would not be sorry to see the Knights obliged to accept of them, on its own conditions. The very situation would make the whole Order and its force subservient to France.'

The Pope had a more important subject in hand than the freedom of Malta from episcopal visitation.

March 29th.—'The news we have here consists in a whisper that the disagreements between Rome and this place are adjusted; the principal condition of which is, the Admission, or to speak more properly, the Re-Establishment of the Inquisition, which has been inactive for some years. It is now to be on the foot as it is at Venice, which, since it could not be totally demolished, is the least dangerous. That was not to be in the least hoped for in these days of Devotion, which is an absolute necessary qualification for advancement, or to maintain any degree of favour. This was flatly said to Richecourt (whose powers as Regent for the Emperor, in his dukedom of Tuscany, are now increased to the utmost) by his Mistress (Maria Theresa) when he was last at Vienna. You know she is all devotion, and he is ever since become a most obsequious courtier.'

While the Pope was thus re-establishing that bad old state of things which illustrates the Papal idea of supervision of faith and morals, a drama was being enacted in another part of Italy, which takes us back to the very liveliest of feudal times.

April 19th.—'You will hardly believe me when I tell you we are here in a state of war with a neighbouring,—not Prince or State; and that after the first hostilities, our first Column of troops is marched; that another of equal strength is to follow in a day or two, not to the enemy's country, but to the frontier of our own, to prevent him committing any Insults. You will never be able to guess. . . . His name is Marchese Del Monte, whose family is very numerous, and which in many branches possesses an Imperial Fief, called Monte di Santa Maria, near Cortona, and between this and the Pope's State. The cause of the rupture is this. A younger brother of that family, having committed many excesses, had received orders from our Regency not to come into this state. In contempt of this prohibition he even affected to come down from the fief into Cortona with his attendants armed; so that it was necessary to make use of some stratagem to lay hold of him. This was effected by some Sbirri going into the house where he was, under pretence of searching for contraband goods. . . . They seized him and carried him to the common prison. Some of his attendants who escaped fled with this notice to the Feudo, from whence two of his brothers marched that night with about a hundred of their subjects well armed. They arrived at Cortona before the opening of the gates, which they did not beat down, for want of cannon. They peaceably waited till the gates were opened, to take possession of them. . . . They then marched to the Bagello's (Sheriff's) house, round which they began to place *fascines* in order to set fire to it, on a supposition that

the prison was annexed to it; but on being better informed that the prison was at the Pretorian Palace, where the Commissary resides, they marched hither, forced open his Appartments and afterwards the publick prisons, from whence they set all the prisoners at Liberty, and carried off their Brother in triumph.

'One of the brothers is a Dominican Friar. He was particularly desirous that the Commissary should be thrown out of the window, but the others interfered. The Regency waited some days, to receive the most exact particulars of this hostility; and on Saturday despatched them by a Courier to Vienna, intending to wait the Emperor's orders; but fresh advice being received from the Mountain that the Marchesi were putting themselves into a posture of defence, and were making dispositions that denoted their design of making a second incursion into the State, as they had done into the Pope's, from whence they had carried off much provision of all the sorts they could find,—that these Brothers, who were Cadets of the family, had made themselves masters of the whole fief;—had plundered the houses and lands of their relations, and particularly of that branch which is settled at Florence;—and had carried all these provisions into their Castle, which is at the top of the Mountain,—and had published an order that, on pain of death, all the inhabitants capable of bearing arms, should, on the sound of the *Tocsin*, immediately repair thither;—the Regency, I say, hearing of their warlike dispositions, ordered a Captain with 130 men to march towards Cortona, to a place called Castiglione, where, it is supposed, unless they all deserted, that some of

them arrived yesterday. The like number is ordered from the Garrison at Leghorn, who are to go to Borgo San Sepolcro, in hopes that their dispositions may keep the Delmontians in awe till the return of the Courier from Vienna with orders to march with a sufficient force to demolish the whole race of them,—which will be no easy matter. The whole Feudo consists of a large Mountain, the inhabitants of which are chiefly Banditti, Contrabandieri, and Zingani, the last (Gipsies) literally look upon themselves as at home there; and all are so devoted to the name of Del Monte that they will expose themselves to any danger on this account. One of the family is always Regent of the whole; but on this occasion, the turbulent cadets have turned him out; and it is said that they can get together 800 of those resolute, desperate people, against whom regular troops don't care to fight. This is our present situation, and what makes it more disagreeable is, that at the eve of a war, our troops desert so fast that we shall have none left soon. A few days ago, 36, in a body, *sabre à la main*, attempted to force the Porta San Gallo, but the Guard had just time to let down the Barrier;—not being able to escape, they took refuge in the Churches near, but the next day they surrendered by capitulation.'

May 3rd.—'The Dominican Friar of the Del Monte family, who has left off his frock for a cuirass, and who, in the Patent by which he commands his subjects to steal as much corn, oyl, or what can furnish his castle against a siege, styles himself Per la Grazia di Dio, Marchese Del Monte, Reggente del Feudo di Santa Maria, etc., and has fixed a price on

the head of Marquis Del Monte, our quiet Florentine (nephew of Niccolini), whose part of the Fief he has plundered because he refused to joyn with him, and has dispersed the Bones of their ancestors, in order to convert their leaden coffins into musket balls, in short this mad Friar seems to think he shall be able to defend himself with the assistance of his Banditti, Contrabandieri, and Zingani, against the troops which he foresees the Emperor will send against him.

'But the last letters from Rome inform us that the Emperor, either as such or as Great Duke, will highly incur the Papal displeasure if he sends his troops to chastize the Friar, as the Court of Rome not only disputes the Imperiality of that Fief, but declares that it makes part of the Ecclesiastical State, consequently that the Pope must take the quarrel upon himself, if any troops set their feet on that ground. Baron St. Odil could get no other answer from Cardinal Valenti, on this subject, but that the Pope had despatched his orders to M. de Richelieu to treat directly with the Emperor before he leaves that country, and they say that he has orders to propose, as a means to end any dispute on that occasion, that the Emperor and Pope should joyn their troops to chastize those Del Monte who have offended, the first at Cortona, the second at Città di Castello, and not to make any mention of the supreme jurisdiction over that Fief; which expedient, in my humble opinion, would confirm the Pope's pretensions too much. I should not be sorry to see a quarrel between the Pope and Great Duke, provided it was to spread no farther.'

May 17th.—'Major Breton, at the head of half his

troops, 'marched in the evening' (of May 3rd) 'with a design to reach the rebellious Fief of Santa Maria, by break of day; at which time precisely he had given orders to the leaders of the other half of his troops to meet him in order to make the Blockade complete; but, unluckily, a shower of rain retarded his march for many hours, and prevented the other instalment, which took a different route, from joining him till the afternoon, for whose arrival, Messieurs Del Monte and their followers, not thinking it prudent to wait, sallied out of the back door, whilst the Major *re*-guarded the front;—at which they afterwards entered; so that though the Rebels escaped, they have taken their castle; consequently, by being Masters of the Field of Battle, they have gained a compleat victory; and had those Rebels had any ground of their own, the troops would have lived at discretion upon it. They are all dispersed in the Pope's State to the great terror of its Inhabitants, though he threatened to take the quarrel upon himself, if the Emperor should do what he exactly has done; so that it now only remains to see what will be the effect of these menaces.

'At least, there will be a delay of the accommodation between Tuscany and Rome, to chastize by that means the Great Duke, for the faults of the Emperor who, if he was wise, would save himself from the Inconveniences which must always ensue from his friendship as Great Duke with the Court of Rome, by constantly keeping up a certain degree of quarrel with it, during which, no usurpation can be made on his authority, or on the liberty of his subjects, by the Inquisition.'

June 14*th.*—'The Del Monte have not acted up to the first step of rescuing their brother from the common prisons at Cortona, and being masters of that town for some hours, which may be justified by the irregularity of treating a man of rank, independent of Tuscany, with such contempt. It is said that the Emperor hasmuch disapproved of the manner in which the Great Duke's people acted on that occasion, and though he has endeavoured to chastize them, yet it has been in quality of Emperor taking the part of Tuscany, a great Imperial Fief, against the mountain of Santa Maria, a smaller Fief of the same nature.

'I told you that the Hero of this petite pièce escaped, and that his people were dispersed. He is supposed to be in the Kingdom of Naples, and the Regency, by order of the Emperor, has made instances to its Ministers here that the Dominican Friar may be seized. Most of the troops are returned from thence; there is only a small detachment to prevent the Friar's return, and re-assembling his people to take Cortona again for good.'

July 5*th.*—'The mad Friar, when least expected, returned to the neighbourhood of his Fief, and committed such disorders with eight of his followers, in the Pope's State, that the Commissary of Città del Castello sent a body of 80 soldiers and sbirri to block them up in the Palazzo to which they had retired. From the windows they killed two or three of the besiegers, wounded others, and in the night found means to escape by a passage underground. This, they say, has greatly irritated the Pope who, it is supposed, will fix a price upon his head. A detachment of 120

of his troops still remains there. The Pope is returned from Castel Gandolfo, not well.'

August 9th.—'We have been alarmed by a third apparition of the Del Monte Friar, in the shape of a common robber on the highway. We thought he had turned Mahometan at Constantinople, for which place it was said he had embarked in the Adriatick, but he lately returned in company of six Bandits and robbed two factors (one, of another Marquis, Del Monte, his cousin) as they returned from market, stript them naked, tied them to trees, and would have killed them, had not the Bandits been more merciful than he was. The Tuscan troops who still live on the Fief could not take him, as he took refuge in the Pope's State.'

September 13th.—'The Hero of the Del Monte affair might have deserved your compassion, had he limited his bravery to the recovering his brother from an infamous prison, and defending himself, ever after, against those who would chastize him for it; but the Dominican Friar is turned a Robber and Assassin on the highway, attended by about twenty resolute Banditti, who strike terror into the whole Tuscan as well as Ecclesiastical State. Therefore, to frighten them in their turn, an Edict has been published here, promising a reward of 2000 crowns to any one who shall seize any of the three brothers alive, and 1000 for killing them; 300, for each of their followers alive; and 100, dead; besides a pardon for whatever crimes the Seizers or Killers may stand accused of; or a liberty to name a friend (who might be a criminal) in case they do not stand in need of such a favour themselves.'

'The Court of Rome, they say, will follow the example of Tuscany, and publish an Edict of the same tenour, with this alteration probably, that the number of crowns will be changed for the same number of Indulgences for their Souls. This is the least the Pope can do for his new Tuscan friends who have received his Nuncio with open arms, who is to open the Inquisition, and consequently a gate to all sorts of priestly tyranny and iniquity. The wisest here tremble for the effects of this reconciliation, being very sure that it must tend to the aggrandizing a power, from which no earthly good, at least, can be expected.'

While the Del Monte romance was progressing towards the inevitable catastrophe, incidents of a more trifling, but not less interesting nature to the Italians, had to be noted. 'I must tell you,' Mann writes, May 3rd, 'that the Pope, lamenting lately to the new Cardinal Sarsali (?) the death of Cardinal Livizzani and many of his intimate friends, the other (Cardinal S.) attributed it to the antiquity of the Moon of March, *che aveva persino ammazzato Gesu Cristo*, at which the Pope smiled. That pious Imbecile is going to his Archbishoprick of Naples, where no doubt such sentiments will recommend him to the Queen, whose piety distinguishes itself by the veneration she has for the Abbess of a Convent at Capua, with whom, whilst the Court is at Caserta, she goes to dine every Saturday. The follies recounted of these visits are both numerous and credible, considering the place and pitch of their understandings; among which, one is worthy to be mentioned, and is that the Madre Badessa assured the Queen that she

had been playing the whole night with Gesu Cristo, at Bambina (a Game at Cards), which I dare say her Majesty believed as much as the Nun had dreamt it, and that they were both persuaded of it.

'Adieu! I can send you nothing but such follies as these from such a country, where the most unprejudiced are *afraid to own* that they do not believe that the straw-hat of St. Catherine, or the measure of her waist in a ribbon, or the eating, either dry or in sops, little scraps of paper with the word *Gesu, Maria,* or any Saint, upon it, will not cure a fever, or procure Salvation.'

Pursuing the subject of the influence of the Saints, Mann writes, June 14th: 'I have been obliged to step out to make a visit of congratulation to Count Lorenzi, upon the birth of a son and heir; a favour which his Countess received from the Madonna di Loretto; and indeed the whole town considered it as a miracle; and what is a further proof of it is, that all the females that accompanied her on that journey, obtained the same favour, her Chamber-maid, and even the Mare that drew the chaise.'

There was one person at Rome, for whom the Saints would do nothing. 'The Pretender,' Mann writes, July 5th, 'has not been at Albano this season, on account of his health, which seems to decay very fast. His own apprehensions, which are sometimes carried even to a folly, make people think him in more danger than I believe he is, as yet.'

Another great personage 'going to decay,' was Richecourt, the Emperor's Regent in Tuscany, Lady Walpole's (Orford's) old lover. August 9th.—'He

was seized with a disorder in the head that produced an effect not quite unlike madness . . . some call it a slight touch of an apoplexy. . . . He was vastly frightened, and is firmly persuaded of the truth of what his friends told him, that a dissipation of spirits, either by over fatigue of body or mind must be fatal to him, and that this was a lesson he ought not to neglect. . . . Don't mention this hero's decay, as nothing can be so injurious to a Minister, as to say his head is turned! Mureilles still teaches to dance, though he has lost all use of his legs; but some little share of brains is necessary for the Government even of Tuscany. . . .' (Sep. 13th.) 'At Leghorn, they wait for our letters with impatience, to know whether Richecourt is merry or sad, in order to judge of the probability of a return of his late disorder, and meet to compare notes.'

Florence soon had another object to attract the inhabitants. Richecourt's health was forgotten in the arrival of the Papal Nuncio, with power to establish the Inquisition. 'I have not made acquaintance with this new Minister yet. You know that as such we are not to know each other, but, as Signor Biglia and Mr. Mann, we may converse. He seemed to want to begin last night at Count Richecourt's Assembly, but as we are to negociate a visit, I would not disappoint my plenipotentiaries. He lives for the present in the Convent of Santo Spirito, and was conducted last Saturday night to the Lodge that looks upon my Garden, to see the company and lights at a distance, though, as the evening was cool, the Dames retired to finish their Parties in the rooms.'

'Signora Boccaneri, whom you saw, when she was

a *fanciulla* at the Princess's, famous for both singing and dancing, has furnished the town with a new scene. . . . Nobody can give any account why her husband, after having admitted lovers of all conditions . . . should have been offended with a young Procaccia, a decent, smart, young man, who was contended for by many of the first Dames . . . . Jealousy led him to discover and get into his possession, from the hands of each of the lovers, a reciprocal contract, or promise of marriage, after his death; though he is younger than she is. . . . Seeing the affair was of so serious a nature, he thought it prudent to provide for the safety of his life . . . so communicated the whole to the Regency, who have relegated the young fellow to the Island of Porto Ferraro, and the lady, I think, to Prato.'

November 8th.—'All our Regents have deserted us. I really don't know who it is that governs us. They all fled the Eve of St. Charles's day, which makes Gala here for Prince Charles, and though we had been bid to leave off the mourning which is to last three months for the Queen of Portugal, we had nobody to shew ourselves to, on that day or since. . . . We have still our St. Martin's summer to come; and people have too much faith in him not to prolong their Villegiatura. I never knew the town so empty. This has affected the Duke of Bridgewater who, after a short stay, set out this morning to Rome, with a promise, which I did not insist upon, of returning here at a better season.' (This was the 3rd and last Duke of Bridgewater. He was so silly, when young, that it was in contemplation to set him aside, for the next

heir. He, however, succeeded, and held the Dukedom above half a century: 1748—1803.) 'Yet my Lord and Lady Corke' (*sic*, and so spelt by Lord Cork himself), 'who went from hence a week ago, with a resolution of settling at Pisa, for the whole winter, agreeable to an established scheme of Œconomy, which brought them out of England, have not been able to resist the dulness of that place, so that I expect them back this evening. They are extreme good people. My Lord you know, is an author.' (In 1751, the Earl of Cork, who described Pisa as a place where only cameleons could live, and where horses grazed in the streets, after playing with the Muses and giving evidence of his classical tastes, attained both notoriety and celebrity by his 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift,'—the work which Warburton coarsely assailed, and Johnson roughly justified. It was in reference to this famous book that Mann proceeded to say of this literary scion of a literary race)—'Lord Corke is so far unprejudiced as an author, that I made him quite give up his hero, on the points of honour, honesty, and even patriotism, which he has so tortured; in return for which, I allowed Lord Bolinbroke stile and clearness of expression whenever he understands himself. . . .

'. . . Some time ago I had a day or two's conversation' (before Bolinbroke's Letter to Sir William Wyndham was published) 'with Mr. Fraigneau (?) who lived some years with Ld. Bolinbroke; he did not in the least satisfy me on many points, though he took great pains to defend him in all. Among others, when I asked him how he could justify his behaviour, after

his return to England, or his ingratitude to your father, to whom he owed that favour, he said, that the first, he was persuaded, was calculated as a better method to get into play than a quiet submission would have been; and that, to his certain knowledge, it has succeeded so well, that had the late King' (George I.) 'returned from Hanover, Lord B. was to have taken Sir Robert Walpole's place; of which circumstance Fraigneau informed Thos. Pelham, after Lord Bolinbroke's death, and though at first Mr. P. treated it with scoff, yet yielded it to the proofs he supported it with.'

December 13*th.*—'My Lord Corke is a very good man, and much more agreeable than I should have thought the author of the Letters on Swift, to his son, could well be. Œconomy has brought my Lord and Lady abroad, though they don't well know how to put it in practice. We have another more roving genius here in Lord Huntingdon, who will most certainly make a great figure. He has parts equal to anything he undertakes, and a perseverance that surmounts all difficulties. He has acquired great knowledge of the world, in his travels; with that, very easy politeness, which distinguishes those who have kept the best company; at the same time that the learned find him perfectly well acquainted with every part of Literature that the best Education furnishes, he has learnt Italian to a surprizing degree of perfection, in a month, which he studies for three hours every morning, and then passes as many more with Doctor Cocchi and his medals; after which, he stays till past 4 in the gallery, to examine the Statues and Busts, with Wilton'

(the English Sculptor). 'In short, he takes the best method to succeed in everything that he sets about; and, with all his application, he loves dress, so that in every article, I think he is made to shine with great goût and Ease. I seldom mention any of the English to you, because so few are ever worth mentioning, except for their absurdities, but Lord Huntingdon and his friend, Lord Stormont, with your friend, Colonel Conway, are such glaring instances of merit and parts as cannot pass anywhere unobserved.'

That 'rare bird' among English specimens abroad, the Earl of Huntingdon, who died a bachelor, in 1789, was a student, for a year and a half, at the Academy of Caen. Chesterfield held him up to his son as the model of a true gentleman, and the bright example of the union of a scholar with the man of the world. Chesterfield says: 'Lord Stormont is well spoken of here. However, in your connections, if you form any with them, show rather a preference to Lord Huntingdon, for reasons which you will easily guess.' Mann ends the year with these words:—'We are not as yet sensible of the authority the Court of Rome has acquired over us; they are too cunning to begin severely. Nothing has appeared as yet, but two Edicts of the Nuncio, to restrain the licentiousness of his Priests and Friars,—the latter being absolutely forbid to go out alone; just as if a companion of the same frock would interfere in his friend's pleasures.'

CHAPTER XVI.

1755.

January 17th.—'We are in daily expectation of hearing of Cardinal Valenti's death; he lays waiting for it himself, his last fit has already killed one whole side. Cardinals Mellini and Forregiani are likewise far gone: but, when least expected, have been preceded by the bold Cardinal Querini, who has always been at open war with the Pope and Cardinal Ricci. The vacancies will hasten the promotion which is called that of the *Corona*, and as the Pretender is allowed to keep his at Rome, he too has a nomination, which he has given to the Bishop of Sens.'

The thoughts of the Florentines were soon, however, busy with the serious trifling of the Carnival, which, says Mann, March 5th, includes 'every thought or occupation but such as relate to masking and balls in the Theater, which, however, are as solemn as the gravest bare-faced Assemblies. Here is none of that fun which, travellers tell me, our Masquerades in England abound with. No stolen matches from thence, no Nuns in disguise who step to a neighbouring Bagnio with their Gallants, in short nothing that unnerves a sober spectator.' Lent followed with its

solemnities, from which English amateurs of antiques, and Florentine dealers in busts, statues, and ancient pictures, were aroused by an Edict from the Regency, prohibiting the exportation of those and other objects coming under the denomination of *Cose Rare.*

'It is strange,' Mann writes, 'that people, under pretence of maintaining the lustre of a country, should adopt measures so exactly opposite to those by which it was raised to a certain pitch of reputation. The family of Medici, to whom all Europe is indebted for the restoration of Arts and Sciences, made no such Edict, which, with regard to the things that really serve for the ornament of the country, was unnecessary, as the removal of the Collection in the Gallery is provided against by an article in the Act of Succession.'

Living curiosities, however, flowed into Florence. A daughter of the Duke of Modena, wife of the Duke de Penthiévre, died at Paris, on the 30th April, 1754, at the age of 27 years. This Duke was a 'Grand Admiral,' but no sailor, though he was a brave soldier. He and his wife were extremely devout. 'We have had the Duke de Penthiévre here for a few days. He travels to dissipate his grief for the loss of his wife, but he won't be dissipated. He carries Grief about in triumph. It is incredible with what expense as well as trouble, he travels. His train is most numerous, among which is M. le Garde des Bijoux, as well as many other unnecessary folks of whom he can make no use. His method is to travel as slow as he can, for he won't go fast, or more than two posts a day, from one town to another; and when

there, not to see the curiosities, much less the inhabitants of it. People's curiosity here to see him was equal to the pains he took to hide himself, though the Ladies followed him to all his Masses and Churches, and would have been glad to see the tip of one of the tresses of his wife's hair, which he carries pleated in his breast, with many other tokens that he intends to bemoan the loss of her, for a long time, unless he falls in love at Modena or Turin.' Mann does not say that the Duke travelled as Comte de Dinan, or that Florian was his secretary and friend. It may be added that the Duke's daughter married the Duc de Chartres, and became the mother of Louis Philippe.

On the 15th February, Mann was raised to the dignity of a Baronet, with reversion to his brother Galfridus. Walpole congratulated him on his being raised to chivalry, and Sir Horace bore his honours modestly, and wished the English Government would increase his pay, and discharge all arrears that were due. In Florence, this promotion in rank gave rise to some gossip among the Italians. 'I can't account for the whisper that was spread of my having been at Rome,' writes Sir Horace, April 12th; 'I have hardly been out of my house during the very severe winter, nor do I love travelling. I don't even go to Pisa for the famous triennial battle of the bridge, which is to be to-morrow, unless the report be true that the Regency has absolutely forbid it, on account of a riot which happened there a few days ago; as the two Banners were carrying to be blessed, they met in the street, and fought so desperately before the time, that some people were killed on both sides. Nothing can

exceed the fury of the Pisans on this subject. Santa Maria! and St. Antonio! are appellations that produce as much animosity as ever the Guelphs and Ghibellines did.'

One of the most singular visitors to Florence this year, was the celebrated sister of Frederick the Great, Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, the wife of the Margrave of Bareith. In her 'Memoirs,' published more than sixty years ago, she describes German princes and manners in such terms as to give the reader an impression that the scenes in imperial, royal, princely, and high-noble houses, were like those to be seen in extravaganzas and the introductions to pantomimes. The individuals seem to move and speak to the most outrageously comic music, and reading the Margravine's pages *now*, the capering, stumbling, quarrelling, and ever laughably restless personages, recall to the mind the clever Paynes or the equally clever Vokes family in the most burlesque of their representations. The Princess, born in 1707, was married to the Margrave in 1731. After her arrival in Florence, the Regent, Richecourt, gave her an 'Academie de Belles Lettres,' that is, a dinner and assembly of learned people, a fitting compliment, it was thought, to the learned Margravine of Bareith. 'For whose amusement,' says Sir Horace, May 10th, 'there was the Gioco della Sibilla. She proposed all the questions to the Sibilla who is represented by a child. Buondelmonte and Lami were the interpreters. The first question was, which was the greatest man, Aristotle or Alexander? The answer to this was "Stella." Great pains was taken to make a comparison between them,

but unluckily, Buondelmonte seemed to forget that Aristotle had been mentioned, and as it was more convenient to chuse somebody of the same trade, he adopted Charles the 12th, and then Cromwell, to compare with Alexander; and, after having wandered extremely, he could not avoid to talk a great deal of nonsense, to prove that "Stella" was a very clear and proper answer to the question proposed;—that Alexander was a *star* of the first luster, of which he gave a definition, and thereby showed that he was as bad an astronomer as he was an historian. Lami came off better in both respects.—The second question was: Why the ancient Tuscans were more given to the Science of Divination than the other People of Italy? To which the Sibil, with her usual clearness, answered "Trota"—upon which, infinite nonsense was talked; as well as upon the third question: whether matter was divisible *à l'infini.* The answer was "Tamburo," upon which Buondelmonte began by observing that the Sibil already denoted that it was a question that had made a great noise in the world!

'This ridiculous amusement lasted for many hours. Many Ladies were invited, and as they neither understood a word of what was said, nor could have their Cicisbeos by them, to talk of something else, they were almost asleep. The Margravine honoured me with some observations, as I happened to be the only man near her, and though she was inclined to approve, she allowed me to say that it was a torturing of common sense, to adapt the Sibil's answers to the questions, and that they were often above the portée of the Interpreters to talk extempore upon . . . and

that upon the whole, this sort of amusement was a proof of the decay of knowledge in the country; but, Count Richecourt came up, and by his great enconiums upon the learning which the Interpreters had shown, as well as of the great use of such an Institution, to form the judgments of young as well as old people, by torturing their brains to prove that the Art of Divination in Ancient Etrusco was like a "Trout," stoped our mouths, and I make no doubt that any great Lady of *spirito*, who comes here for the future, will insist upon having an *Accademia* and *Il Gioco della Sibilla* made for her.

'Count Richecourt entertained the Margrave and his Court at Dinner, at which I had the honour to assist. Great state was observed and the conversation was very languid; to enliven which, I suppose, the Margrave asked the Master of the Table, which he had rather have been, St. Francis or Cæsar? He did not decide. There was a concert of Musick after dinner, which all the men would willingly have dispensed with, as we were forced to stand the whole time, for want of an order from Her Royal Highness to sit down. She was pleased to distinguish me, by talking to me, the whole time; for, as she is a great composer of Musick, as well as of Operas, Tragedies, etc., the performers did not please her at all; even the Margrave, she said, played much better; so she did not attend, but talked to me of her Brother, shewed me his picture, and took occasion to say that it was very unfortunate that the King of England, her Unckle, had not that goodness for his family that might be expected, and that her brother very

seriously lamented the misunderstanding that was between them. I retorted her accusation, laid the whole blame upon the King of Prussia, who, I said, had not even that regard for his Unckle which that quality (*sic*) might exact, besides the decency observed between princes; and that, to make the breach the wider, he had espoused an Interest totally opposite to that which our King espoused. . . . My discourse led me to the brink of disrespect, which however I avoided, and she was not at all offended. A Lady who was near, overheard a part of our discourse, and some of my answers have been since quoted about the town. She took occasion to turn into ridicule the report that was spread of both her and the Margrave's design of changing their religion at Rome. I said that those who had the honour to approach her, could never give credit to it.'

The ex-lady Walpole, or Lady Orford, who before and after her husband's death, had various lovers in Florence, but chiefly Richecourt, had, since her return to England, married at Keith's Chapel, May Fair, Mr. Shirley; from whom she soon separated, and in 1755 again established herself at Florence. Sir Horace Mann had an extreme horror at the idea of that somewhat audacious lady again settling in that city and unsettling all society into which she could penetrate. However, the reality was not up to the mark of the idea. The lady took her fortune with her, and Florentine society welcomed her back with such an accompaniment. Mann was among them, but he excused it on the ground of the lady's total change of manners. 'She lives,' he says, May 30th, 'with great decorum.

All the ladies have been to see her . . . She has the same house near the town, in which she lived formerly . . . this happens to be near Count Richecourt's, who is at the Pisa baths. His daughter dined with her here a few days ago, and promised to be a good neighbour. In return the ex-Countess Dowager gave her a superb set of jewels.' (The whole is a good illustration of Lord Cork's assertion that, above all things, Florentine ladies loved decorum. Another lady was about to astonish them.) 'Your friend, the Venetian Ambassadress is studying a harlequin dance with which she is to surprize the audience, by way of *Intermezzo* to the tragedy which is acting at Frescati, by Roman Princes and Princesses.'

Mr. Chute, at Sir Horace Mann's request, furnished him with a motto for Mann's shield of arms, to be exhibited to Italian Princes and Princesses. Chute, in part allusion to the goats in Mann's arms, happily suggested, 'Per ardua stabiles,'—steady in difficult places. 'All your friends approve it,' wrote Walpole. 'It alludes so well to the goats,' wrote Mann, July 19th, 'that I am justified in taking it. Lord Corke, Doctor Cocchi, and others approve of it, extremely.'

With the King's arms in front of his house, his pedigree in his hall, his new title, and the new legend on his seal, the Florentines who had affected most to doubt Mann's right to be of 'blood,' now acknowledged that Sir Horace was a gentleman and, like St. Patrick, 'came of decent people.' One of the first public events he had to announce was the following: 'Tuscany is engaged in a war with Algiers, which, however, it cannot support, as the expense of keeping

two thirds of the whole fleet (that is, two ships) and of some little precautions to defend the Coast, is too great to be continued, and so much the more as the Count wants a very large sum of money to carry to Vienna in September.'

At this time, France and England were on such delicate and dangerous terms that when a French Commandant, meeting Captain Howe at sea, asked him if it was war or peace, Howe replied by firing a broadside into him. M. de Mirepoix made indignant complaint to our Ministry, and those gentlemen replied that it was 'a mistake' which, they said, was adding '*une Ironie indecente à une Insulte éclatante.*' For all this, Sir Horace was on a good understanding with Lorenzi, the French Ambassador, at Florence.

August 18*th.*—'I have not broke as yet with Count Lorenzi who, two days ago, presented two Frenchmen to me at an Assembly, telling me, he would bring them to my home. I made the common reply *que je serois charmé de faire connoissance avec ces Messieurs.* One, who is a President du Parlement de Dijon, answered: *Ah! Monsieur, il faut se presser,* upon which I invited them to dinner the next day.'

Sir Horace was busied in endeavouring to procure a Last Supper for Mr. Chute's Chapel at the Vine. The pictures he saw were too long for the dimensions sent by that not too pious gentleman. 'The Guests,' writes Sir Horace, 'being only placed in front and at the ends of the table.' He did not despair, however, of getting a Last Supper, which 'shall edify the most delicate Protestant Believer.' In the course of his remarks, he says:—'I went, yesterday, with Dr. Cocchi

to look at a *Cenacolo* in the Palace Pitti.' Had it suited he would have had it copied, but he adds: 'I was greatly tempted to steal a piece of Chapel Furniture from the private Oratory of John Gaston,' (Giovanni, the last of the Medicean Grand Dukes) 'which till then had escaped my observation, and which alone would answer the end of giving a true Catholick air to our friend's Chapel. It was a little Tabernacle of about two feet, with folding doors, which always stand open to shew a small Madonna and Child in her arms, surrounded by some Angels and Saints, all composed, as the man assured me, of Martyrs' bones pulverized and worked up into a paste. What reflections does not such a private retreat of Princes and Governors of mankind produce?'

The little English colony in Florence soon understood whether war or peace prevailed. The dispute between England and France referred to a boundary question in America. The locality was a riddle to Sir Horace and his friends, owing, he says, to 'bad maps.' The very best did not mark, throughout, the course of the Ohio! At the same time, the two French Ambassadors in Tuscany and Modena were threatening the English 'with all the Indignation of their Master,' and forbidding them their houses,—but promising to be civil again as soon as England repented of her ways. Next, came the news of the defeat and death of General Braddock which caused great depression among the English in Florence. The brave and rash warrior fell into an ambuscade, in a wood near Fort de Quesne, where he was overwhelmed by French and Indians. The retreat of the fugitives

was covered by Major Washington and his Provincials. Our Minister and his countrymen in the Tuscan capital were depressed and discouraged by the news of this unlooked for defeat. The latter began to disperse.

September 20th,—'Lord Corke has taken a very sudden resolution, on the receipt of some letters, to set out for England in a few days, though he had made all his dispositions to pass the winter here. This, he and my Lady, in an appointed visit from the country, communicated to me, with an air of gravity that surprized me. I cannot guess the motive, but believe it to be a family one. Some time after, he desired I would give testimony, in my letter to the Ministry, of his conduct here, saying that he knew he had been formerly misrepresented to the King, and assured me that though his early connections with certain people (Jacobites) might have given cause to suspect his principles, yet nobody was more seriously attached to the present Establishment than he was, being convinced from his heart that the nation could only be happy under it, and indeed the whole tenour of his conversation since I have known him, has been agreeable to that assertion.'

Another of the departing English was Miss Pitt. Walpole has sketched her in his Letters. 'The famous Miss Pitt is going away with Mr. Preston, who has lately left off business at Leghorn, in order, they say, to marry her. The ceremony is to be performed in Germany, and they are to live this winter in Holland. She has had a violent quarrel lately with a Mrs. Prujean (?) about Religion, in defence of which she has

told the strangest lies, endeavouring thereby to induce the country-people where they lived to pull her house down. Mr. P. has wrote a long letter in French to Miss Pitt, of which he has given copies to many. A miserable performance. This has given occasion to Colonel Warren, a friend to both, to lament their indiscretion in *sparging their Dissenteries to the World.*'

Mann regretted the departure of Lord Cork. The Earl has left testimony in his book on Italy, to the merits of Sir Horace ;—his hospitality, geniality, tact, good taste,—and also to his honest heart and his horrible head-aches. Another visitor, Alexander Drummond, Consul at Aleppo, recorded in 'a very vulgar, foolish book of travels' (Walpole calls it) his opinion 'that Mann was extremely polite, that he possessed the most agreeable qualities that distinguish the fine gentleman, that his house was a palace, his garden when lit up, was a little epitome of Vauxhall ; and that Mann's *Conversazioni* resemble our Card Assemblies.' Walpole laughs at this simile, to say 'that an assembly is like an assembly.' Consul Drummond spoke of the Florentine ladies at these Assemblies with a saucy freedom, very like that of Walpole himself ; and as the latter called the Consul's book foolish and vulgar, Mann ignored the author. 'I protest,' says Sir Horace, 'that I do not remember the creature.' Mann and 'the Colony' were next agitated by the threatened invasion of England by France. If made, he doubts their power to escape 'in their flat-bottomed boats.' He adds : 'It is probable that, on the like occasions, they will employ

their Irish and Scotch troops, who little deserve our compassion.' Then follow the subjoined singular passages:—

November 14*th.*—'I wish you could tell me for certain whether the young Pretender is to be of the party, that I might let the Pope, and perhaps his father too, know where he is. The former, not long ago, shewed great curiosity to know, and assured Mr. Hope that he believed his father was as ignorant of the place of his existence, as he was. Our clumsy Baron,' (Stosch) 'persists in his opinion that he does not exist at all! Others here account for the secret by a supposition that he was mad, and confined in some Convent, or house, near Avignon. His people now assert, as it was natural to suppose they would, that he is well and in France; and France will probably not deny it, whether it be true or not. . . .'

The Elector of Cologne was then puzzling people as to his whereabouts as much as the young Pretender. This Prince-prelate, 'who fancied he should divert himself extremely at Rome, left it lately on a sudden. He expected a distinguished reception from the Pope. His first disappointment engaged him to go into the country, upon a supposition that, though unasked, the Pope would alter his behaviour, but that not being the case, he took the pretence (though he is weak enough to be in earnest) of hastening to St. Hubert's shrine, to prevent the effects of having been licked and slobbered by a favourite dog, that afterwards run mad; for which that Saint makes an Amlet (*sic*) that has more virtue than any Relick in the Holy Sanctuary at Rome. We have here in

Florence, a miraculous nail, which was a present from San Donato, which, I have heard Mr. Acton say, he saw applyed "red hot to the hand that had been bitten, the flesh of which fryed and hissed, but without the least pain to the patient, who was most effectually cured by it." Had the Elector known this, he certainly would have stopt here, to apply the nail to his cheeks.'

1756.

The letters addressed to Walpole in the early months of this year are unimportant. In part, they are replies to Walpole, on English politics; in part, they are taken up with deep expressions of sympathy for the writer's brother, Galfridus, who was dangerously ill of what seemed consumption, and of, undoubtedly, an unsympathetic wife. Why quicksilver was administered to Galfridus for this complicated disease puzzled Doctor Cocchi and other Florentine physicians from whom Sir Horace sought enlightenment. Cocchi condemned Naples, as a place unfit for persons in a 'decline.' Lisbon was not to be thought of, since the recent Earthquake; one effect of which was to move Florence to the expression of much kindly feeling, for a Florentine merchant whose daughter perished in his house,—from which, however, he had the good fortune to rescue his ledger and his cash-box. One other circumstance Mann deals with at immense length; but, briefly, it is this. The Emperor gave a 'patent' to the Lucchese to make a certain new road, and they at once addressed themselves to the

work. The Regency at Florence, who represented the Emperor, as Grand Duke of Tuscany, issued a ducal order to prohibit the Lucchese from profiting by the Imperial 'patent.' The Lucchese persisted; whereupon the Florentine authorities drowned the country; and it was not till much misery had been endured that submerged Lucca rose from out the floods that had been let loose upon her, and that arrangements were made which reconciled the Emperor with the Grand Duke, and which permitted the Lucchese to profit by him, in one character, without bringing down vengeance from him in another. In April, 1756, Mann was in sufficient spirits to treat Walpole to an anecdote. The Lord of Strawberry had recounted an illustration of Lady Coventry's *naïveté* in her reply to a question of the King's, if she was not sorry that Masquerades had been given up for a time,—'sacrificed' as Walpole said, 'to the Idol, Earthquake.' The Countess answered, 'No;' she was tired of them. She was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see, and that was a coronation.—Mann shows that this was really an older joke.

'An instance of the same kind happened to Pope Orsini (Clement XII, 1730-40), who, asking a German Baron if he had seen all the curiosities of Rome, and was satisfied, received for answer, that he had nothing to desire on that account, but to see a *Sedia vacante*. This Pope would have made some lively answer. The last *bon mot* that is quoted of him is on occasion of his being dissatisfied with the French Ambassador, for having so often deferred his entry, and told him that

as he heard it was fixed for last Sunday, he hoped it would take place. "Yes," replied the Envoy, "if the weather is good,"—and added that he had heard his Holyness had fixed the promotion' (of Cardinals,—urged by France) 'for the next day, and he hoped it would take place likewise. "Yes," said the Pope, "if the weather is good."'

The spring of this year 'La Pucelle,' the base attack of a base Frenchman on the noblest of French-women, had got into public notice, and copies were in the hands of Florentines and of the English in Florence.

April 16th.—'Have you seen a Poem of Voltaire, called the "Pucelle?" . . . It was handed about in manuscript, and now it is printed, entitled "La Jeane" (?) I am told he was really frightened when he heard that the former was got into the world by somebody's having stolen a copy of it, which made him immediately resolve to cause it to be printed, as if stolen too; but with such alterations and omissions of every thing that is personal, and of most that is free about religion (or I should rather say, of all that is downright ridicule), that most people think it is quite spoilt. I have only read it in manuscript, for as yet there are but one or two printed copies here, but as many are expected, I shall then—by favour of a person less scrupulous than I was of breaking his promise not to copy the former,—have a compleat edition by adding the omissions and alterations, and will have one done for you, if you should like it,—provided you don't tell the Bishop of London' (Sherlock), 'who would lay to our charge any harm the

French may do, and perhaps call them only the instruments of the Lord's just vengeance by fire and sword, for the enormous sin of reading such a blasphemous work.'

'I have by accident seen his Lordship's letter upon occasion of the Earthquake, in '50. Seriously, it hurt me. I would even consent to limit the Liberty of the Press to suppress such performances, which not only discredit the nation in general, but tend to weaken the minds and impose upon the understandings of His Majesty's subjects.—Has nobody courage enough to write honestly to convince the people that Earthquakes are produced by natural causes? We have been better off than you, for we have had our Masquerades, etc., as usual, impunely' (*sic*).

Anxiety for his brother Galfridus is expressed at length in various successive letters. Mann is excessively angry with the blistering and drugging to which Gal is subjected, 'a method of physicking which is quite exploded here. I was witness a few days ago to the writing which Lady Orford signed for Mr. Shirley's separate maintenance, £750 a year, upon his renouncing all right and title to her Effects, and authority over her person.' In another letter Mann writes of Lady Orford: 'She told me, upon my delivering to her that parchment, that she now looked upon herself as unmarried again, upon which I gave her joy, but told her that if it had been my case I would not have let her be off so cheap.'

The quarrels of nations now took place of private dissensions. On the 18th May, England declared war against France, on the ground of the encroachments of

the latter country in Nova Scotia and on the Ohio, of the invasion of Minorca, and the violation of several articles of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, which France had solemnly undertaken to observe. When the Duc de Richelieu set out for Minorca, he said the matter would be a *déjeuner* for the troops of the King his master. The unfortunate Byng, as some call that incompetent Admiral, *unfortunate* for England, met the French fleet under Galissoniere, and after a 'scuffle' or two, withdrew from the fight, and repaired to Gibraltar, to refit. He was superseded by Hawke, who was sent out too late to relieve Port St. Philip, and recover Minorca. When, on the afternoon of the 14th July, the valet de chambre of the Count d'Egmont entered the box of the Countess (Richelieu's daughter) at the Comedie Italienne, and spoke to her, the lady nearly fainted with joy, the public broke forth into triumphant shouts, the singers sang a Song of Victory which had been prepared beforehand, and soon after the city of Paris blazed with illuminations and fireworks, and shook again with the pealing of bells and the thundering of artillery. Day by day, meanwhile, our Minister at Florence was in extreme agony at the dark hour which had fallen upon old England. His Florentine friends told him that Minorca would be given to Spain, and probably Gibraltar would be restored to her. When he heard that the Genoese had joined France, Mann recognized the old saying of them as people *senza fede.* 'What an opportunity has been lost' (July 20th); 'at present two privateers of 16 guns and of 24, that are between Corsica and Leghorn prevent any of our Merchant-

men leaving that port.' The partiality of the Florentine Regency for the French enraged him. 'It is so great,' he writes, in August, 'that there is no bearing it. The head of this Government, a Lorrainer, that is to say, tho' it may be doing him honour, a Frenchman, who in the best of times, when it would have been impolitic to break with us, could never so far restrain himself as to conceal his hatred, now thinks himself at full liberty to be as partial as he pleases; but what you'll think very odd is, that the Tuscans who hate *them* are all turned French too, and even at Leghorn, where our folks contribute so essentially to feed and enrich thousands, they are all against us too, and exult in what must greatly contribute to the ruin of their trade, if our's is in any way excluded by the French from the Mediterranean.'

Maria Theresa (for few persons spoke of her husband, the Emperor Francis) had entered into a friendly treaty to observe neutrality with the French, against whom she had been formerly maintained by the support of England. 'Nobody dares disapprove of the new alliance. I really know not yet what the Austrians say to justify such ingratitude. I hope this league, like that of Cambray, will turn at last to the disadvantage of one of the principal promoters of it.'

In August, Sir Horace writes: 'We have many people here from Minorca; they all give strange accounts of it; I mean our own people. The General (Blakeney's) great age and gout made him quite inactive. The whole fatigue of the siege fell on two or three officers, Jeffries, Boyd, and Cunningham—an Ingeneur (*sic*), but a volunteer on this occasion!—there

were not officers enough to see or direct the execution of the most common things. To this the French owed the lives of many thousands, as many of the mines were not sprung for want of Directors, and others attempted so late that the French carried off the Matches before they took effect.'

'Mr. Duncan, their clergyman, told me, that at the time of the assault, many of the men had been three days on duty, and that nearly the whole garrison was so fatigued that they must have surrendered in a day or two. The Chevalier Lorenzi is come from thence and gives most pompous accounts of his bravery. He is very civil and makes me frequent visits, tho' I can only return them *en blanc* (i.e. by leaving a card, a new fashion.) His brother (French Ambassador at Florence) would think himself guilty of treason if more than my name entered his doors.'

It was the design of Lorenzi's august master, the King of France, to make a French lake of the Mediterranean, and to 'chasser les Anglais de la Mediterranée' for ever! In the mean time, Mann feared the designs of France in Italy, and the evils that might arise even out of the squabbles between the Pope and the Pretender!

'. . . The French Ambassador at Rome is blowing up the coals. . . . The Pretender, ever since the illness of the late Cardinal Ruffo, so long Deacon of the Colledge, fixed his eye upon the vice-Chancellorship di Santa Chiesa for his devout Son; but he was then told that it was promised by the Pope, to his favorite, Cardinal Colonna, who accordingly had it. Again, on the death of Cardinal Valenti, it being foreseen that

Cardinal Colonna would quit it, to be made Camerlingo, the Pretender applyed to him for his interest with the Pope in favour of his Son; but was told that the Cardinal knew it was designed for another person; but that as the Chevalier still insisted upon it, he would speak to the Pope, from whom the Cardinal soon after confirmed what he had said before. The Pretender still thought that the Pope would not have the courage to refuse him what his Mediators had not been able to obtain. He therefore wrote a Letter to the Pope, which the Pontiff, either out of forgetfulness or design, neglected to answer. And it being known some days after that Cardinal (*illegible*) was to receive his Commission the next morning, for that Imployment, the Pretender went to Marquis Stanivelli's, to complain of the usage he had met with, and there took a resolution to return to Albano. Accordingly, the next day, after dinner, he left Rome without any previous notice to his family, or without taking leave of the Pope, or asking for his Guard, as usual. He then wrote to Cardinal Spinelli to acquaint him with his motives, and if a proper reparation was not made for the affront in not answering his Letter, he should be obliged to carry his person and Misfortunes into another country. The Guards were sent after him; his Son followed three days after, and the day of the departure of the Letters, Cardinal Spinelli was set out for Albano, after having had two audiences of the Pope, on this weighty affair, for the sequel of which you must wait till next post.'

The sequel, however, is not recorded in Mann's letters, the next of which is partly occupied with

references to the Regent of Tuscany, Richecourt, who, as Frenchman and Austrian official, representing the new alliance, exhibited a miserable lack of dignity as vicegerent in Tuscany,—which was not at war with England.

October 23rd.—'He behaved quite childishly on the two late Gala Days, the 4th and 15th; the first, the Emperor's, and the latter, the Empress's day, upon neither of which he invited a single Englishman to dinner, though all other strangers, I mean some of each nation, were asked. This, the' (English) 'Lords resented; did not pay their court in the morning as usual, nor put on Gala at the Theater. This was much noticed by the Lorrainers and spoke of. I myself perceived that Richecourt was struck on seeing me enter his Levée room in the morning, with Mr. Dick only (the new Consul at Leghorn) instead of being at the head of a numerous Colony, as usual. He said nothing to me; seemed disconcerted and perceived that I did not stay above five minutes. The town, which will judge of everything, approved of all this.' Walpole's comment on this arrogance was: 'There is nothing so catching as the insolence of a great proud woman by a little upstart minister. The reflection of the sun from brass makes the latter the more troublesome of the two.' Walpole rejoiced that the English in Florence showed a 'disregard of Richecourt.'

The fine autumn helped to keep up the spirits of 'the colony.' Sir Horace thus ends this letter of October 23rd:—'We have still so fine a day now and then, that this very day we have dined under the tents in my garden, had a Dish of beans and Bacon

and Gooseberry tarts. Mrs. Dick says that this is living!' In the political combinations of the time, the Grand Ducal Tuscans discovered the cost of having in their Grand Duke, an Emperor. November 13th:—'The Tuscans who, for many ages, have not been martial, are to contribute, as an Imperial Fief, to join in the destruction of Prussia. Three Batallions, with six companies of Grenadiers, have had two orders, and only wait the third, to march. They are so humble and so civil upon it, that it is edifying. Richecourt, as long as he was able, opposed this martial disposition, but he is, for the present, incapable of doing any more good or harm, having been attacked by a severe stroke of palsy last Sunday night, which for a considerable time took away the use of his whole left side. The proper application of bleeding, blisters, etc., have so far recovered him that there seems no immediate danger, but a perfect recovery is thought more than doubtful. This is a great epoque for Tuscany.'

'. . . The French troops have landed in Corsica! Everybody saw that unless we had taken possession of the ports of that island, it would be impossible to exclude the French. I fear, as that was the only operation left for our fleet to do, people will be angry. Our Merchant ships are taken in sight of Leghorn. I am now reclaiming two that were taken from under the cannon of the former. The fleet, we hear, is at Gibraltar. . . . I am vastly afraid that domestic or rather personal matters' (ministerial changes, in England) 'take off their attention from things of such great importance that we are engaged in, and which would require a well-concerted and regularly pursued system.

Our enemies set us an excellent example in this. I am sorry to hear of the follies of those who have no call to meddle with State affairs, but yet whose rank makes them more conspicuous.'

Among the complications which bewildered other men besides our Minister at Florence, was that with Austria. England had a right, under former treaties, to demand the quota Austria (or Maria Theresa) was bound to furnish as aid against France; but the Empress-Queen, whose mendacity was equal to her audacity, 'has so whimsically jumbled matters,' (as Mann writes, on December 13th) 'as to make that demand on England, on account of the difficulties which her having joyned with our only enemy has drawn her into!! . . . In the mean time she will probably raise a civil war in Germany, thus still doing the business of France . . . She has got the Aulick Council to condemn the City of Frankfort in a fine of 400,000 florins for not having obeyed their former decree with regard to putting a stop to the raising recruits for the King of Prussia, in their town or district. It is said the Elector of Mentz is to have the execution of this sentence, and that he is to be assisted therein by the Austrian troops that are marching from Flanders. There is likewise a decree issued by the Aulick Council, against the people of Nuremberg, for having resisted their Magistrates when they would have stopt the recruiting for the Prussians. The Bishop of Wurtzburg is to put this last sentence into execution.'

CHAPTER XVII.

1757.

SIR HORACE begins the new year in low spirits at his brother's deplorable illness, and with angry remonstrance at the way in which Galfridus was being mercilessly drugged and tar-watered: both processes much in fashion. The very long letter does not touch on matters connected with Italy, till the last paragraph, which refers to a man who was not quite in the extremity he had been thought to be in—Benedict XIV. (Lambertini), who had been Pope from 1740.

January 1*st*.—'The Pope, who has had the extreme unction, was so much better at the departure of the last letter that he was almost thought out of danger. The Cardinals are out of all patience. One of his last *bon mots* was to the surgeon, whose name is Ponzio, who made excuses for hurting him with the siringe. The Pope replied that "Cristo aveva sofferto sotto Ponzio Pilato; ed Io, chi sono suo Vicario indegno, devo soffrire sotto Ponzio Coglione."'

Mann's letter of January 8th is an outburst of affectionate despair at the death of his brother Galfridus, whom Mann loved more than any other member of his family, and who had been to him both

a father and a brother. Speaking of Galfridus Mann's son, he says, 'I should think the little boy might be better educated abroad than in England. I should therefore most ardently wish to have him with me. There is, I believe, no place more proper for the education of a youth than this, where he may be instructed in most sciences with greater care and much less expense than in England, where the school education is confined to too few objects, and many very essential ones are neglected. I should, supposing that my situation here should not be interrupted, have the consolation, by that means, to cherish my own dear Brother's memory, by my care and tenderness of his son.'

The manly grief finds expression and leaves tokens of tears in subsequent letters. Mann's own affliction served to move his sympathy for others who were afflicted, and he thus writes, January 15th, of Richecourt's daughter, whom Lady Orford so recently decked with jewels :—

'Nothing can exceed the desolation that is, at present, in Count Richecourt's family. He, half dead and motionless, is confined to his room, suspecting, but not informed of, what has been passing in his daughter's Appartment, who, upon a miscarriage, was seized with the small-pox, of so violent a sort that, from the first instant, the dreadful apprehensions she always had of that illness were justified by the opinion of the Physicians. Yesterday, at noon, she was seized with a convulsion that deprived her of her speech, but not in the least of her senses. The scene of her taking leave of her husband in that condition was most

affecting, and his frantic despair must have added to her distress. They were passionately fond of each other, and much force was necessary to separate them. She afterwards went through the ceremonies of the Church, even the Extreme Unction, still in her senses. She expired at seven o'clock last night; and they were forced to put the body into a coffin and remove it into a Church, before eleven the same night. All this is to be communicated to her father by degrees, whose fondness for her may make it fatal to him in the melancholy condition he is in. I sympathize so much with any body in affliction that I could not refrain from telling you this melancholy story.'

Mann next refers to the attempt of Damiens to stab Louis XV.

'The consternation France is in at the renewal of the age of Clements and Ravaillacs will, let us hope, take off their attention a while from the war. This atrocious attempt must have astonished you. Couriers have been sent all over Europe with an account of it, and almost daily to Parma. The last we have heard of these was in the King's own hand, with this expression to his Daughter—mon corps se porte bien, mais mon esprit ne guerira jamais!' (This wretched King whose body was so well, but whose mind was irrecoverably shaken, had scarcely been scratched by the point of Damiens' penknife, through a thickly quilted waistcoat). 'He was always afraid since those verses about "Deux Henris immolés," etc., were found under his plate. What will he be now? Nobody pretends to guess whether the *coup* came from a Jansenist or a Molinist; but whether from one or

the other, it is surely time to get rid of a Bull that is capable of producing such mischief. D'Argenson has made the King act so inconsistent and contradictory a part, not out of devotion, but because D'Argenson is convinced that the Roman Catholick religion, in its full extent, is necessary for a Monarchy.' (Walpole has written between the lines: 'What a reason to exclude both!')

'I must tell you an answer that Buondelmonte made to a question that was proposed in the Academy of the . . . (*illegible*) where the foolish Gioco della Sibilla is performed. "Why do the French love their monarchs more than other nations do theirs?" He hesitated some time, and then said, "I don't know. Henry the 2nd, killed by a Frenchman; Henry the 4th, killed by a Frenchman; I don't know if these be signs of love." I pass all my evenings alone, and find more satisfaction than I could have at the Theaters.'

February 19th.—In this long letter,—devoted chiefly to English politics, and containing the curious assertion that, if England was in want of Porto Ferrajo, as a harbour, it might be secured, if England did not still neglect the easy means of acquiring a title to Corsica, by paying King Theodore's debts,—there is the following passage:—

'. . . I never heard before that the King of France had such a personal enmity to the Young Pretender. Where is he? We can get no account of him from Rome, and his father is again quite at a loss. Most undoubtedly, the Dauphin would assist the Pretender, with all his power, thinking he was fighting the cause of the Faith. I am surprized the late attempt

(Damiens') was not rather made upon the Dauphin than on his father, whose chief fault is weakness and complyance with others' opinions.

'You may suspend your tears still for some time for your favourite the Pope, who is so well recovered as to attend to business, tho' mostly confined to his bed. He repents having interfered so much in the affairs of France; but yet could not help it. What Pope dare resist such strong invitations to extend the authority of the Church, when promised that it should be supported by all the power of the King? When a Cardinal, Pope Benedict was a Jansenist, but, you will allow, his present situation is a good excuse for changing sentiments, since the decrees of the Church are irrevocable.'

Sir Horace encloses a copy of a letter which the Pope addressed to Louis XV. When it is remembered that to call that king 'an unclean beast' is almost an insult on the beasts themselves, it is difficult to conceive how even a Pope could stoop to the mendacity and blasphemy in this precious document.

'Benedict P. P. XIV. To his most beloved Son in Christ, Health and Apostolic Benediction. The unexpected intelligence which we have received of the horrible and infamous attempt committed on the Sacred Person of your Majesty had for some time so overwhelmed us that we hardly knew where we were. But, having at last come to ourselves, we have not omitted, immediately, to render the most lively thanks to the Great God that your Majesty's precious Life has been secured, and, for as much as we know, all the People of this City have done the same. Con-

sidering next what your Majesty has done since this attempt, we believe that we cannot, and ought not, to attribute the rescuing of your Person to any other source but to the special Providence of God, who willed its safety by way of recompense (as may be manifestly believed), for the great fund of Religion which Your Majesty has always had in your heart, and for your Righteous Zeal in preventing the Church from being defrauded of its Rights. Sire, common to many, not to say to all, will be the esteem for your Power, but we pretend to distinguish it with the Love which we bear to your Soul, and on our knees, with tears in our eyes, we pray the Great God to grant you a long life, and a happy, and to maintain it down to the hour of Death, in that state in which, since this event, it has been so exemplarily conducted. Your Majesty's prerogative as Eldest Son of the Church is borne in mind, and with the utmost fulness of heart we give to Your Majesty, and all the Royal Family, our Apostolic Benediction.—Given at Rome, the 19th of January, 1757; the 17th Year of our Pontificate.'

Mann styles this 'a bad letter, which,' as he says, 'was wrote in Italian.' About the time that it was written, the following, in the shape of a hand-bill, and in the spirit of gross flattery to Richecourt, was distributed in the streets of Florence to the number of 'some thousands.'

'To the Most Holy, Equal-with-God (Mary) commonly called Of Good Counsel,—the Supplication, by which, One of grateful mind, not forgetting kindnesses, devoutly implores the safe restoration to health of the most Excellent Lord,—the Lord Emanuel,

Count of Richecourt. Queen of the World, Supreme Lady of the Heavens,—Mary! who permittest no one to be afflicted who trusts in Thee,—turn, benignly, thy eyes of mercy on Thy most devoted servant Emanuel, and by the potency of thy intercession, drive far away from him the infirmity by which he is oppressed, in order that he may longer rule the People of Etruria committed to his care, and happily provide, by means of his government, the things of which they may be in want. Through Him whom, without hurt to thy Virginity, thou didst concieve, and didst bear, Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, who glorifies Thee for ever and ever; Amen!' Mann records, to the credit of Richecourt's modesty, that, as far as was in his power, the Count called in and suppressed all these bills. Walpole, who really loved the jocose Pope, Benedict, despised Richecourt; but he was sincerely sorry for the dreadful catastrophe in the Count's family. 'What a lesson for human grandeur! Florence, the scene of all his triumphs and haughtiness, is now the theatre of his misery and misfortunes.'

On the 25th of March, Sir Horace alluded to the misery and misfortune of Admiral Byng, but he looked on the sentence of 'Death' as 'an act of vigorous justice.' Without implying Voltaire's phrase that the Admiral was shot 'pour encourager les autres,' Mann hoped that it *would* give courage to others. He had seen much of our 'Sea Captains' during his official residence at Florence, and he says:—'Let us hope that the sentence may produce for the future some reformation in the conduct of our Sea Officers, which was so publickly criticized in the last war. I wish we could

see a Fleet in these parts, now. Something must be done to recover our maritime reputation. The sea swarms with French Privateers, who daily take all the merchant ships that venture out. I have dissuaded the people at Leghorn from sending many ships away that are laden for above a Million sterling, which, we know, the French have stationed several Privateers and Ships of War, to wait for. They have advice boats continually going backwards and forwards, and others are at anchor at Porto (*illegible*) to be ready to follow Captain Wright and his prizes that had taken refuge at Poto Ferrajo, from whence, if they can escape, we daily expect them at Leghorn. A plan has been agreed upon to indemnify the Captains of the Merchant Ships who are ruined by laying at a vast expense, in port, by making a small average on the goods they have on board, otherwise they would have ventured out at all hazards . . .

'. . . Your old friend, the Pope, still holds out. He triumphed lately on the death of Cardinal Londi(?) who was looked upon as the most likely to succeed him: So! Benedict the Fifteenth has died before Benedict the Fourteenth!'

April 2nd.—'A vulgar report has prevailed here for a day or two, that Admiral Byng had made his escape to Holland. You can't imagine how this affair employs people here. It is an effect of their want of occupation and of the inaction in other parts. The least event in Germany will take off all their attention from what concerns them so little.'

Our court at home, however, took up all the attention of Florence for a time. April 23rd.—'Since

Nature did not compleat the work she had begun, an Event equivalent to it has happened that has given great satisfaction to the Florentines, who, however, have shown more good nature, or at least humanity, than I thought they were capable of. Count Richecourt, before whom all had trembled for so many years, set out, trembling, and even fainting, a few days ago, on his journey to Lorraine. Nothing was ever more visible than his apprehensions of some insults from the common people. Great pains were taken to conceal the exact time of his departure, and even to the few who were admitted familiarly to him every evening, he said: "À vous revoir demain au soir!" Nobody, however was the Dupe. The whole town knew he was to set out, but nobody thought it necessary to feign an attention. He was literally packed up in his litter, in his bedchamber, which vehicle is so contrived as to be detatched from the (*illegible*) to serve even as a bed, and be transportable anywhere. In this manner, he was brought down stairs by porters, and put on the backs of the Mules, which marched off with him, without any attendance, except one servant at a distance. His son-in-law and a few servants followed, after; and even a dozen or two of beggars regretted the time they had lost in waiting for him.

'What an *Exit!* How different from his departure to Vienna two years ago, when his court-yard was filled with Noblesse, and the streets with people to wish him a good journey.

'He was extremely apprehensive of being insulted by the common people. Nothing was said within his

hearing; but now, nothing, however severe and contemptable, is omitted, by all sorts, behind his back! A good thing was said, some time ago, on his first being carried out, after his Apoplexy, to take the air. "Oh, povero Signore! è il padre dei poveri!"— "E vero," replied another, "ne ha fatto tanti!"

'The Florentines have been extremely disappointed in their hopes of having a Tuscan at the head of this Government. The great antagonist of the Count, Ginori, was certainly to have succeeded him; the day was fixed for his coming here, but a cruel stroke of an Apoplexy crushed all these hopes. He died on the 17th of this month, in the height of popular favour, which he really owed more to his opposition to the Count than to any extraordinary merit, though if half what is said in the enclosed paper was true, you would think that not only the Tuscans, but that mankind in general had had a great loss. His death revived the Count (Richecourt's) spirits much, and the last act of his authority was to forbid a magnificent funeral that was disposing for him at Leghorn. You must not wonder I say so much about these two people; we talk of nothing else here.'

The printed paper which Mann enclosed in his letter of the 23rd, and which is a copy of a monumental inscription that was circulated in Florence, contains a pompous account in Latin, of all Count Ginori's earthly greatness, which was supposed to have commenced from the day of his birth, in 1702. It tells how Ginori served the Medici, till the race was extinct, and how he transferred his services to the house of Lorraine, which, in the person of Francis,

succeeded to the Great Dukedom of Tuscany; and in what ample measure both houses, with the Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, had rewarded his bravery as a soldier, and his wisdom as an administrator. It records what he did for arts, science, and commerce, and claims for him a never-dying fame throughout the whole world! After stating that Ginori died in his 56th year, the inscription ends thus: 'Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Bartholomew, Prince Corsini, great grand-daughter of Pope Clement XII.; the Cavaliere Lorenzo, his son, and Francis Marie, Bishop of Fiesole, his brother, have with tears and trembling raised this monument. Oh! children, oh! country, when will you ever find his like again?'

A greater than Ginori lived on to the disgust of impatient Cardinals who would have him begone. 'Your old friend the Pope has again been in the utmost danger; he received no nourishment for some time, was speechless, and had again received the extreme unction, so that the people about him thought it high time to strip his room; but a favourite crisis happened when least expected, that made the want of clean sheets and other necessaries which they had carried off, very inconvenient. At the departure of the letters, he was better than before this last attack. However, the dispositions for building a Conclave are publickly continued. The Cardinals now begin to dread the danger of being shut up during the heats, though they would willingly have spent the Carnival there.'

April 30th.—'Our situation here is not altered, except that one of our two members of the Regency

is become incapable of the business. Sometime ago, he wrote Torrequinei, without any vowels. We are now under the sole government of the Chevalier Antinori, which is the strongest proof that *Il mondo va da se.* We not only expect orders, but even people to execute them, from Vienna. The paper which I sent you' (the prayer for Richecourt's recovery) 'has been suppressed, and a second impression, after 1000 had been distributed, prohibited; but the Sbirri, who go about the streets to whip the children, for singing *Gesu è morto! Pilato è partito,* cannot silence them. Pilate has wrote many letters, containing many lies under his own hand, asserting that he grows better every day, on the journey; but the truth is, that the people about him are fearful that he won't be able to get to the end of his journey.'

May 14*th.*—'We are still left to govern ourselves. We are all mildness and submission to our very insufficient Member of the Regency; we must conclude, as really everything is at a stand here, that either the Emperor is much embarrassed, or has something of more importance to think of. They say that the King of Prussia gives him full occupation, as well as to the Queen's army. If the accounts which have escaped from Vienna be true, he will stop perhaps the publication of the Ban of the Empire, and gain over perhaps some of the votes at Ratisbonne, where he has hitherto been treated with the utmost contempt. It is some time since Mr. Mitchell wrote that the King of Prussia was in high health and spirits, and not at all embarrassed by his numerous enemies. If the Austrians don't defend themselves better, France

must send at least another hundred thousand men into Germany, to do their business.'

Among the many commissions which Mann was called on to execute for men of rank and wealth in England, was the delicate one of purchasing pictures for them. These were generally 'copies.' Of such ware, he bought an assortment for the Earl of Northumberland's great gallery, in his house in the Strand. The Earl was 'most perfectly satisfied' with them. To Horace Walpole, Mann wrote: 'I recollect that you never approved of that scheme; but I trust that you will go to see them, and then that you will be a convert to them, when you reflect that the originals are so near a total decay.' Walpole went to Northumberland House, saw the much-talked of Italian pictures, and thought little of them.

June 4th.—'I am disappointed by your opinion of Lord Northumberland's pictures. You know I *never saw them*, and only could chuse what was of a size for the place, and of painters that were in the greatest repute. I can't conceive how so many could give me such Œncomiums of them. My Lord too is highly satisfied with them. I wish you could like them. Pray, go to see them by daylight.'

The Italian climate was in no respect less rigorous in its summer weather than England. 'Here we are in June,' says Mann, 'wearing our winter cloaths.' London was even as Florence was. 'I certainly am glad of rain,' Walpole writes from Arlington Street, June 2nd, 'but could wish it was boiled a little over the sun first. Mr. Bentley calls this the *hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle!'

The Seven Years War (1756–1763) maintained by Frederick II. of Prussia against Austria, Russia, and France, was now exciting much angry remark in the Duchy of Tuscany. Reflecting on these comments, Mann writes: 'What say you to the surprising success of the King of Prussia? We daily expect to hear that he has taken Prague, and the inhabitants of Vienna expect him under their walls. The consternation is almost as great there as if he was half way. All their Ministers at court disagree, as much as their Generals at the Army, and the King of Prussia, notwithstanding the loss he has had, of Schwerin, knows how to profit of the incapacity of both. By the late accounts he had received his great artillery, and whilst part of his army was to batter the town' (Prague), 'a considerable body had been detached to attack Marshal Daun, who was retired into Moravia, and, they say, has had discretional orders to cover Austria as well as he can; and for which purpose, they suspend his process for not having joyned Brown on the day of action. He excuses himself by the orders he had from Neiberg and the Council of War at Vienna; and they lay the fault much higher. The French troops will have little courage or inducement to go to remedy *des affaires si delabrées.*'

'I trust that the Duke' (of Cumberland) 'will be able to do something as great on his side, that they may be fully convinced again that the title of *Gerant de la Paix de Westphalie* (though it would puzzle them to extend that to justify their attacking Hanover) is a troublesome obligation which they had

better renounce. A great Lady here, however, is very angry that a Prince of England should go abroad to command a foreign army. I just stopt her, to say, that he was also a Prince of Hanover; but she went on by saying that it was as unnatural a step as an Arch-Duke's being sent into Italy to defend St. Marino or the Republick of Lucca. I asked her, if she did not mean Tuscany, but she finished her political remarks with great applause,—till her auditors were at liberty to laugh at her.'

June 18*th.*—'In the midst of all this' (the progress made by the King of Prussia) 'and the declared enmity between the ministers at Vienna, you will not wonder that they do not think of Tuscany. They even forget that there are very large sums of money accumulated here, none having been called for for a long while, though the Empress is seeking money every where and at any interest.

'Your friend, the Pope, is so well recovered that he gave the publick benediction from the balcony of his palace on Easter Day.'

July 2*nd.*—'Your old friend, the Pope, is relapsed. The Cardinals now pray that he may hold out till the Autumn. It is said that Baron Toussaint will be sent here to look into affairs, for a month or two, before M. Botta is put at the head of the Regency. All the private letters from Vienna say this. None of any other kind are sent from thence. Our Regents, two only, one of whom (the Chevalier Antinori) is quite a child by age, are totally neglected there; though, I dare say, they look upon it as a compliment, and that it is supposed they can govern without any aid or

instructions. I wish our folks would let people go on as quietly, they then might have leisure to attend to our affairs abroad.'

And now Florence was flying her flags, lighting her festal lamps, kindling her fires, and discharging congratulatory salvoes of artillery,—on occasion of the King of Prussia being compelled, by Prince Charles of Lorraine, to raise the siege of Prague.

July 9th.—'Couriers flew with such dilligence into all parts, with Prince Charles's laurels that they left the common posts with the ordinary occurrences vastly behind. Florence was forced to rejoice on that occasion. The Emperor sent orders to the Regency of two members, the first of any kind that he has sent since Count Richecourt's departure in April, to cause a *Te Deum* to be sung in all the principal cities in Tuscany, and they are, besides this capital, where the farce was performed the day before yesterday, Leghorn, Sienna and Pistoja. If it was both unnecessary and indiscreet too, as most people are of opinion, to declare by that means Tuscany is concerned in the present war in Germany . . . it must be doubly so to perform that ceremony at Leghorn, a free port and a common trading town, where a Consul from the King of Prussia actually resides, with his Master's Arms over his door, on the Great Place. This, even the Regency disapproves of, but dare not venture to dispense with the execution of the orders, tho' they are persuaded that their Master did not *think* at the time he gave them.

'One of the Regency came, as if by accident, to sound me, and I let myself be sounded, but I only

encreased his *embarras*, by starting new difficulties "Well, but what would you advise? If anybody would make a representation, *that* would justify, at least, our suspending it for Leghorn." But I replyed, that I knew nobody in a condition to do the latter, and that I never advised in things that were totally indifferent to me.'

Leaving politics and municipal arrangements, Mann, replying to a letter from Walpole, dated from Strawberry Hill, June 20th, 1757, says, 'I admire your inscription on the Pope's picture.' This referred to an inscription which Walpole had written, and placed behind a bas-relief portrait in wax of Benedict, which hung in the gallery. It is as follows: 'Prospero Lambertini, Bishop of Rome, by the name of Benedict XIV., who, though an absolute Prince, reigned as harmlessly as a Doge of Venice. He restored the lustre of the Tiara, by those arts alone, by which alone, he attained it,—his virtues. Beloved by Papists, esteemed by Protestants; a Priest without insolence or interest; a Prince without favourites; a Pope without Nepotism; an Author without vanity; in short, a Man whom neither Wit nor Power could spoil. The Son of a favourite Minister, but One who never courted a Prince, nor worshipped a Churchman, offers, in a free Protestant country, this deserved incense to the best of the Roman Pontiffs." Walpole thought so well of the incense as to have no doubt that the Pope would like to smell it. 'If,' he says,—'if the good old soul is still alive, and you could do it unaffectedly and easily, you may convey it to him. It must be a satisfaction to a good heart to know that in so distant

a country, so detached from his, his merit is acknowledged without a possibility of interest entering into the consideration. His death-bed does not want comfort or cheerfulness, but it may be capable of an expansion of heart that may still sweeten it.' To this,—inscription, sentiment, and figure of speech,—Sir Horace replies: 'I admire your Inscription on the Pope's picture. He is better and I hope will see it. The method I have made use of, I think, will succeed. I made Niccolini in love with it, and eager to have a copy, which I gave him. If this should fail, I'll try some other.'

On the 23rd August, he continues: 'The method I took to convey your elegant Inscription on the Pope's picture succeeded beyond my expectation. It was sent in confidence by Archiuto, with the translation on the same paper, and was immediately communicated to the Pope, who was so well pleased with it that he made everybody read it who went to him. Innumerable copies have been dispersed, and to shew you how much people are convinced of the truth of the Œncomium, his Enemies have made a counter one to damage the great effect it had produced in his favour. The good old man is so much recovered that he is carried out every day, in a chair, to take the air.'

Benedict XIV. was well enough to criticize Walpole's panegyric,—which he did, in the following terms, in a letter to a friend at Bologna,—from which Mann makes the following extract: it is 'abroad' in its contemporary history:—

'The Volpole is the chief of the present Administration in the English Court. He has a son who has composed the fair (onesto) but undeserved eulogy on

ourself. This eulogy has been translated into our Italian language, by the famous Niccolini of Florence. We send the whole to our dear Canonico Poggi, in order that he may know how very like we are to the front of the statues (*sic*) of St. Peter in the Vatican. To those who are at a distance from them, they look very fine indeed, but to those who are near, they appear horribly ugly. May the good Canonico preserve his love for us from whom comes, herewith, our Apostolic Benediction.'

Mann was not at all satisfied with the translation of Walpole's Inscription, though it was the work of 'the famous Niccolini;' and he made a second which he circulated all over Italy. He points out very sensibly where the difficulties lay.

August 27th.—'It is not near so good as in English, but it was impossible to stick nearer to the original. One could not well say, for "A Priest without insolence," *Prete senza insolenza.* It is a Cacophony that was better avoided.' (He rendered the English thus, *Prete non insolente.*) 'I wish, however, I had said, *senza superbia,* or *alterigia,* which is pretty near what you mean, and less harsh to Catholick or devout ears; —and then, the want of a word in Italian for *wit,*— which is so peculiarly the Pope's character,—weakens the whole idea; sometimes it is *ingegno,* or rather, *vivacità d' ingegno,* but neither exactly answers to "wit."' (For, 'A Man whom neither Wit nor Power could spoil,' Sir Horace said, in Italian, *Un uomo cui nè lo Spirito nè la Potenza poterono guastare.*) 'Niccolini had made use of *corteggiò* for "courted," but *corteggiare* is a duty and not a crime.' (In

Mann's version, the line was thus happily rendered: *che pero non adulò mai alcun Principe.*) 'Weak, however, as the translation is in comparison of the original, it has pleased extremely. The Pope, you see, was proud of it, and Cardinal Passionei reproves Niccolini for not having given him the preference to convey it to the Pope, instead of Cardinal Archiuto, and adds an invitation to him to go to Rome in the Autumn, when the world would certainly find the Pope alive, for Volpole's Eulogy has given him fresh life and vigour.'

'You will be surprised, perhaps, at the Pope's ignorance about our Court. Niccolini would have had me correct the old man's mistake, but I insisted on sending you the letter as it was. Cardinal Passionei is to set him right, and perhaps Cardinal Albani, who may be angry with me for making use of any other channel than his, may convey to the Pope the translation which I have since sent to Albani, with some trifling excuse for not having done it sooner; though *that*, I thought, would have been too direct a method, at first. Your commission was to convey it easily and unaffectedly, which was literally executed.'

Mann's interest in the Opera was now somewhat revived; by way of P.S. to the letter from which the above is taken, he writes:—'We have a most excellent Opera here, which was opened last Sunday, the day that the news of a new Ministry came. Its title is *La Disfatta di Dario* (The Defeat of Darius); but everybody calls it *La Disfatta dei Lorranesi.* Manzoli is our first man, and the best singer at present in Italy. I am just going to its second representation.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

1757.

THE Opera, for a long time, was the last place, in Italy, at which music, vocal or instrumental, could be heard. Those persons who subscribed for their boxes for the season, received therein any of their friends who chose to call upon them. Those visitors went to the boxes where their friends were lodged for the evening, without challenge from money or cheque taker. There was a continual knocking at, and noisily opening and shutting of doors. From the boxes came the loud voices of noisy and idle talkers, with bursts of laughter that overwhelmed the orchestra itself. No one regarded the stage or the singers. There was a continual going to and fro, and visits exchanged from box to box, and messages sent and answered, vivâ voce, across the house. In many of the boxes, the occupants filled up part of their time with sitting down to a hot supper, (the fumes from which spread into the house), with wine, the effect of which was but to increase the noise and make the confusion worse confounded. If a poor dilettante in the pit humbly begged for a little silence, the chances were that he would have his head broken by something flung at him from the revelling guests.

This aristocratic rudeness survived in France long after its extinction in Florence the beautiful. The Comte d'Hézecques, in his 'Memoirs of a Page, at the Court of Louis XVI.,' relates an instance which is much to the point. At the public theatre in Versailles, the royal Pages arrogantly ruled actors and audiences from the boxes. One day, when one of these impudent young gentlemen was drinking a hot milk posset at the front of the box, a Pit-ite, ashamed at a fashion in France which, for a score of years, had been thought too bad to be tolerated in Italy, cried *à bas!* on such a fashion! Thereupon, the Page of quality started to his feet and emptied the hot contents of his jug on the heads of the citizens below, who scrambled out of the way of the avalanche, with much precipitation and no chance of redress. Scenes somewhat similar had once been common in Florence. A growing good taste, however, had grown up, and instead of the noisy hot suppers which added many a paroxysm to Mann's chronic headaches, there was a distribution of light refreshments, beginning with ices, and continuing to the end with sweetmeats.

Manzoli, moreover, was a proud artist who would insist on respect for his art. In the year 1757, he was at his best; and the Florentines were unwilling to lose, by their indifference, the foremost vocalist in Italy;—the singer, whom Farinelli took with him to Madrid, where Manzoli's voice was valued,—for the use of it,—at sixteen thousand ducats a year. The praise awarded him by Sir Horace Mann excited a strong desire among the patrons of our own Opera, to hear him in England; but Manzoli did not satisfy that desire till

1764. Meanwhile an event occurred at Florence, which could not be disregarded.

September 3rd.—'On Wednesday, at ½ past 2 in the morning, we had a very smart shock of earthquake, which so alarmed the people, that thousands ran into the streets, from their beds. It was preceded by a violent wind, for some hours; but neither did any mischief. The Admiral's Courier returned that night, in eleven days, from England; he felt nothing of the shock, but he had much difficulty to sit upon his horse, for the wind; and was frequently forced to stop or turn his back to it. As nobody has prophesyed that it will return, so people are not at all alarmed.'

Although the Grand Duchy of Tuscany was neutral, while the Empire was at war, it was not without difficulty that Mann established the right of the British Fleet to anchor at Leghorn and procure there everything of which they might be in need. Against the coming of the ships, Sir Horace provided 400 oxen, 1200 sheep, and 'everything that Admiral Osborn foresaw he should want at Leghorn.' He and his vessels were received with all the honours that Mann had previously insisted on; and he writes:—'It is impossible to describe the joy that the arrival of the fleet has occasioned both in Florence and at Leghorn. The advantage must be great to the country, and they assure me that the Emperor himself is vastly sensible of it. Leghorn was ruined before; no business at all done. Two or three French Privateers prevented any ships going out. The Custom House which commonly produces 900,000 scudi per annum, was reduced to less than 400,000; and what would that still be re-

duced to, if that fleet which is to recover everything, was to be its enemy? Not only interest, therefore, but fear, one would think, should prevent any alteration.'

In view, however, of the contingencies of war affecting Tuscany, and abolishing its neutrality, Mann began to consider his own interests. He manifested his liking for his post by his desire to retain it. 'I cannot judge whether on such occasions, it depends upon one's own choice to retire to any place, or whether the order be not positive to return home. Could the former be obtained and my appointment continued, I should most undoubtedly prefer it, and with any degree of favour, one might hope it would be granted upon the probability of the suspension not lasting long, and the reflection that upon the sending any Minister again, the allowance for journey and equipage is a considerable article.'

The King of Prussia's alternative at Prague is almost epigrammatically described. 'Delay to him was worse than a battle lost; and if Prague had been relieved by Daun's army, which was daily increasing, it must have been attended with the King's total ruin. He, therefore, had only this alternative,—to retire from Prague without striking a blow, or make himself master of it by beating an army almost inaccessibly placed. His own inclination and the reputation of his arms urged him to that desperate effort in which, says one of his enemies, "il auroit été victorieux, s'il n'avoit pas tenté l'impossible!"'

Mann, having provided for the English fleet, went over to Leghorn to look at it. 'I stayed a fortnight. The manner of life was so new to me; for I had seen

nothing like it since the year '44, that I was not displeased with it; and, I flatter myself that my going there was not totally useless. Many private people received small advantages from it, in relation to their effects that I got released from the Captors; and this Government attributes to me the merit of everything having passed with the utmost reciprocal satisfaction, in regard to the reception of the fleet, and to the tranquility of its inhabitants during its stay there; but I am far better pleased with the influence that I obtained over its leader, and the hopes that my solicitations, which induced him to send a Courier to England, may produce something better than—nothing at all.'

'We cannot indeed strike any great blow, but it was not such that induced France, last war, to listen to a peace. It was the ruin of their trade, which produced such intrinsick misery, and, as low as we are fallen, we may still do this with the fleet now in the Mediterranean; at Marseilles, at Toulon, consequently at Lions and all Provence, they are in the utmost consternation, on account of the interruption of their trade, which, if continued for any time, must produce Bankrupcies (*sic*) and such extensive inconveniences as must be felt even at Paris. . . . Except my great head-aches, I went through my maritime visits and all the honours that attended them, without any inconvenience. Some might have happened to others, for from two ships that saluted, there remained accidentally a ball in a cannon of each! They were prizes which came in after the departure of the fleet, and rejoiced the hearts of the Livornians and of the Govern-

ment who, by experience, are convinced that the welfare of the State depends on the English trade. This alone may prevent their quarreling with us.'

'We were lodged at Mr. (Consul) Dicks, as was the Admiral, with whom, and some Captains, not of the Anson party, I did him much good, and we hope that he will daily feel the effects of it, by the prizes they may send in to him.'

Admiral Osborn fulfilled Mann's expectations, and he satisfied even Walpole, who remarked to the Minister at Florence: 'I rejoice at Admiral Osborn's success. I am not patriot enough to deny that there are Captains and Admirals whose glories have little charms for me; but Osborn was a steady friend of murdered Byng.' Leaving a heavy detail of German war news, including the failure of the Duke of Cumberland, with the remark,—'the Austrians begin to have a great diffidence of their new and zealous ally, but they deserve the fate that hangs over them, of being, at least, the last to be devoured; for France will never let slip such an opportunity of weakening its antient and natural rivals,'—Sir Horace turns to the affairs of the Grand Duchy.

'The Emperor has made known his intentions to send Marquis Botta to govern us. He has added two new Members for the Regency, and named a Governor of Leghorn,—*all Tuscans.* The Lorrainers are in despair, and were literally on the point of sending an Irish Lorrainer to Vienna, to expostulate with the Emperor, in their name, against this disposition. The common people insult them. Tickets have been fixt on the houses of many, as to be let in September.

Hitherto, the fear of Count Richecourt's return, which was cultivated with great industry, restrained them, but now, they load him and his party with all kinds of abuse.'

After allusions to the irregularity of the posts, the detention and the loss of English letters, Sir Horace describes the people of Florence, September 17th, as follows :—' The Florentines are as much occupied with the fitting out Prince Craon's house for Marquis Botta, as you can be in England for the Secret Expedition. . . . On November 12th, Mann writes, ' Marshal Botta has been here about ten days. They are pleased with him. He has always been used to high life, and his rank gives him a right to great state ; and indeed, what he takes is almost royal. He returns no visits, not even those of the other Regents. He gives audiences almost all day, but permits few to sit down ; and dismisses people, whom he receives always in his closet,—nay, on St. Charles's day, he retired from the publick room full of company,—with a slight bow. He seems vastly well informed of Government, is very just, hears reason, and yields to it ; and seems above little arts and tricks ; is polite in the high stile, and gives up his whole time to business.'

A week later, Mann corroborates his own testimony : ' People continue to be pleased with their new Governor, who gives audiences, from seven in the morning till eight at night. The Archbishop, who is to the full as weak and as simple as Archbishops ought to be, was assured by him that the disattentions and vexations which he had received during the late Administration were quite at an end, and that it was

the Emperor's intention that all proper regard should be paid to the Church, which so rejoiced the pious heart of that Prelate, that he made his attendants who accompanied him in his coach, join in whispering a *Te Deum*, as they returned home! The first time, perhaps, that any *Te Deum* was sung in chorus, *sotto voce!*'

November 12*th.*—Walpole had alarmed Mann by his allusion to his decaying eyesight, and Mann consulted one of the most eminent medical practitioners in Florence, Dr. Cocchi, whose name is of very frequent occurrence in these letters. 'I have consulted Dr. Cocchi about your eyes, and he approves of the remedy, tho' he says that White Spirit of Lavender and Hungary Water are, in that respect, of the same nature; the former only stronger, and that you must take care not to bathe too near the eye. Monsignor Cerati, a noted man here, was cured of the same disorder by Hungary Water only, and by bathing the forehead and temples. Your disorder, as well as his, proceeded, it is plain, from forcing some of the vessels and their filling with blood; and the operation of the cure is performed by revulsion;—but, he thinks you do extremely wrong in reading so much by candle light (six hours at a time). Let me entreat you, my dear Child, to follow his prescription, to read very little at night; even close application by day will hurt your eyes too much.'

Baron Stosch, who was an antiquary by taste, and an Ambassador, so far as he was a sort of spy, by occupation,—being employed by the English Government to watch the Pretender and to communicate to

Mann the results of his vigilance,—now passed away from the society of Rome and Florence. 'Baron Stosch is dead at last; after a short illness, or rather weakness, for he did not appear to suffer at all. About ten days before, he began to falter in his speech, and was more confused than usual, insomuch that he made use of one word for another; and, upon being asked at supper what he felt, answered, *je sens que je suis bien bête ce soir* (which was really a satisfactory proof of his consciousness). It is supposed that he had afterwards in the night a slight fit of an apoplexy. In short, in a day or two, he totally lost his speech, tho' not quite his understanding; was lethargick, and the second day that he was confined in bed, for before he would get up and lay upon a couch, he expired, not of an apoplexy, however, as was expected, but of an inflammation. . . . He had made his will in 1754, a copy of which he had deposited, sealed, in my hands. By this he has made his nephew, who quitted the French service, or a German Regiment, about two years ago, to come and live with him, his sole heir. His effects consist only in his Collection, which is very great and worth a large sum. It is to be offered to the Emperor. He has appointed me and Abbé Buonacorsi his Executors; and has left him a picture; and me, a Cameo, which I might have bought some years ago for six zecchins. Everything is sealed up as yet, till the Farmers are satisfied. They' (Farmers General who gave a sum for the right to collect and keep the taxes) 'have a right to $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on the value or appraisement of the whole. . . . Then, the Emperor is to have an account of the Collection, and

consequently the preference of what part of it, and perhaps at what price, he pleases.'

'The collection is very valuable in many branches, and is so well known that there is no doubt that it will excite the curiosity of many and great purchasers. So soon as the present Stosch is at liberty, I will advise him to send accounts of it everywhere; at least, the heads of it, for an exact Inventory would take up many months. . . . The Cameos and Intaglios are very numerous, but the value quite arbitrary. The Meleager is the only one of the first class. Lord Duncannon, some years ago, gave old Stosch a hundred zecchins for his Gladiators.'

'It would be vastly clever if I could get the addition of old Stosch's appointments for the branch of the affairs of Rome; in which case, I could relinquish what they have allowed me some years past, on account of Secret Service. I would much rather have this, if it were permitted for me to chuse, than what I believe nothing but common report destines for me, that is, to succeed Sir James Gray, at Naples.'

This diplomatic change did not take place; and Mann was not so 'vastly clever' as to obtain from Mr. Fox, the Secretary of State, Stosch's 'appointments.' How our Envoy at Florence went, in part, about it, may be seen in a letter of Walpole's, November 20th, 1757. 'Mr. Fox,' (Secretary of State) 'was going to write to you, but I took all the compliments on myself, as I think it is better for you to be on easy, than on ceremonious terms. To promote this, I have established a correspondence between you; he will be glad if you will send him two chests of Florence wine,

every year. The perpetuity destroys all possibility of your making him presents of it. I have compounded for the vases, but he would not hear, nor must you think of giving him the wine.' Mann, who thus was a sort of agent, sending wine to our ministers at home, liqueurs to the peers, knick-knacks to the ladies, pictures, statues, and articles of *virtu* to half the nobility who, as the contemporary phrase went, 'had the *gout*,' submitted to be instructed by Walpole, as to how Sir Horace might best perform his diplomatic office in Florence. Mann was given to both speaking and writing more frankly than became his vocation. Walpole recommended discretion. 'We plain-dealing houses in Arlington Street,' he says, 'speak our minds . . . pray do not you do that . . . about anything; remember you are an Envoy, and though you must not be so false as an Ambassador, yet not a grain of truth is consistent with your character. Truth is very well for such simple people as me . . . but I am arrantly wicked enough to desire *you* should lie and prosper. I know you don't like my doctrine, and therefore will compound with you for holding your tongue.' This, Mann was unable to do, at least when his sympathies were excited on behalf of such a friend as Dr. Cocchi.

November 19th.—'I am extremely uneasy about my worthy friend, Dr. Cocchi, whose health I see daily decay. He had so violent an attack of an Asthma a few days ago, that he alarmed his family and friends very much; and though he is so well recovered as to be able to lay down in bed, yet the constant irregular motion of his heart and pulse

denotes too clearly that Danger is not very remote, and that it may be sudden. His only concern is for his family which, I fear, he will leave in distress. His son is very well instructed and, we hope, may succeed to his father's Employments. He has this morning read a publick Lecture of anatomy, for him, and exerts the Employment of an Antiquarian (*sic*) in the Gallery. The father deserves compassion in every respect, being uneasy in his circumstances.' Later Mann writes: 'Dr. Cocchi was highly sensible of the mark of your friendship in the present, which I made him yesterday, of Mr. Gray's most inimitable Odes, but he was not in a condition to read them.' Mann then describes, with painful minuteness, the great scholar's sufferings from aggravated dropsy, and his inability to take the smallest quantity of the simplest food without acute agony. 'He bears it all with considerable cheerfulness, and sees Death approach with the utmost indifference from every other consideration but that of leaving his family in distress; for, so slightly is the greatest Merit rewarded here, that he has never been able to make any provision for them, otherwise than by giving the best Education to his Son and Daughter, which gives hopes that the son may succeed to one at least of the little employments that his father has. Nothing but his great youth can be an objection, for he has parts and study fit for anything. The Daughter has great merit, but *that*, without fortune, avails but little.'

The letter announcing the death of this eminent philosopher has disappeared, but Mann alludes to a singular Italian custom with regard to Dr. Cocchi's

funeral. 'I send you the Eloge of Dr. Cocchi, made by a friend of his. It is the custom of this country to put such performances, wrote on parchment, and enclosed in a tin case, into the vault with the corpse, and copies are dispersed to friends. If you have no objection, pray send it to Lord Huntingdon, whom I don't think it necessary to trouble on purpose.'

So ended one of the greatest of Italian physicians and men of science, the 'only sensible friend,' according to Walpole, that Mann had in Florence. Walpole indeed spoke of him as 'a good sort of man rather than a great man, a plain honest creature, with quiet knowledge.' Cocchi was, in fact, a scholar without the ostentation of scholarship, and, as a physician, Spence, in 1741, found in him the best aid the place could afford, which aid helped to save Walpole's life. Cocchi was described by the Earl of Cork, as 'a man of most extensive learning, who understands, reads, and speaks all the European languages.' Then, referring to Mann and Cocchi, the Earl says, 'could I live with those two gentlemen only, and converse with few or none others, I should scarce desire to return to England, for many years.' So, if Mann had no word in his letters about the Doctor, Walpole asked, 'Do only knaves and fools deserve to be spoken of?' In 1745, his name was so highly esteemed in England that his 'De Vitto Pythagorico'—a treatise to prove that vegetables only were conducive to the preservation of health and the cure of disease,—was translated, and it met with a wide reception. The work gave evidence of the author's extensive knowledge which, pleasant as living in Florence might be, was never,

says Walpole, 'at a lower ebb than there;—I had forgot. I beg Dr. Cocchi's pardon, who is much an exception.' So great an exception, even more generally, that when Cocchi was preparing his 'Chirurgici Veteres,' which is said to be a very curious work, containing valuable extracts from the Greek Physicians, Walpole expressed his extreme readiness to help him in the undertaking: 'my regard for him and for you would make me take any pains.' Walpole's regard was equally great for Cocchi's judgment, for he asked him his opinion of Montesquieu and Heinault, and he said of the latter's 'Abrégé Chronologique,' that it 'contained little circumstances that gave one an idea of the manners of old time, like Dr. Cocchi's treatise of the old rate of expenses.' Occasionally, Walpole takes a bantering air with Cocchi, and in reference to the Doctor's 'Greek Physicians,' thanks God that he had little Greek and never needed physic. So against the Florentine Medico's vegetable theory, Walpole registers Lord Fitzwalter's state, in 1755—'he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce any more sense than he has at present; he has lived many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four and twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week! What will Dr. Cocchi, with his *Vitto Pithagorico*, say to this?' Probably, that, at all events, it was not a carnivorous diet.

This scholar, who is better worth chronicling than many of the Florentine Princes, made his mark in Florence, in 1747, by a dissertation which caused its Italian readers to shiver with disgust, namely, a 'Dissertation on the External Use of Cold Water on the

Body, as practised by the Ancients.' Cocchi, a Pisan by birth, was a Florentine by adoption, born in 1695; he died in January, 1758, leaving no fortune for his children, and taking with him only his parchment Eulogy, as a passport to the next world. A few years previously, the wealthy and capable Dr. Mead, in England, was a bankrupt. He was Dr. Cocchi's friend, when Lord Huntingdon brought the Florentine to England. 'His friend,' says Walpole, 'is undone; his fine collection is going to be sold; he owes about five and twenty thousand pounds. All the world thought him immensely rich; but, besides the expense of his collection, he kept a table for which alone he is said to have allowed seventy pounds a week;'—that sum would have carried Dr. Cocchi's table over half a year.

Among the importations from Florence into London this December, was a 'Countess Rena, of whom,' writes Walpole, 'my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, etc. I shall wonder if he deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife in the world, and it seems to be some time since *La Comtessa* was so. Tell me more of her history. Antique as she is, she is since my time.' Mann replies, December 13th:—'The Countess Rena picked up that title in her travels. Here, she was known by all the young English, and by their Valets de Place, by the name of La Rena. She is certainly in a *pais de connoissance*, but probably her having had views to captivate the French Monarch, and having succeeded for a time with his favourite's brother (now the Marquis de Marigny, formerly De Vandières, brother of Madame

de Pompadour), and then passing into the arms of the grave minister, M. de Machault, etc., etc., etc., will give her more reputation with the younger set, than induce those who knew her here to renew their acquaintance. The most ludicrous part of her history is the conquest of a Mr. Bolland, a rich Aleppo Consul, who spent several thousand pounds to gratify her unlimited caprices.' This Florentine woman had a strange success in England. In September, 1762, Walpole writes from Strawberry Hill:—'I have had Lord March and the Rena here, for one night, which does not ruin my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman, into the North Briton."

END OF VOL. I.

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